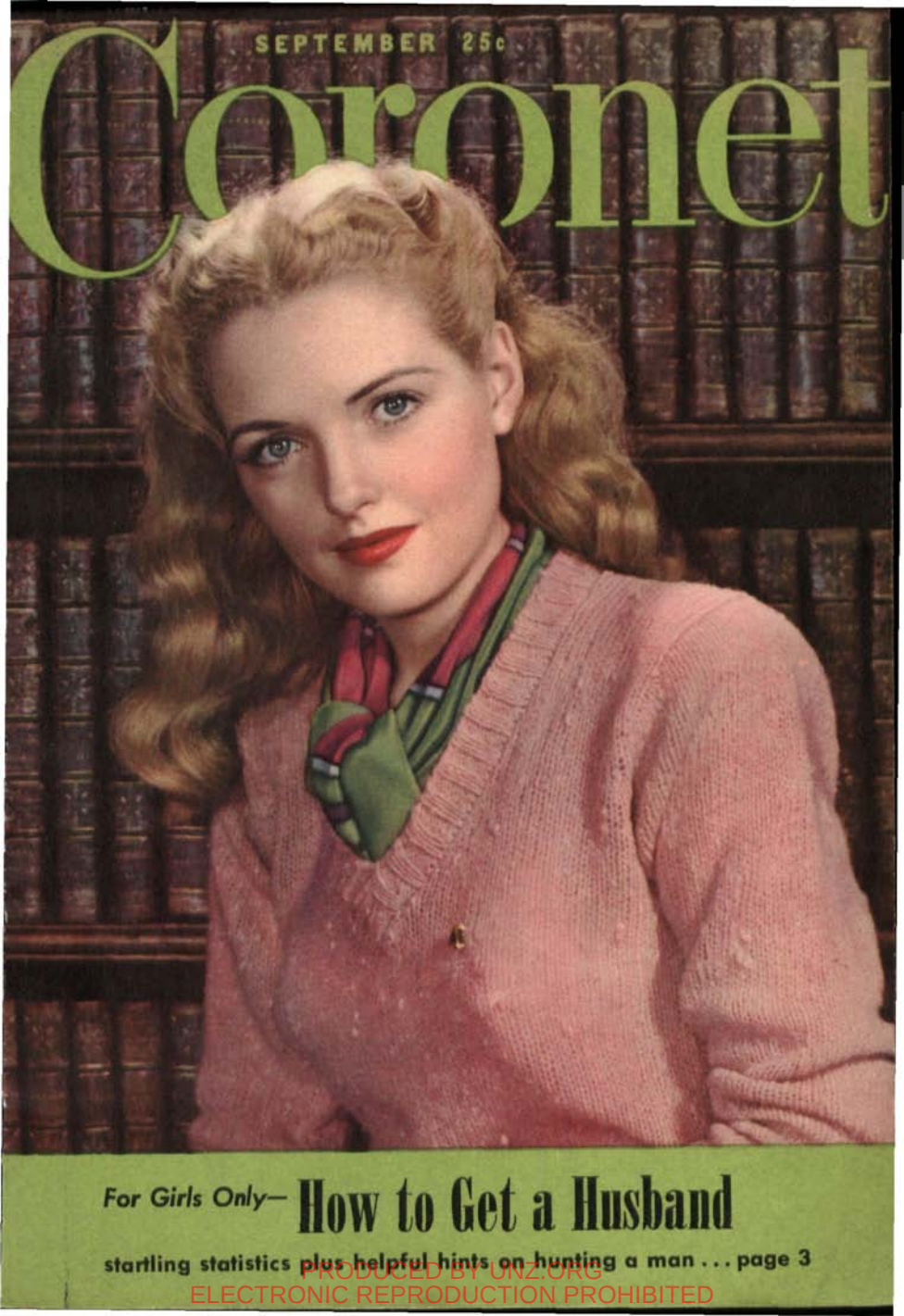
SEPTEMBER 25c
Coronet
For Girls Only—
How to Get a Husband
startling statistics plus helpful hints on hunting a man . . . page 3
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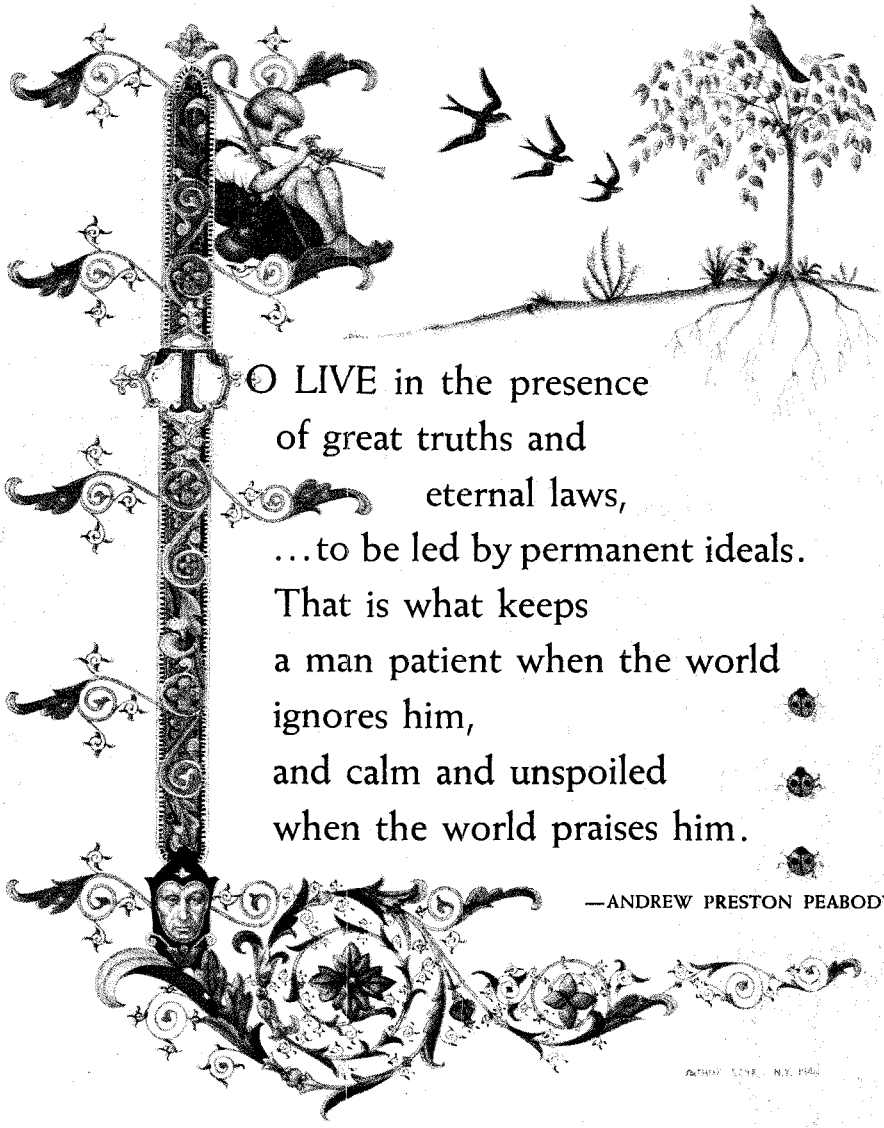

TO LIVE in the presence
of great truths and
eternal laws,
...to be led by permanent ideals.
That is what keeps
a man patient when the world
ignores him,
and calm and unspoiled
when the world praises him.

—ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY

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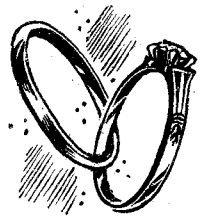
Vol. 20, No. 5 September, 1946

Coronet

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

How to Get a Husband



by JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

MOST WOMEN want to get married. Privately and publicly they proclaim matrimony as their goal. Yet despite the fact that there are 99.7 men for every 100 women in the United States, only 61 per cent of the feminine population walk to the altar. That leaves 13,000,000 surplus females of marriageable age, forced to live alone and talk unconvincingly about their brave independence.

According to expert marriage counselors, this is a silly situation, for a few simple rules can put almost any woman in the matrimonial market. Fortunately the game is one of skill, not chance. At the start, however, thousands of young women must get rid of the idea that an organized, systematic quest for a husband means scheming and unladylike conduct.

Let's assume you are an alert, healthy, sensible young woman. You know how to wear clothes and use make-up. You use the correct fork and know how to talk entertainingly. You also have a speaking acquaintance with the facts of life and a normal attitude toward sex.

For several years you have watched your older and then your younger friends acquire husbands. You now wonder when your turn is coming. You have even delved into census figures and discovered that your opportunities get slimmer every day, for the largest percentage of single women wed at 23.

At that age your chances of marrying within the year are one out of five. By the time you are 32, they have declined to one out of thirteen. The average girl of 23 has a three-to-four expectation of marrying within the next ten years. At 32, the chances are only two in thirteen. To make matters worse,

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with passing years the average difference in age between bride and bridegroom increases. The man of 26 marries a girl three years younger. The man of 45 selects a girl six years his junior. Hence if you have reached your late 20's or early 30's, you are, statistically speaking, in a matrimonial no-man's land. Yet your hopes need not die—if you will only fight the law of averages with all the femininity, intelligence and initiative you can command.

AS THE FIRST STEP in your campaign, draft a blueprint of your ideal man. List the physical, mental, moral, social and financial attributes you most desire. Put it all down in black and white, then be realistic and start crossing out. You're never going to find The Ideal Man. So decide on your minimum requirements for a husband and stick to them.

But where, now, are you going to find the male who fits your reasonable requirements? Once again you're facing the law of averages, which says your chances of getting a proposal are slim if you live in a town where women outnumber men, if you work in an office where there are three girls to every man, or if you make your home in a woman's residence club where a man is seldom seen.

Of course not every girl can pull up stakes and head for Nevada, which boasts 125 males for every 100 females. Yet if you can lead a gypsy life, follow the adage and go west. The proportion of men to women is highest in Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington, Arizona, Oregon and North Dakota. It is lowest in the Southern states and in New England. Washington, D. C., hits bottom with 91.1 per 100.

Obviously no bride-minded girl should move to Washington, for despite a safe government job she'll face the stiffest matrimonial competition in America. In a sense, the same goes for New York. While small-town girls do acquire husbands in the Big City, many more stumble home with broken hearts and bitter memories.

A typical New York story concerns the young and pretty Midwest librarian who had an uncle in Manhattan. He was wealthy, charming, urbane. When she visited New York last summer the uncle proved a generous host. He took her to the theater, to night clubs, to such glamour spots as El Morocco and the Stork Club. Also he introduced her to several personable young men who spent much of their time in café society.

A few weeks after the pretty little librarian returned home, she resigned her job and headed back for gay Manhattan. But this time the story was different. The rich uncle had other social affairs on his mind, the personable young men were courting wealthy glamour girls. After taking a clerical job and living in a small apartment with two lonely stenographers, the little librarian found that New York was a grim and inhospitable place.

The few young men she met at the office were no different socially or financially from their counterparts back home. Instead of El Morocco, she visited coke-bars and movies. After four months of humdrum life the pretty little Midwesterner went back home again.

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Today she is married—to a young home-town man who owns an auto-repair shop.

EVEN THOUGH WASHINGTON and New York are stricken off your list, a geographical shift may nevertheless better your matrimonial chances. At home you are known as so-and-so's kid sister or that Jones girl who never married. In a new environment you can make a new start. For some reason which even sociologists have never explained, many a girl who plays wallflower at a home-town dance staggers the stag line in a strange community.

For the first few weeks in a new town you may have to put up at a "Y" or female residence club. But once you've gotten your bearings, try to team up with another girl in an apartment, arrange to stay with a family or, if you can stand it, live alone. There is nothing so dampening to masculine spirit as a hen-house lobby or those antiseptic little parlors where you may entertain your evening date until 10:30.

Now for your job, assuming you work for a living. According to census figures, there are 19,899 men in architecture, but only 477 women. Chemists, assayers and metallurgists include 55,371 men, but only 1,654 women. Among designers and draftsmen there are 91,820 men and 9,105 women. Obviously in these fields it's open season on husbands all year round. Yet you don't have to become an architect or chemist. A job allied with these professions gives you a base of operations.

If possible, avoid salesgirl work, teaching, library jobs and social work, for here you will meet mostly women. And too many girls have been betrayed by the mirage of airline hostessing. While the marriage rate among stewardesses is high, usually the groom is the high-school sweetheart who has been proposing regularly for years.

The boss-marries-secretary formula is also far from a sure thing. It depends on the office and the men who frequent it. A girl always runs the risk of becoming just an office fixture instead of a woman. If this is the case, a strategic withdrawal is in order, for a new job may produce new prospects.

By the time you are set with a job and a place to live, the next question is: "Where can I meet men?" Happily, most of the old conventions have vanished. While you can't go up to a man on the street and say "I'd like to know you," you can come close to that technique and still remain within the bounds of good behavior.

Why not pick up today's newspaper and check the meetings, gatherings and other social events scheduled for this evening? Then reconnoiter some of the sessions. If you're timid, take a girl friend along. But don't travel with a squadron of females. Your flying wedge will intimidate all but the most predatory males.

Other excellent contact spots are dances or conventions staged by fraternal, social or professional groups, usually attended by a disproportionate number of men. And don't overlook the traditional meeting places—church socials, adult-education classes, political organizations and sports groups. Vacation resorts and cruises all too often prove matrimonial duds, overrun

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by man-hunting women and fortune-hunting men. Adult camps are usually more satisfactory. And if you have a hobby, by all means exploit it by joining a hobby club.

While preparing this article I talked to scores of girls who had moved to new communities in search of husbands. One girl told how sports can help in the matrimonial quest: "Indoor swimming pools are open to the public for a small fee. Usually they have regular classes, giving girls a wonderful opportunity for meeting the male species. An equally good idea is joining a mixed bowling league, where you'll always find plenty of unattached men."

Another girl had this tip to offer: "I met my husband at an American Legion dance. Recently discharged from the Army, he belongs to the same Post as the brother of a girl who works in my office. She took me to the dance, I met 'the man,' and we were married."

A third young girl advised: "Take an evening class in one of the local schools or colleges. With all the returned GI's attending, at least one should pan out."

One pretty young bride divulged the secret of her success: "If you eat breakfast in the same restaurant long enough, somebody's bound to notice blue eyes."

But, alas, merely meeting the man is not enough without a follow-through. Here is where natural warmth and simple femininity are your best allies. If you are eager to know a man better, you will automatically ask him what he does, where he comes from. Promptly he will be talking about himself and you will be listening—a cardinal rule for getting along with a man.

On the first date, remember that he is probably shyer than you are. What seems like a rebuff or coldness may be just diffidence. Give him the benefit of the doubt and you'll be astonished to find later, when you reach the confession stage, that he too was scared speechless on that first date.

Conversation is a major weapon not only on but before a date. If you are on a "hello" basis with a man who lives in your apartment house or works in your office, plunge into conversation. What can you lose? Try any subject, even the weather.

Think nothing of inventing a party so that you can say to a new acquaintance: "I'm having some friends up Friday night. Will you join us?" If he seems pleased at the invitation, rush to the phone and summon friends for a gathering.

Once you've got him interested, you must valiantly avoid certain obvious but dangerous pitfalls. Don't overdress. Though he may never know that half the clothes belong to your roommate, he may get the idea that your wardrobe tastes are too expensive for his future earning power. Most men prefer unpretentious, becoming clothes. The average male can't tell the difference between an imported original and something you ran up on a sewing machine, provided both fit properly. But he can spot a good or bad grooming job at 100 yards—with decisive effect.

Another pitfall is the life-of-the-party routine. You may want to shine for his benefit, to quip brilliantly, to unleash your best wisecracks. If that is your natural role

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and he admires it, all right. But if you are showing off just to hold the spotlight, you may end up with appreciative laughter from your friends and no man of your own. The chances are *he* wants to be the wit of the evening—and you are stealing his act. And never be maliciously funny or sarcastic at his expense. Is it possible that any girl doesn't know by now that flattery is far more effective than deflation?

Another thing—soft-pedal talk about your job. He has problems of his own and isn't interested in your tangles with the boss. If you are a career woman he is even less interested in the big deal you just closed with the buyer from St. Louis. No wonder many a lady executive sighs enviously over her secretary's more promising matrimonial outlook.

SOONER OR later you will have to take your conquest home and introduce him to the family. If the old homestead does not offer a satisfactory background, try lifting its face. Perhaps you can't buy new furniture, but you can rearrange pieces and add a few accessories and prints.

If, despite your efforts, the house still looks haunted, don't brood. Men are less aware of their surroundings than women, and what you consider hideously outmoded may strike him as quaint. Or it may evoke in him a you-were-made-for-better-things reaction. A girl could do much worse than that!

If your parents are of the too-little-too-late or too-much-too-soon school, they present a serious obstacle. The former usually refuse to admit you are of marriageable age,

For Girls Only

Here's a summary of helpful hints to husband hunters:

Things to Do

Blueprint your minimum requirements for a husband and stick to them.

If you're a working girl, find a field that attracts many men, few women.

If you're taken for granted in your home town, try a change of environment.

Follow Greeley's advice and go west: the ratio of men to women is highest there.

Attend conventions, dances, meetings of social and professional groups, and other affairs where men are plentiful.

Once you have met the man you want, create opportunities for seeing him often.

Things *Not* to Do

Don't overdress.

Don't try to be the life of the party.

Don't talk about your job.

Don't alter your personality to suit his.

Don't make it too obvious that your object is matrimony.

Don't let your family close in on him too swiftly.

Once you think you have landed him, don't waste time: set the date and marry quickly.

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though you may be into your 30's and gray as a squirrel. They trot out the family skeletons for your date, treat him like an intruder, then seem heartbroken when you announce they have scared away another potential son-in-law.

The sick-headache mother who has an attack on the mere suspicion that her little girl may leave her also falls into this category. Here you are probably confronted by a psychological problem, and if a frank talk with your parents and the family doctor fails to help, you may have to leave home and start a life of your own.

The other group of difficult parents is guilty of the quick close-in. "My daughter will make a man the most wonderful wife in the world," the mother confides to the new beau on his first visit. "She's a fine cook, a good housekeeper and has such a nice disposition."

Ten to one he grabs his hat and runs, for no man wants to be railroaded into wedded bliss. Though he may consent to being led docilely, he will balk at anything that resembles a conspiracy.

Mother may be right, however, about taking action if the young man hangs around for months or years without ever mentioning marriage. Perhaps he's super-shy, and a direct hint from you, "Mother wants to announce our engagement. Would Sunday the 18th be all right for the family party?" will turn the trick. Or you might invent or dig up another man to give you a fierce, competitive rush.

But for anything other than the protracted courtship, friendly, casual treatment is your best bet. It may seem paradoxical at this point, but never try too hard to land your man. Make every effort to be where men are, to get to know them, to be attractive to them. But don't betray by word or gesture that you have matrimony in mind. Your job is to guide the relationship gently and subtly, to supply enough moonlight and roses to produce the proper atmosphere.

Match your moods to his, but not to the extent of becoming a mere reflector. Always look your best, even if you must put up your hair every night. Don't abandon other friends, male and female. And, above all, don't alter your entire personality for a suitor. Not unless you want to repeat the experience of a girl who reported:

"I tried *so* hard to be sweet and understanding! He liked to walk—we walked. He liked to swim—we swam. He liked baseball— we watched it. He liked spaghetti—we ate it. He liked concerts—I listened till my head throbbed.

"Yes, I got him. But I wonder whether it was all worth while. Because now that we're married, we don't really enjoy the same things. We've got to start all over, and learn to give and take."

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it.
—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW in *Candida*

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Where Grownups Learn Happiness

by BEATRICE SCHAPPER

I HAVE BEEN attending school with some unusual students at the City College of New York. They're adults ranging in age up to 60. Today they have the pleased purposefulness of people who have known for a long time what they wanted and are getting it at last.

These 1,500 men and women, most of whom work during the day and many of whom had not set foot in a classroom for 10, 20 or 30 years, are faithfully attending 95 evening classes covering specific subjects they themselves selected. They meet in 25 widely distributed but convenient locations. Many declare happily that they never again intend to miss the mental and physical stimulation of such helpful classroom work.

A phone operator is taking public speaking, and so are five housewives who want to talk at parent-teacher meetings without being scared. There are mothers finding how to do art work with their children, high-school students and their teachers, taking shorthand, and doctors learning to read Russian for news of medical research.

Classes are held one or two evenings a week in school buildings formerly deserted after 3 P.M. and in museums which shift priceless objects to accommodate eager adults. But mostly the meetings are held in neighborhood libraries, where space is often so limited that a children's reading room has to be used for class purposes.

Until two years ago the City College of New York—like many another educational institution—waited for other people as well as those interested in diplomas to seek its customary offerings. Invitations to learning had a kind of "it's here and strictly up to you" basis, hedged about with prickly educational formalities. School officials were discouraged because few adults stormed their gates and fewer still completed courses.

"We tried for years to get adults to come to our night classes, but they showed little interest and enrollment was low," confesses Dr. Harry N. Wright, president of the college. Then in 1944, civilians be-

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gan phoning the school, inquiring about speed-up courses offered exclusively to Army men. College officials asked each other: "Why not invite more people to tell us what *they* would like to study?" Then somebody got the idea that neighborhood libraries would be more accessible than the campus for many people. The New York Public Library waived time-honored rules forbidding such meetings and became co-sponsor.

Next, the professors and librarians decided to offer learning without academic strings—short courses of eight weeks at rock-bottom rates. To top off this unprecedented kind of schooling, they agreed there would be no hard and fast curriculum, no specified courses. People would absorb training as fast as they could.

This businesslike concern for the customer paid off. Within a year a variety of classes was operating full tilt. Courses repeatedly requested are concerned with self-improvement—correction of accents, styles to fit the individual, understanding human nature—or with acquisition of new skills in arts and languages. Most adults do not ask for purely cultural courses or for those explaining the contemporary scene. And since the war, there has been a growing demand for bread-and-butter subjects like bookkeeping, shorthand, business English, stage design, evolution of furniture and art in advertising.

ALTHOUGH MOST PEOPLE want to improve themselves or their work, their reasons for enrolling are as varied as human nature itself. "I think if I understood myself better I could handle my boss better and then I'd get on faster," reasoned a 26-year-old messenger. "I'd been wanting a course to help me for a long time but never got around to it because I was so tired at night. But this library is four blocks from home; I can get supper first and then relax a bit."

A high-school graduate who'd been editor of the school daily and oratory champion admitted that he could not make up his mind about a career. "I think psychology can help me with my basic indecisiveness while I'm experimenting with other short vocational courses. Then I can make a wise choice and stick to it."

"I own a Harlem photographic studio," a dignified 55-year-old Negro related, "but there's so much misunderstanding in the world I feel I have to become a minister. To do that I need to know what motivates people and why there are conflicts between groups in our modern society."

That same evening, clear across town in another library, neighbors who'd never heard a word of Russian were holding conversations in that language the first night they met. Through a method of teaching developed for the Army, the people were picking up a language just as a visitor in a strange land absorbs it. A 30-year-old musician felt she would appreciate Russian music better if she understood what the songs were about. A former schoolteacher hopes to become a lecturer on America and world affairs, and thinks she'll be able to interpret foreign governments more astutely if she can read their pronouncements in their own language.

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Housewives are so eager to attend classes in their neighborhood that they'll take any subject offered. Many confess they like the feeling of reliving their childhood classroom days, others want to combat a sense of inferiority stemming from lack of a specific skill, while still others simply like to fill their spare time profitably.

Some 100 students trying to improve their comprehension of printed matter in a course, "How to Read Better and Faster," work near their classroom on New York's busy 42nd Street. A salesman wants to be able to digest trade legislation, in order to speed the day when he becomes a sales manager. A retired trial lawyer who suffered a nervous breakdown wants to recapture his capacity for plunging through complicated cases.

A 47-year-old Negro seamstress couldn't understand pattern directions except by labored deciphering. Through vocabulary and reading exercises, and spurred by the flashmeter developed by the Navy for quick recognition of planes, she and the other students hope to gain improved reading rates.

In one library basement, an internationally famous consultant wanted to be able to rough out the brochures and pamphlets he visualizes. So he took the pencil sketching course alongside an obviously cultured 63-year-old Gold Star mother. "I want to forget for an evening, if possible," she sighed.

A retired executive found a new interest in life through sketching, and followed up his class sessions with frequent trips to art exhibits. Another retired executive who became a guard for one of the city's famous collections because he wanted to be near beautiful paintings, decided to write a book about them and then came to class to learn how to illustrate it.

Since people are studying what they want to because they want to, no rating tests are given in the usual academic sense. Most of the courses are of college grade, yet none carry college credits. Students who complete a course satisfactorily in the teacher's judgment may get a certificate if they desire, but for the most part students judge for themselves whether they're getting along and if not, why not.

An insurance salesman signed up for Spanish because his territory included many people of that extraction. It wasn't long before he was setting a company record. The secretary to a famous psychiatrist sought relief from the troubles of others in portrait painting. At first, she just couldn't catch on, but soon her portraits of children will be exhibited by the neighborhood library where she first picked up a brush.

Interesting things happen when neighbors meet via the library class. For instance, a designer of toys who had difficulty getting them manufactured discovered that the teacher, who also lived near-by, instructed a group of crippled children in an institution. Now they're following the designer's sketches, making toys for other boys and girls.

WHILE THE IDEA of education-at-your-service is simplicity itself, the College has had to step fast to keep the classes geared to demand. Any individual who wants to study merely has to fill out a card indicating his choice of sub-

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jects when taking books at the library. Or he can write or phone the College. The school will organize a class anywhere that a dozen people find it convenient to gather, on any subject they choose, for it is more economical in time, energy and money to send one instructor to a group of adults than it would be to bring the students to the instructor.

Many veterans and some servicemen who are not yet discharged write in for brush-up courses to prepare for re-entry into work they used to do or to get ready for new fields. Some ask for mathematics to be used when they become draftsmen, as a first step toward optometry, or to improve their civil-service ratings.

Practically everything about this adult education - library program smacks of good public relations. "Like business, we want satisfied customers," says Walter A. Knittle, director. Bernard Levy, assistant director, shrewdly explains why the subjects doubled and the students trebled in just one year. "We believe in good teaching, in giving the public the courses they want, in good publicity to tell them so, and in the fullest cooperation with communal groups."

That's why courses cost only $8 to $14 on the average, or about half the cost for corresponding hours of instruction in most evening schools. Teachers are well paid—often double the usual stipend for such a class. About 80 per cent of the budget of this non-profit, self-sustaining venture goes to teaching, the balance for use of rooms, advertising and incidentals.

"First we got the Mayor to approve," Dr. Levy reveals, "and then went down the line asking every conceivable kind of civic group for class space and to be tuned in on their publicity. Schools, libraries, police neighborhood councils, settlement houses, women's clubs, government departments, business outfits, lodges and parent-teacher organizations responded. Import and export firms learned their employees could request languages; furniture and department stores—interior decorating, textile design and art courses; settlement houses and charitable organizations —courses in social work. School children told their parents that they too could go to school. There were posters in subways, at ferry docks and in public buildings; spot announcements over local radio stations; articles in newspapers."

To find out what should be included in the first curriculum, professors and librarians in cooperation with the New York Adult Education council made a survey of subject-interest in branch libraries. One hundred and twelve courses were suggested. Fifty thousand questionnaires were distributed. The survey revealed greatest interest in these subjects in the order named—conversational languages, spoken English, art study, practical psychology, short-story writing, shorthand and photography. Equally important, the survey showed the sections of the city where interest in specific courses was greatest.

It takes a special kind of teacher to be successful in such flexible schools. Obviously no "canned" courses can be offered. The teacher must size up his class quickly and adapt his material to their needs.

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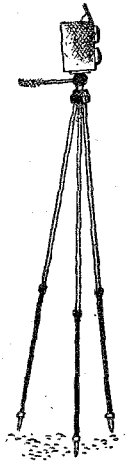
He faces a constant challenge, for his course is not "required" and his students want their money's worth. That's why the College finds the best possible teachers and pays well for their services.

Librarians ransack shelves for pertinent books and periodicals. Circulation of materials for the courses as well as for reading in general has increased. Beyond that, many students are coming to look upon the library as a lively center of community activity instead of just a dull repository of books.

City College believes that more publicly supported institutions of higher learning should emerge from cloistered halls to meet the needs of grownups as well as youngsters. Schools could bring education to remote areas by sending teachers to grange halls, church study rooms or schoolrooms that are usually idle after 3 p.m.

New York's experience shows that people are eager to improve themselves or acquire new skills, to deepen knowledge or widen their appreciation of the world in order to find better, more enjoyable ways of working and living. Ever-increasing registrations for more and more classes in City College's new set-up prove that people want education if they can have what they want, when and where they want it. Obviously they like it best—and get the most from it—when the school bell rings at their doorstep.



An Invitation to All Photographers

Have you ever looked at the photographs in a magazine and said: "I've taken better ones than that!" If you have, here's your chance to prove it. With the November issue, Coronet will resume its Gallery of Photography and invites contributions of salon photographs from amateurs, professionals and camera clubs. Here are our requirements:

1. You may submit any black and white vertical photograph of unusual beauty, drama or general appeal. Send as many as you like. Photographs which have appeared in salon exhibits are especially welcome.

2. In subject matter, the scope is unlimited.

3. All photographs must be accompanied by return postage and packaging.

Entries will be given careful consideration and prompt attention. If accepted, top prices will be paid for reproduction rights and credit will be given. However, Coronet cannot assume responsibility for photographs lost or damaged in transit.

So if you have that never-to-be-forgotten shot, the photograph you feel is one in a thousand, send it to: Picture Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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Seven Men Who Say "No" to the President

How Washington's artistic watchdogs preserve the beauty of the nation's Capital

by FRED J. OSTLER

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT planned it very carefully. One day in 1942 he cast a critical eye at the East Terrace of the White House and decided alterations were needed. Thoughtfully he put his plans on paper, and a blueprint was drawn.

Now you might assume that when the President's wishes were known, plasterers, painters and carpenters would suddenly swarm over the White House. But not at all. Mr. Roosevelt, then wielding the greatest power of any Chief Executive in history, first consulted the National Commission of Fine Arts.

Power rested with seven little-known men whose shadowy influence affects not only the White House but every public building and monument erected in the great city of Washington. The seven pored over Mr. Roosevelt's plans. The verdict? "Sorry, Mr. President, but as your plans now stand we cannot approve them."

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"Those columns you'd like for the Terrace entrance would be out of place."

The seven men who vetoed a President's blueprint are an organization possessed of a curious power. They can change a President's mind; they have the ear of Congress; every government department with the exception of Labor and Justice has called for their services; and each year their opinions affect the spending of millions of dollars of your money.

Yet to the public they remain unknown. Nor do they have an employer, except in spirit, for their "boss" is the city of Washington. And for this silent witness they give freely of their time and talents for one purpose: to make our Capital the most beautiful in the world.

The seven men, among the most distinguished artists of our day, are Gilmore D. Clarke, landscape architect; David E. Finley, director of the National Gallery of Art; William T. Aldrich, L. Andrew Reinhard and Frederick V. Murphy, architects; Maurice Stern, painter; and Lee Lawrie, sculptor. But

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don't let the name, National Commission of Fine Arts, mislead you. Actually they are the artistic watchdogs of the Capital. Not so long ago Washington badly needed just such guardians. Although our public buildings were adorned with cast iron monstrosities of statuary, Congress was flooded with bills asking permission to erect more statues, quite often to men of doubtful historical importance.

At about this time a miniature city sprang up 800 miles away that was to change the face of our Capital. The little city was the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Architects from all over the country were impressed with its striking architectural beauty, and a stimulus was given to civic improvement throughout America.

Enthusiastic architects returned to Washington to prod Congress. They were greeted with slight enthusiasm. But finally, in 1910, architect Cass Gilbert pointed out to President Taft that up to that time the government had spent $50,000,000 on public buildings and works of art. Some were good, some bad, many were atrocious. In a great national city, shouldn't the buildings reflect our ideals in structures impressive with austere beauty? Why not select a competent group of men to see that these ambitions were carried out?

The idea leaped to lusty life. On May 17, 1910, Congress established the Commission of Fine Arts. President Taft selected seven highly skilled men to serve four-year terms —without pay—and their duties were to advise upon the location of statues, fountains and monuments.

The Commission set to work. As chairman they selected Daniel Burnham, head of D. H. Burnham & Co., one of the top architectural firms in the country and designer of the Marshall Field building in Chicago and the Wanamaker store in New York. Around him he grouped leaders among America's craftsmen: two other architects, a sculptor, a painter, a landscape artist and one lay member.

The first project they supervised was the Lincoln Memorial, erected at a cost of $2,500,000. The seven men strongly advised that the Memorial should not include a dome or be of great height. The first feature would detract from the Capitol, the second from the Washington Monument. They also recommended the proper site, choice of architect, sculptor and mural painter. Millions of Americans who have stood in awe before this heroic Memorial can testify how magnificently their suggestions have been carried out.

President Taft was delighted. Even before the work was completed he widened the scope of the Commission by ordering that no government buildings should be erected in the District of Columbia until plans had been approved. During that first busy year the seven passed judgment on designs exceeding $16,000,000. And they saw to it that every taxpayer's dollar added in some way to a more attractive Washington.

In 1917, Congress was startled to learn that it annually appropriated more than $500,000 for schools, fire-engine houses and police stations in the District of Columbia. These buildings, mush-

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rooming over Washington, could easily detract from the appearance of the city. Therefore, the Commission was asked to pass on all plans for municipal buildings.

When a number of schoolhouses were planned in archaic Elizabethan style, members of the Commission shook their heads sadly. No, they reported, "the erection throughout the District of buildings designed after an unusual, inharmonious and incongruous style of architecture" would be in poor taste. The blueprints were changed from Elizabethan to Colonial.

When the good citizens of Pennsylvania wished to donate a fountain to Pennsylvania Avenue, it wasn't as easy as it sounded. The design for the fountain, its location and care of surrounding grounds were first carefully considered. Only then was approval given. And when Congress authorized a fish market on the waterfront and submitted plans to the Commission, the seven put their collective feet down. Definitely no! The building planned was entirely out of harmony with the rest of Washington's architecture. A new blueprint was drawn before the building was erected.

In 1930, the Commission had additional duties assigned them. The reason was the Shipstead-Luce Act, whereby any plans for private buildings facing, even in part, upon the grounds of the Capitol, White House or vicinity had to be submitted to the Commission.

This bill is unique in American law in that it allows the Commission control over the height of private buildings. Its purpose was—and is—to prevent any construction detrimental to the Capital's dignity. Advertising signs on buildings or vacant lots were limited to 25 square feet. No roof billboards were permitted. Glaring red signs were outlawed.

When the news was made public, a storm broke around the Commission. Signmakers protested bitterly. Business firms were up in arms as they saw their dreams of skyscrapers go glimmering. Angry voices were raised. Court proceedings were threatened.

The Commission remained polite but firm. No skyscrapers. No blatant billboards. Gradually the clamor died down, particularly when the Commission gently pointed out one historical fact: that these very same restrictions were urged long ago by a farsighted man who was not only interested in building a Capital but concerned with its artistic appeal as well. That man was George Washington.

Realizing that the White House is visited by a vast throng of distinguished visitors, the Commission keeps close watch over all activities there. When an oil painting was authorized for $2,500, the Commission reported on the two submitted that "both portraits fall so far below the standard of the best portraits in the White House that the Commission is unable to recommend the purchase. They are not satisfactory as likenesses, and they do not reach a satisfactory standard of painting." The seven also damned a portrait of President Theodore Roosevelt with the words that it was "without merit as a likeness, a painting or a work of art."

This refusal to tolerate shoddy work is in the best tradition of the

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Commission. Long ago their creed was stated in the words of Daniel Burnham. "Make no little plans," he said. "Aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

With this code in mind, the critical eyes of Washington's guardians have passed judgment on millions of dollars in designs, and caused a soaring improvement in the artistic character of the District of Columbia. But members of the Commission are not dreamy-eyed esthetes. They realize a city is to be lived in as well as admired. To that end Washington has not only sublime statues and monuments, but also attractive schools, libraries, hospitals, colleges, bridges, flagpoles, playgrounds, murals, police stations, incinerators, street lights, gasoline stations and swimming pools.

The late Senator Elihu Root, inspecting Washington in 1935, reported that the Commission had "saved the government and the community from God knows how many atrocities."

They have accomplished this, amazingly enough, with no greater authority than that of unfailing good taste. For the Commission does not have the power of absolute veto, and strong opposition could, theoretically, upset their decisions. Yet seldom has their judgment been overruled. A "no" from the Commission means halt, reconsider, and revise your plans.

A great many Acts of Congress have been adopted in 36 years, requiring that the Commission of Fine Arts be consulted. In providing for World War I memorials in 1923, Congress gave the Commission actual veto power over designs. Similarly, with World War II memorials on the way—and this time 55 fighting fronts to be considered—the Commission will have the same, but greater, responsibility. The Commission has also been consulted on Army and Navy medals, and by the Director of the Mint since 1921 on designs for U. S. coins.

Plans for post-war Washington are in the making, and because the pulse of the nation beats in Washington, the city is more than a show place or resort. It is the pride of every American. In the history of the Commission you may read a record of accomplishment—a record which stands eloquently for unselfish service by outstanding artists of our time.

Farewell to the Cover Girl

With its November issue, Coronet says good-bye to the lovely cover girl—a Coronet feature which has been a source of inspiration and morale to millions of GI's throughout the war. Now Coronet turns to a new and distinctive type of cover illustration which we feel will more truly reflect the contents of the magazine as well as the times. Watch for the new cover on the November issue—out October 25th.

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Here are some facts everyone should know about one of nature's danger signals

The Big Headache

by J. D. RATCLIFF

PRESUMABLY NO ONE has ever died of a headache, but it causes more human misery than any disease. Striking almost everyone from time to time, there are now some 8,000,000 chronic sufferers in the United States.

In fact, the headache is big business. In the last year for which figures are available (1943), American drugstores sold an incredible total of $73,000,000 worth of headache remedies—more money than it cost to run the Federal Government in any year up to the time of Lincoln!

Yet despite the magnitude of this grief there hasn't been, until recently, a coordinated research attack on the problem. Now, at the new headache clinic at New York's Montefiore Hospital, patients have an excellent chance of getting relief from headaches that may have plagued them ever since childhood.

For centuries there was no means of studying the underlying reasons for headaches. The research man couldn't crack a skull open, examine the interior and question the subject about pain sensations. So the headache remained a medical enigma until the late Harvey Cushing started his magnificent pioneering in brain surgery.

Since the brain is insensitive to pain, a large part of head surgery takes place under local anesthesia. Cushing questioned patients while operating. He found that when he applied slight pressure to certain brain tissues—chiefly the arteries—headache resulted.

Headache is not a disease, it is a *symptom*. Thus headache may be a symptom of a brain tumor pushing on arteries. It may result from worry, or from focal infections such

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as bad teeth or infected sinuses, or from diseased kidneys or other organs. In one way or another any of these can produce tension and pressures in the skull.

One of the commonest causes of headache is stale air. Carbon dioxide causes arteries to dilate—thereby stretching tiny nerve endings along brain arteries. Result: the mild headache everyone has encountered in stuffy rooms.

Alcohol and tobacco, when used excessively, work in similar fashion. Alcohol increases the volume of brain fluid, which exerts pressure on arteries and other sensitive tissues. The characteristic hangover headache results. The nicotine in tobacco dilates brain arteries—hence the headache that comes after an evening of too much smoking. But the caffeine in coffee has an opposite effect—it constricts arteries. That is why a cup of breakfast coffee often chases away a mild early-morning headache.

Histamine also dilates brain arteries. This substance, a rather mysterious chemical secreted by tissue and poured into the bloodstream, causes violent distention. During brain surgery, experimenters have injected histamine and actually *seen* a headache!

In substance then, anything that causes dilation or brings pressure on brain arteries is a potential cause of headache. Treatment, therefore, rests on counter-measures.

Take the case of the histamine headache. Although the mechanics aren't altogether clear, it appears that histamine is produced in certain types of allergy. Thus a person may get a violent headache after eating shad roe or sniffing ragweed-pollen—because these substances stimulate production of histamine.

In 1937, workers at Mayo Clinic found a means of permanently curing such headaches. Over a period of weeks they injected ever-increasing doses of histamine to build up body tolerance. Result: headache disappeared.

Yet another advance that has come in recent years is the use of ergot derivatives in treating migraine. In this type headache, the sufferer has visual disturbances, sees flashes of light. Strange geometric patterns dart before his eyes. Nausea and vomiting are common symptoms. The violent migraine headache may last a few minutes or hours. Then it goes away as quickly as it came. Migraine may strike as often as once a day, or it may come only once in six months.

No one knows the cause of this mysterious malady, although it usually runs in families and tends to strike certain types of people. Sufferers from migraine are meticulous, obsessive and often superior individuals.

Ergot derivatives give quick relief 90 per cent of the time. This drug, derived from a fungus which grows on rye grain, is a violent constrictor of many body tissues. By constricting brain arteries it relieves migraine. One drawback is that the derivatives cannot be used on people with high blood pressure—because they tend to elevate pressure, possibly to dangerous levels.

HEADACHE CAN BE traced to any malfunctioning of mind or body. Hence any attack on the problem must be on a broad basis—not with a single pill, such as

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aspirin. Aspirin is not a cure. It is only a pain-killer which masks symptoms.

The Montefiore clinic uses the broad approach to the problem. Under the Division of Neuropsychiatry, it includes three moving spirits—Drs. Arnold P. Friedman, Charles Brenner and H. Houston Merritt.

Dr. Friedman, 37, became interested in headaches while resident physician at the big Los Angeles County Hospital. On a busy night as many as 25 people—mostly victims of motor accidents—arrived with cracked skulls. Since headache is a prominent symptom in head injuries, Friedman became more and more interested in this specialty. He carried the interest with him when he went to Boston to join the Harvard Medical School faculty, and along to New York when he became associated with Montefiore. In 1945, he organized his clinic, the first of its kind in the country.

The clinic handles approximately 20 patients at each weekly session, plans to double this number soon because of increasing demand. The first step is a complete physical check-up of the patient to see if headache traces to bodily malfunctioning. Included here is a recording of brain waves—to see if an old head injury or other injury to the brain might be responsible.

Next comes analysis of blood, urine and spinal fluid. The skull is X-rayed to detect tumors, and teeth are examined for infections. A diseased kidney may be the source of trouble, or eyestrain for want of glasses. In addition, the patient gets a preliminary psychiatric examination. In an astonishingly high percentage of cases, headache traces to psychogenic origin.

Tracking this down is often delicate business. For example, Friedman may inject novocain at the temple. This will deaden pain sensation on the skin but not inside the skull. Many headache patients report instant relief. If they do, it is a fair conclusion that their trouble is psychological.

Another trick is to give capsules containing common headache remedies. After a few days these are replaced by others which look the same but contain milk sugar. If the patient continues to report relief, his headache is probably of mental, not physical origin.

WHEN HEADACHES originate in the mind—because of worry or tensions—psychiatric treatment often provides a quick cure. One woman was inordinately proud of her cooking. When the slightest thing went wrong she got a violent headache. When this was pointed out to her, the headaches vanished.

One migraine sufferer, a prominent attorney, was on the point of suicide—unwilling to face constant tortures. But his headaches always came on the eve of a trial. In his case, treatment was twofold. The cause of tension was pointed out and he was given ergot derivative. Finally the headache ceased.

Another clinic case was a young man who suffered a headache whenever he got into financial trouble. His family always came to the rescue—attributing his trouble to the fact that he was not well. Thus his headache became a valued asset, although the patient didn't

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recognize it as such. He didn't want to get well—and didn't.

Because of the large number of head injuries in World War II, chronic headaches will increase. But Dr. Friedman disagrees with the common notion that headaches from injuries persist for years. If they don't disappear within two months, he believes they may be traced to some other cause—probably psychogenic. Hence there will be need for an enormous amount of psychiatric treatment to cure World War II's headaches.

For the better part, the headaches mentioned here are of the types that make life a torment for hundreds of thousands of people. What about the mild headaches the rest of us suffer from time to time? They are only temporary problems, caused by a cold or other transient ailment. No fear need be attached to the occasional use of aspirin or other such drugs. But long-sustained use of drugs must be avoided.

There are cases on record where the pain-killing drug itself was responsible for chronic headache. So the best rule to follow is to see your physician if headache persists. The headache, after all, is part of the body's alarm system. As such, it can serve you a good turn by calling your attention to ailments which might otherwise be overlooked and neglected.

Improving on the Dictionary

Advertising—Something which makes one think he's longed all his life for something he never even heard of before.

Alimony—When two people make a mistake and one of them continues to pay for it.

Budget—A method of worrying before you spend instead of after.

Conference—A meeting of a group of men who singly can do nothing, but who collectively agree that nothing can be done.—Fred Allen

Diplomat—A man who convinces his wife that a woman looks stout in a fur coat.

Discretion—Something that comes to a person after he's too old for it to do him any good.

Ginger Ale—A drink that tastes like your foot feels when it's asleep.

Jeep—A vehicle which, if it were struck by lightning, the lightning would be towed away for repair.

Joint Account—An account where one person does the depositing and the other the withdrawing.

Monopolist—A man who keeps an elbow on each arm of his theater chair.

Repartee—Clever conversation a man thinks up on his way home from a party. (Sid Ascher in Caravan)

Rumba—Waving good-bye without using your hands.

Wedding Ring—Matrimonial tourniquet designed to stop circulation.

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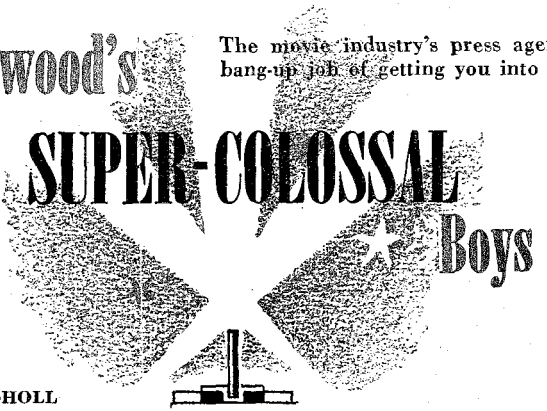
Hollywood's SUPER-COLOSSAL Boys

The movie industry's press agents do a bang-up job of getting you into the theater



by WILLIAM M. SHOLL

WHAT WAS IT THAT caused you to hire a "sitter" for the baby last night, gulp your wife's tasty dinner and hustle her off (or vice versa) to your neighborhood movie theater with an energetic, "Let's go. I hear this is a good one!"

Did someone in your office tell you it was good or did your wife's neighbor give the word? Perhaps you read about it in a magazine, or was it Louella Parsons or Hedda Hopper who "sold" you? Did columnists like Fidler praise it or did your local movie critic pan it?

No matter. For in all likelihood the real reason you went to the movies last night was because you were *needled* into it. Not by someone at the office or your wife's neighbor but by hundreds of men sitting at typewriters in Hollywood and hundreds more strategically located throughout the country. They are that strange but necessary clan of *needlers* extraordinary—the movie press agents.

Like a giant puppeteer the press agent manipulates the millions of invisible strings necessary to create a desirable and salable substance of something which, without his efforts, remains a lifeless reel of film packed in a can. Love, romance, glamour, human interest, curiosity—these make up the web from which Hollywood fairy tales are spun by press agents, who are far greater storytellers than the creators of the entertainment they are selling.

More than 350,000 words are written and distributed daily by the press agents in Hollywood alone. The auxiliary tub-thumping mill includes publicity directors, both in Hollywood and New York; "planters" who place material in newspapers and other publications; "unit" men who are assigned to a picture when production starts and grind out thousands of words pertaining to the picture, its stars or anything which will publicize the film; artists, advertising men, copywriters, idea men, stunt men, exploitation men and so on, from coast to coast.

Hollywood's 400 press agents feed material to the 400-odd correspondents who are stationed there,

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each representing a newspaper or magazine of more than 40,000 circulation. The press agent's job starts the moment a story is written or bought for the screen and it ends only when exhibition has been completed. It is his insistent whispering and prodding that make you play America's favorite game of hands across the box-office with the theater cashier.

Two of the most widely read Hollywood columnists are Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper, and while they are rivals in their efforts to scoop each other on hot items, their long-standing "feud" has been highly exaggerated. True, both these queens of film gossip demand and get "exclusives." But the reason is simple. Were it not for "exclusives" many a press agent would be seeking new affiliations.

Most of Hollywood's romantic chit-chat, plus news of story purchases, casting and "behind the scenes" stuff is handled through studio publicity channels. The "flacks," as they are known in the trade, have press-agent brethren in New York where millions of additional readers are reached through such outlets as Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, Louis Sobol, Earl Wilson, Ed Sullivan and dozens of lesser lights. They all contact you via the press agent to tell the Hollywood story.

Sometimes it's a catch phrase like "Gable's Back and Garson's Got Him!" That line did more to fetch you to Clark Gable's first post-war picture than would have hundreds of lines on his fine war-service record.

Then there are advertising campaigns, stunts, contests, tie-ups, radio promotions, personal appearance tours—anything and everything which will make a lasting dent in your mind. For example, Russell Birdwell, one of Hollywood's top press agents, kept *Gone with the Wind* alive for several years with his search for a suitable actress to play Scarlett O'Hara, as well as arousing the whole country with suggestions, rejections and general controversy on who would be acceptable for the other leading roles.

Several years ago RKO Radio Pictures demonstrated what exploitation could accomplish for a timely, low-budget picture. To Terry Turner of RKO goes credit for devising a whirlwind campaign for *Hitler's Children* which made it the year's biggest money maker. Turner conducted regional "zone" campaigns, using thousands of radio spot-announcements in each area. This program was backed by powerful newspaper ads, and culminated in an avalanche of record-breaking premieres.

More recently a quickie produced by the King brothers surprised everyone by grossing millions. *Dillinger* was sold to the public by means of smashing ads, hard-boiled gangster copy and illustrations coupled with trick prison theater fronts. Ironically, the cheapness and speed of production gave *Dillinger* a realism which the slower shooting schedules of a major studio might never have achieved.

IN THE EARLY DAYS of movies, the press agents were a lowly, uncontrollable tribe. They would as soon embroil an unsuspecting city editor in a fantastic ballyhoo as they would double-cross a rival press

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agent. Dean of the oldtimers was the late Harry Reichenbach. While his exploits have often been exaggerated in the retelling, some of his fanciful brain flights were executed with such aplomb that smart editors fell for his coups repeatedly.

Perhaps his most celebrated stunt was the Tarzan blow-off. To publicize *Return of Tarzan*, Reichenbach hired a "professor" to register at a New York hotel as T. R. Zann and order raw meat sent to his room. The waiters, upon delivering the order, saw a live lion calmly consuming a fulsome dinner. The "professor" followed this up by making a trip through the hotel lobby accompanied by his lion. The newspapers took it up, and then the red-faced editors took off after Reichenbach when they realized they had been duped once more.

Today's editor, a bit weary from an overdose of post-war headlines, will give space to a publicity stunt just for relief—if he trusts the press agent and the idea is sold with candor. To exploit *So Goes My Love*, Universal used a plane as a flying publicity office, carrying a print of the picture, press releases and stills. At each stop critics and exhibitors saw the film and listened to a sales talk on its merits.

David O. Selznick's new Western picture, *Duel in the Sun*, reputedly cost more than $6,000,000 and must do sensational business to show a profit. And exploitation-wise Selznick left nothing to chance to attract your attention. Even with such box-office lures as Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten and Lionel Barrymore, he ear-marked more than $1,000,000 for advertising, publicity and exploitation. Before the press agents are through preparing you for *Duel in the Sun*, you'll be glad to holler, "I'll see it! I'll see it!"

So the next time you "make up your mind" to see a movie, perhaps you'll give a thought to those hard-working gentry who had far more to do with your decision than you think. Right now they're busy creating, developing and executing ideas that will catch your eye, penetrate your brain and snare your entertainment money. So when your wife says, "Let's go. I hear this is a good one," your answer may be, "Yeah, I know. But we'll go anyway." And who knows? Maybe that super-colossal new movie may actually live up to the super-colossal promises.

Modern Design

I LIKE THE STORY about the family of hillbillies who lived near a camp for parachute jumpers. They had nine boys and eight girls.

One day about 50 paratroopers were out on maneuvers and about 50 of them bailed out over the hillbillies' shack. One of the kids saw them and ran into the house shouting: "Oh, Pa, the stork is delivering them full-grown now!"

—TOM HOWARD in *Variety*

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THE TAILOR, selling his friend a new suit, was raving about the garment into which the other was struggling.

"It's beautiful!" he said. "Even your best friends won't recognize you in that suit! Just take a walk outside for a minute and examine it in the light."

The customer-friend went out and returned a moment later. The tailor rushed up to him with a smile.

"Good morning, stranger," he beamed. "What can I do for you?"

—MYRON B. WEIL, JR.

BROWN WAS visiting a girl who lived in the country; as they walked through the fields they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied. "It's all right; it's father's cow." —*Ghost*

IN A SMALL FIGHT club the fans were disgusted with the lack of action in the ring. The two battlers did nothing but circle each other, with no punches being thrown. A forbidding silence mounted in the arena. Then—

"Hit him now, ya bum," a spectator called. "You got the wind with yah!"

—*The Oil Fielder*

A FARM BOY who had gone to work in the big city wrote home to tell of his experiences. In his letter he painted a glowing picture of the joys of city life. "Thursday," he wrote, "we autoed out to the Club where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the Beach where we week-ended."

Not to be outdone, his brother replied: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and pokered until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clocks fived." —CORNELIUS SMITH

THE GREAT BIG beautiful car drew up to the curb where the cute little girl was waiting for a bus, and a gentleman stuck his head out the window and said:

"Hello, I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl. "Bring me back an orange."

—*Camp Lee Traveler*

THE ARTIST WAS proud of his latest canvas, a futuristic painting supposed to represent a Dutch landscape. He exhibited it in the art museum, with a printed notice which read: "Do not touch with cane or umbrella."

When he went back for his painting after the exhibit, he found that an appreciative small boy had added the following postscript: "Take an ax."

—*Everybody's*

ONE OF HARRY S. TRUMAN'S favorite tales is about a man who established a bank in Missouri many years ago and made a lot of money. Asked by a friend how he ever had the nerve to start a bank in such a (then) backwoods country, he replied:

"Well, sir, I just rented a room and stuck up a sign 'Bank' and waited for results. The very first day a man came

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along and deposited $100. The second day another man dropped in and left $500. Another man put in $300. And blamed if I didn't get some confidence in the thing and put in $500 of my own money!" —IRVING HOFFMAN

A YOUNG LAWYER was browbeating an opposing witness unmercifully.

"Was it a man or a woman you saw leaving the scene of the crime?" he roared. "Answer yes or no."

"Well—uh—some questions can't be answered yes or no," the witness said.

"I challenge you to ask me a question I can't answer yes or no," thundered the lawyer.

"Well," the witness asked triumphantly, "do you still beat your wife?"

—W. C. RICKARD

INDIAN CHIEF introducing self to pale-face visitor: "I am brave Eagle. This my son, Fighting Bird. And this my grandson, Four-Engined Bomber."

—*The Doormat*

CLASSIFIED AD in a California paper: "Lost: One gold cigarette lighter. By a blonde, blue eyes, five-feet-four, weight 114, age 21, good dancer, fair drinker, glib conversationalist. Reward for return. Phone-----after 6 p.m."

—MAE KINGSTON

TWO FRIENDS met on the street and one of them noticed that the other's hands were very dirty.

"How come your hands are covered with soot?" he inquired.

The friend explained that he had just been down to the station to see his wife off on a long trip to visit relatives.

"But why are your hands dirty?"

"I patted the engine."

—T. J. MCINERNEY

THE TELEPHONE company put its new employee to work as collector of coins in pay phones. For two weeks after he got the job, he failed to appear at the office. Then one day he walked in nonchalantly and said he had lost his key to the coin boxes.

"Where have you been?" stormed the manager. "The cashier has been holding your salary for you."

"What!" exclaimed the amazed neophyte, "do I get a salary, too!"

—THERESE VERMYLEN

FIRST COMMUNIST: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist (grudgingly): "Yes, but the rich are having it, too."

—*The Oil Fielder*

THE MAN WAS lazy, no doubt about it. He told his friend that he was quitting his job. "Just what do you do?" asked the friend.

"I sort oranges."

"You mean all you have to do is separate the good oranges from the bad?"

"Uh-huh."

"But that's not tough. Why are you quitting?"

Quoth the lazy one: "All those decisions! All those decisions!"

—BLYTHE HENDERSON

THE GENTLEMAN was boasting about his baby. Someone asked him if the child could talk yet.

"Talk?" said the proud father. "What's the sense of his learning to talk when he gets everything by yelling?" —WAYNE PAULSON

ARDENT SWAIN: "Your hair is like spun gold. Your eyes, like two pools. Your lips—gee, what a mess you must make on the rim of a coffee cup."

—*Wireco Wit*

FIRST GIRL (on bathing beach): "Harriet ought not to go in the water alone. She was nearly drowned yesterday and Ernest had to use artificial respiration."

Second girl: "You mean Harriet had to use artificial drowning!"

—JACK HARRISON

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ANOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO MEMORABLE EVENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE. PAINTING BY JAMES CHAPIN

A little girl's doll is a true friend, brought to life by a child's rich imagination. Night and day it is always near-by to share her precious secrets.

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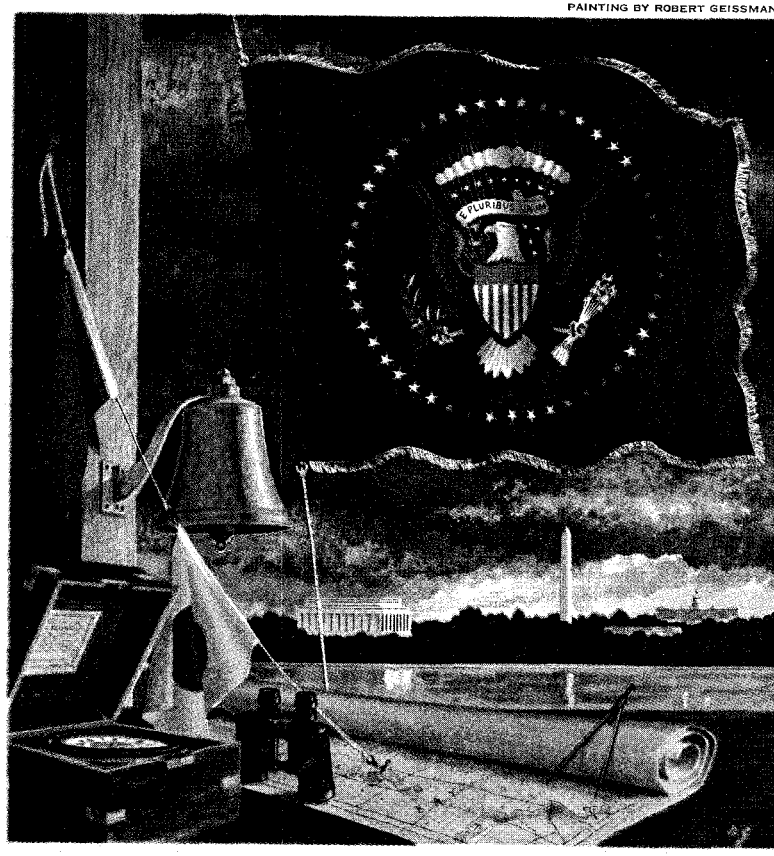
PAINTING BY ROBERT GEISSMANN



Hail to the Chief

Wherever duty takes him, on land or sea, the President's flag flies proudly

by BEN KARTMAN

WHEN PRESIDENT TRUMAN boarded the new aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* for Navy Day ceremonies last October, the warship flew a bright new flag. On the large banner rippling in the autumn wind, 48 white stars encircled the Presidential coat of arms against a field of deep blue. The eagle in the center was lifelike in full natural color.

It was the proud new flag of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. Ap-

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propriately, the Navy flew it for the first time from a vessel named for the man who helped design the original Presidential flag almost 30 years before.

Until 1916, the Army and Navy each unfurled its own flag for visits from the Commander-in-Chief. President Wilson saw no logic in this, so he called on two young men to design a Presidential flag that could be used by both branches of the armed forces.

The men were Commander Byron McCandless, Wilson's aide, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The flag they designed showed the Presidential Coat of Arms on a deep blue field, with a large white star adorning each corner.

When the new ranks of Admiral of the Fleet and General of the Army were created in 1944, the flags of top-ranking Army and Navy officers boasted five stars, while the flag of their Commander-in-Chief still bore only four. To correct this incongruous situation, President Roosevelt called on McCandless—by then a Commodore—to devise a more appropriate Presidential banner. But Roosevelt never had a chance to see the new designs: McCandless completed them after the President's death.

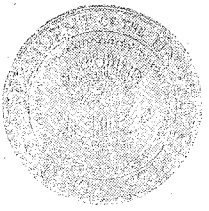
The drawings were submitted to President Truman, who instructed McCandless to try still another design in which all 48 States were represented. The impressive circle of stars outlining the Coat of Arms was the result.

President Truman tentatively approved the design, then sent it to the War and Navy Departments for comment and suggestions. Arthur E. DuBois, chief of the Army's Heraldic Section, pointed out that there was no known basis in law for the Coat of Arms and the Seal, as reproduced on the flag, though they had been used by every President since 1880. The Seal had originated during President Hayes' administration, apparently as an erroneous version of the Great Seal of the United States.

The eagle on the Great Seal faces to its own right, but on the President's Seal the bird had always faced its own left. At Truman's suggestion, DuBois redesigned the Presidential Coat of Arms so it would not only conform to heraldic custom but—more important still—would represent more accurately America's ideal of a world at peace. The eagle on the Presidential flag was reversed to face the olive branches in its right talon—symbol of peace—rather than the arrows in its left—symbol of war.

Once President Truman had authorized the new flag by executive order, small-sized banners were turned out quickly by skilled seamstresses in the Army Quartermaster depot in Philadelphia, for use on the President's automobile; larger flags, intended to be flown on Navy vessels, were produced in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Today, the bright new flag flies wherever his duties take the President of the United States. Like Old Glory, it is truly representative of a united nation which is striving with all its might to help achieve a united world.



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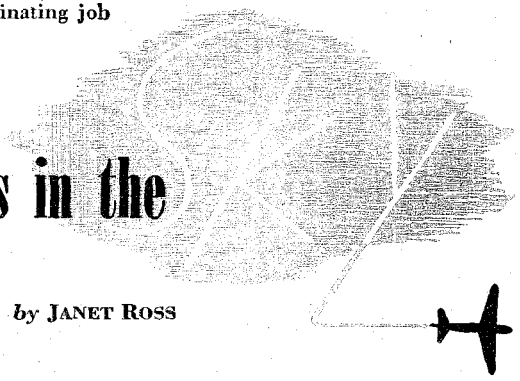
With the heavens as their signboard, the skywriters are back at their fascinating job

Scribblers in the



by JANET ROSS

WITHOUT WARNING, a white streak a mile long appeared in an otherwise cloudless sky above New York City. Parallel to it and identical in size and form, another giant column began to take shape. In a few moments people all over the city were watching this never-seen-before phenomenon.

Soon a crossbar centered between the smoky lines and joined them together. Fascinated spectators realized that a huge letter "H" had somehow been drawn up there in the heavens. Finally, they perceived the tiny airplane preceding the drifting white streams.

This was October, 1922. Capt. Cyril Turner, British war ace, was giving Manhattan its first look at skywriting. As the huge letters spread out against the blue, millions read the message, "Hello, U. S. A.—Call Vanderbilt 7200." It was the number of the Hotel Vanderbilt, temporary headquarters of the Skywriting Corporation of America, and curious callers kept the switchboard tied up for hours.

Originally, skywriting was developed during World War I by Maj. Jack Savage of the RAF, who reasoned that an airplane could write a code message above a large area in which communications had been cut off. The plan was good, but not ready to be put into operation until the war had ended.

After that, Savage's thoughts turned to peacetime possibilities, and in 1922 the crowds who attended the English Derby were the first to witness commercial skywriting. They watched a small speck in the heavens trailing puffs of white smoke as Captain Turner spelled out "Daily Mail."

Among those at the Derby was Capt. Allan J. Cameron, veteran of World War I and now in the aeronautical advertising business. Impressed with the potentialities of skywriting, he obtained the American rights, returned to this country, formed the Skywriting Corporation of America and began to develop this new and intriguing advertising medium.

Soon the American Tobacco Company signed a contract to advertise Lucky Strike cigarettes,

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agreeing to pay $1,000 per writing. During the next three years, Cameron's skywriters plowed through the heavens some 1,800 times, earning almost $2,000,000.

In the 1920s, advertising took to the skies in a big way. All over the U. S., and from Canada to Cuba, groundlings responded to messages written in the heavens by various advertisers. M-G-M plugged its hit films, *Test Pilot* and *Fury;* the New England Confectionery Company lauded "Sky-Bar," a new candy; General Motors advertised Chevrolets; the Fight Infantile Paralysis campaign enlisted public cooperation; politicians had their names inscribed for all to see; and two non-commercial flying penmen played the world's biggest tic-tack-toe game.

To date, the most extensive program of skywriting has been sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company. But in 1941, a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, the Skywriting Corporation voluntarily cancelled all contracts in anticipation of forthcoming government regulations prohibiting commercial air activities during the emergency. Operations were not resumed until 1945, when on Easter Sunday the soft-drink company cooperated with the Treasury Department by urging upward-looking spectators to "Buy Bonds" in the Seventh War Loan Drive. Today, the skywriters are performing for Pepsi-Cola some six or seven thousand times a year.

Time and surveys have proved to advertisers the dramatic value of getting into the public eye by having words written on a celestial signboard. The only element of speculation is something that, at present, lies beyond control of the Skywriting Corporation—the weather. Usually there are 100 days in the year in New York that are perfect for skywriting. But the best-laid plans of skywriters go astray unless the skies are blue and almost cloudless.

Skywriters welcome steady winds which carry an inscription intact over great distances, but gusty air currents break up the smoky letters while they are being drawn. On an average day a message is visible for 10 miles, and on an exceptional day it may be seen for 15 miles. But when the weather is right and a steady breeze cooperates, it is hard to predict just how far away from the point of origin the writings will be swept, or how long they will remain intact.

On one occasion, a message written over New York was later visible in New Haven, Connecticut. One skywriter, Andy Stinis, handled an aerial assignment over the Toronto Annual Exhibition several years ago and an hour later, while having dinner, he could still see the message. Yet at other times the letters will fade away in a few minutes.

THE MOST IMPORTANT part of any feat is the man who performs it. Today all skywriters work for the S. S. Pike Company, of which Major Pike is president. When World War II started, he closed his office and he and his men enlisted, for all were potential wartime pilots. An impressive array of medals records their distinguished service while flying for the Army, the Navy Air Transport Command and the Ferry Command. All of them are back on

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the job now, and the Pike Company is again operating in conjunction with the Skywriting Corporation. At present a dozen pilots are under the aegis of Major Pike.

Although skywriting is largely dull, precision flying, it requires a fine combination of imagination and accuracy. To understand the sky scribblers' skill, take a piece of paper and try to write your own name upside down and backwards so that it will appear right side up when held to the light. Each air message is written in just this complicated way. Occasionally a pilot will use a chart placed on the instrument board of his plane, but most skywriters are so familiar with their art that they work by dead reckoning alone.

The simplest assignment in the history of skywriting was given to an English pilot in the early days of celestial advertising. It was just one word, OXO, which looks the same any way you read or write it. Once, a pilot forgot the upside-down and backwards rule, and the client's message appeared this way: YDNAC TFOL. But such mistakes are infrequent. When they do occur, they are an oddity not soon forgotten. Skywriters recall with amusement the time when one of their fraternity inscribed an invitation to spectators to attend an Air Show and omitted the letter H, writing "Air Sow."

The advertiser usually decides whether inscriptions are to be written in script or block letters. Were the pilot permitted to make the decision, he would probably choose block printing. Script is more difficult because the letters are smaller and mistakes are more easily discernible. What's more, once a letter is formed it is impossible for the skywriter to correct his error. As yet, no eraser has been devised for the blackboard of the sky.

SKYWRITING PLANES are specially constructed to hold gallons of smoke-making liquid in a tank forward of the cockpit. The engines must generate enough heat to keep the fluid at proper consistency and each plane must be over-powered and equipped with high-lift wings for easy maneuverability. Originally, the "ink" used in skywriting contained castor oil and molasses. Now the formula calls for paraffin oils and chemicals in the right proportion to produce voluminous white smoke, light enough to spread easily yet of sufficient weight to cling together.

Skywriters operate from a small base in Massapequa, Long Island. Reaching the area over which he is to write, the pilot goes up 10,000 to 17,000 feet. As he makes altitude he tests the wind direction by emitting several puffs of smoke. Then, all set to start writing his message, he heads into the wind at 150 miles an hour and forms the letters on a horizontal plane.

Careful never to cross his own smoke trail, the pilot climbs 50 feet after drawing a letter and before making the next one, thus preventing the letters from becoming smudged by propeller backwash. As each white letter is about a mile high, the words Pepsi-Cola cover ten miles, although the pilot will have traveled seven times that distance in order to write them. Once the inscription is finished, the skywriter drops 1,000 feet to inspect his

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work before returning to the field.

Recently, experiments have been conducted to produce smoke of different colors, in the belief that colored skywriting could be done at night by moonlight. Although results have not been completely satisfactory, these experiments are still going on.

Meanwhile, advertisers in foreign countries, especially South America, are eying the art of skywriting with increasing favor. With postwar reconstruction under way, they are eager to blazon their products on the biggest advertising board in the world. This is good news for the skywriting fraternity, who are convinced that potential buyers everywhere, all the way from the tropics to the Arctic, will respond just as convincingly as Americans to those mile-long "selling" letters in the blue.

Salesmanship

ONE SUNNY MAY DAY in Central Park a blind man was seen tapping for attention with his cane. On his chest was a sign: "Help the Blind," but no one paid much attention to him. A little farther on another blind beggar was doing better. Practically every passerby put a coin in his cup, some even turning back to make a contribution. His sign said: "It is May . . . and I am blind."

ROBERT E. HURST, Memphis, setting out to prove that people today will donate money to any cause, collected $11 in a few minutes for a "Widow of the Unknown Soldier Fund."—*American Legion Magazine*

A FEW YEARS ago an advertisement appeared in a New York newspaper: "Millionaire, young, good-looking, wishes to meet, with a view to marriage, a girl like the heroine of M---'s novel."

Within 24 hours the novel in question was sold out.

—KERMIT RAYBORN

Conversation Stoppers

A YOUNG MAN once approached the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman and asked him: "Would it be possible for me to lead a good Christian life in New York City on $20 a week?"

"My boy," said Dr. Cadman, "that's all you could do."

—HAROLD HELFER

IN A HOLLYWOOD haberdashery, John Barrymore once selected a number of articles, ordered them sent to his home address, and started to leave. "And your name?" asked the clerk.

"Barrymore," was the cold reply.

"Your first name, please?"

John looked at the clerk in surprise, then barked, "Ethel!"

—*The Best I Know*

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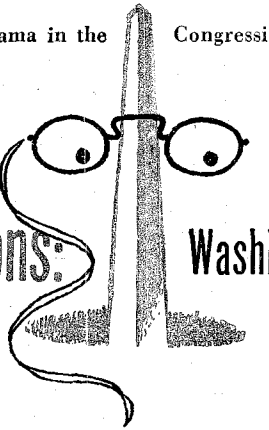
There's a wealth of drama in the Congressional hearings on important issues

Investigations: Washington's Favorite Sport



by TRIS COFFIN

THE MOST POPULAR sport on Washington's Capitol Hill is investigating. Five mornings a week—through spring, fall and winter—Senators and Congressmen sit around long tables in one of the four buildings on the Hill, investigating. During 1946, they have probed into everything from why Mrs. Jones can't buy nylons to the secret of atomic power.

There are the regular hearings of standing committees, and the hearings of special committees authorized to investigate special subjects for a limited time. Every week-day morning, the news tickers in Washington type out the investigations scheduled to start at 10 A.M. There are usually from two to ten hearings going on, with a wide variety of choice. The reporter can listen to Henry Wallace talk about the mechanization of cotton farming, hear General Eisenhower plead for new draft legislation, or watch a famous scientist paint a horror picture of atomic power.

All the great figures of Washington pass before Congressional investigators. Some wilt dejectedly before stern eyes; others, like husky Ed Pauley, the man whom President Truman tried to make Under Secretary of the Navy, flare up angrily. Only a few—and Chester Bowles is one — manage to keep their wits and temper, and come back with a smiling retort.

The investigations serve many purposes. In a sense they are a public forum on the great issues of the day. The Senate Atomic Energy Committee in its long, meticulous study of how to control atomic power heard Cabinet members, generals, admirals, scientists, philosophers, statesmen and plain citizens. The printed record will be one of the most valuable documents of our generation.

The hearings give Congress invaluable information that Senators and Representatives, with limited staffs, could not procure themselves. Government bureaus and private lobbyists spend weeks and thousands of dollars getting their testimony together. All this information eventually becomes the basis for laws written by Congress.

The investigations likewise act

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as a constant check on the actions of officials down the Hill along Constitution Avenue. Sometimes the mere thought of an investigation will cause strong men to pale and sicken. Old-line agencies lean backwards to do nothing that might irritate elderly Congressman Blank and his pet peeves. The younger and brasher bureaus look upon the hearings as contests.

Techniques of the investigators vary. Senator Burton K. Wheeler, the old master, is smooth and urbane, leading the witness along in a friendly, sympathetic manner. Then, at the psychological moment, his voice grows hard and he shoots the key question. Senator Forrest C. Donnell of Missouri has prolonged hearings on the national health bill by his constant noisy and blustering questions.

Many leaders have developed out of Congressional investigations. Harry Truman is in the White House today because of the famous Truman Committee, which nosed into war contracts. Brien McMahon, young Senator from Connecticut, is one of the coming men of Washington because of the way he formed and led the unruly Atomic Energy Committee. Still other Congressional servants pray that some word they say at an investigation will be picked up by a reporter and blossom overnight into the right phrase to win a re-election.

THE INVESTIGATIONS are a good deal like new plays opening on Broadway. Some will start with a big build-up, run for a few weeks, then play to empty seats. Others commence quietly but, like *Abie's Irish Rose*, always seem popular.

Biggest build-up in the past year preceded the Pearl Harbor investigation. The Joint Committee of the Senate and House was going to find out who was responsible for the war, the surprise attack, our apparent unpreparedness. Fingers were pointed accusingly in all directions.

Hearings opened in the giant, dignified Senate caucus room. Tremendous importance was attached to the investigation and Alben Barkley, Senate Democratic leader, acted as chairman. Former U. S. Attorney-General Mitchell was chief counsel for a time, but he resigned and was succeeded by Seth Richardson, another former U. S. Attorney-General. Soon the hearing became a kind of Eugene O'Neill tragedy, a somber drama of the past. A vivid scene occurred when Cordell Hull testified.

The frail, white-haired man sat in the glare of two newsreel floodlights. A long row of Senators and Congressmen sat before him, staring curiously at the gentle, finely sculptured face. Behind him, some 400 spectators strained to catch the feeble voice. Mr. Hull wore a black overcoat over his thin shoulders. He had been a sick man. His eyes

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Tris Coffin is an experienced behind-the-scenes reporter of Washington events. He came to the nation's Capital in 1941 as assistant to Robert Allen, then co-author of the Washington Merry-Go-Round, a syndicated newspaper column. Later he worked in the Office of Production Management, the Office of Agricultural Defense Relations, and the OWI as special assistant to Elmer Davis. He is now a news analyst for CBS and a frequent contributor to leading magazines.

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blinked in the glare. He talked jerkily. His eyes had in them a mixture of pain and effort.

One Senator asked: "Can you fix the time when you thought it was likely that Japan would strike?"

The former Secretary of State felt back into his memory. The answer was not a direct reply. "It was reasonably clear to me they had no idea of yielding."

His nervous fingers shook a little. "The Japanese policy was one of conquest and aggression by force, and of enslavement of people by force. It was clear to me we could not yield our policies. In October it looked more and more as though they would adhere to force. The situation floated around until the Tojo government came in. They started out professing to keep up the conversations. But we could see signs of double dealing."

Mr. Hull closed his eyes, gathering strength for the next question. It was: "By November 20th, had it become apparent that Japan had no intention of settling its differences in a peaceful manner?"

He answered slowly and painfully: "The impression was that they would try to prevail on us by threats to yield our basic principles, so Japan could continue its plundering."

The next question: "Did you tell the Secretaries of War and Navy and the President of your conclusions?"

Mr. Hull answered impatiently: "It seemed to me we were seeing each other and talking most of the time." His voice slipped to a whisper. "I felt we should keep up these conversations with the Japanese to the last split-second to show our desire for peace. We hoped by constant pressure, by hook or crook, to make the Japanese wait a month or two before striking. That would be a fine thing for us."

The audience let out a long breath, like a sigh.

The Pearl Harbor investigation petered out. The Senators could find no leering villains. The reporters began walking out. That was the end. As everyone in Washington knows, no hearing can last long without publicity.

OF ALL THE HEARINGS in the past 12 months the most significant — and frightening — were those of the Senate Atomic Energy Committee. They began from the beginning, laying the foundation. What was atomic energy? Who brought it to President Roosevelt's attention? Who made the decision to use it in the war? What are its possibilities? Is there any defense? Is there a secret? How can it be used constructively?

The answers to all these questions were spread on the record. The committee, being new, had no permanent committee room. Sometimes it met on the first floor of the Senate Office Building, sometimes in the Capitol itself.

The hearings were full of tense moments. One morning bluff, towering Senator Ed Johnson blurted out angrily: "You scientists have made the world insecure with the atomic bomb. Now you come to us and ask us to patch up everything."

The witnesses were a procession of fascinating people. Among the first was Dr. Alexander Sachs, who started the chain that led to the atom bomb. He held an enormous

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secret so long his words tumbled over one another. With a heavy accent he talked of bombs, Presidents, the Bible, poetry, and *Alice in Wonderland*.

He went to Franklin Roosevelt with the message from the scientists—Einstein, Fermi, Szilard. He told the committee: "I brought letters and documents. I read them to Mr. Roosevelt. I could not leave them. He had to sit and listen." The intent little man went on: "The President told me, 'Alex, what you are after is to make sure the Nazis don't blow us up.' I said, 'Precisely.' Mr. Roosevelt then called in General Watson and said, 'this requires action.' "

Another witness provided an atmosphere of understatement, as exciting and provoking as the eloquence of some scientists. He was General Leslie Groves, head of the Manhattan Project, who spoke in a calm voice.

General Groves was describing the effect of the atomic bomb—up to 120,000 dead and missing at Hiroshima, up to 200,000 injured. All buildings in a radius of two miles blasted. The flash was like a piece of the sun exploding in the air. The General, describing the light as it burst over the New Mexico desert during the test, said evenly: "I looked at it a second after the bomb went off. It was so beyond human experience we were dumbfounded."

Senator Tydings seemed to be thinking out loud: "Sooner or later, we've got to protect ourselves and the world. . . . "

The war brought to the witness tables voices new to Capitol Hill. Before the war the witnesses were principally lobbyists, labor leaders, or unhappy government officials. But the problems of war brought women to the Congressional investigations in greater numbers than ever before. They spoke surely and confidently, and were not stared down by male Congressional juries.

Recently, women proved very effective on two major issues before Congress—military or civilian control of atomic energy, and price controls. Witnesses representing more than 20 women's organizations went on record before the Atomic Energy Committee favoring civilian control; 23 groups lined up behind a competent young woman who testified for price control. And when one of the Senators began bullying the witness, he heard about it the next day from the women's organizations in his home state.

Old-timers in Washington follow the hearings avidly—for information, for entertainment. Two of the most avid camp-followers are a wealthy retired businessman and an old character with a long bushy beard and flowing hair. When a reporter sees either one at a hearing he settles down for a good time. These two old hands have an unfailing nose for news and drama.

The difference between intelligence and an education is this—that intelligence will make you a good living.
—CHARLES F. KETTERING

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The advertising master minds are planning a Great White Way for every Main Street

SUPER SIGNS from Coast to Coast

by JENNIFER L. BARRETT

WHILE TIMES SQUARE isn't exactly slipping as the key-spot in the Great White Way, it soon may have to heed competition. For the day is coming when seekers after bright lights won't have to journey to Manhattan. Right at home at the intersection of Fifth and Main they'll find a miniature version of Broadway and 46th. Miles of neon, thousands of multi-hued bulbs, billows of illuminated steam and cascades of incandescent bubbles will render the local night more raucously brilliant than a Technicolor vision of heaven.

True, the home-town versions of Times Square will never be as magnificently gaudy as the real thing. But the master minds of the super-sign industry see their future beckoning in the hinterlands, and already their scouts are grabbing options on likely advertising sites from coast to coast.

The first post-war twinkles of our national light-up campaign are already visible. Coca-Cola's glorified barometer, which gives temperature and weather forecasts complete with snow flurries, slanting sun rays or thunderheads against a many-colored scenic background, is now on display in four cities. The Camel sign, tirelessly puffing six-foot smoke rings, evokes daily wonder in twelve cities. Tulsa and five other metropolitan centers can get their news in flashing lights exactly like the famous Times Building sign in New York. And dozens of other orders, many of them vastly more ambitious, are on the books.

Although the chief deterrent at the moment is scarcity of materials and labor, Times Square has just finished digging itself out of the gloom of black-out and dim-out and brown-out, and nearly all the Square's pre-war spectaculars are back in business.

In sign jargon, a spectacular is an unusual sign with large effects in neon or lamps, usually more than 1,000 square feet in area. A spectacular is to the sign industry what a super-epic is to Hollywood—large, lavish and expensive.

The largest of all spectaculars is

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now extinct. It was the gigantic Wrigley ad covering a block-front across from the Hotel Astor and featuring a school of giddy, bubble-blowing fish cavorting around a package of gum the size of a box car. The advertising company collected a monthly rental of $15,000 for the 11,400 square feet of electrical showmanship.

The most spectacular spectacular in the Main Stem's history is still going strong. This is the Schaefer Beer animated cartoon at the corner of 46th and Broadway. Constructed at a cost of almost $100,000, the sign is built around a 600-square-foot screen of 4,104 bulbs. Each bulb is controlled by a photo-electric cell located in a control room directly behind the sign. A 16 mm. film projected onto the bank of photo-electric eyes activates the light panel through a 100-mile maze of electric wiring.

Disney-type animated films, depicting small animals chased by larger adversaries, special movies of real dancers, ice-skaters and comics, and occasionally live performances by stage stars interpreted in lights contrive to keep pedestrian traffic snarled within eye-range of the sign. For the privilege of hypnotizing passers-by with this irresistible combination of free entertainment and advertising, the Schaefer people cheerfully pay $10,000 a month.

Runner-up for intricacy is the Palace Theater's Wondersign, whose 27,000 lamps in four colors work on a player-piano principle. An artist draws the sketch in charcoal on paper. The drawing is then transferred to a large paper drawn to scale, and the paper is put through a perforating machine. The perforated paper is then fed into a machine which translates the drawings into correctly timed flashes of light, thus forming pictorial commercials in praise of RKO films.

Most spectaculars are rented on a one-to-three-year contract to advertisers by sign companies. These in turn lease the sites from building managers and real-estate agencies. Advertisers pay from $1,500 to $15,000 per month, and included in this rental is maintenance by crews of repairmen who roam the midtown district after dark on the trail of broken connections, blown bulbs and malicious destruction by uninhibited celebrants.

TODAY, MERE WATTAGE and area of illumination are not sufficient to command the attention of Times Square's restless millions. The idea is the thing. Recently the Super-Suds people were fascinated by the iridescent bubble fad which swept the country. As a result, Broadway is now the richer for a 35-foot box of soap flakes from which descend rainbow-tinted 12-inch bubbles at the rate of almost 5,000 a minute. In a way, the bubbles compete with the giant chiming Gillette clock at 46th Street, which provides both visible and audible reminders of the fleeting hours.

Despite the strong emphasis on originality, size is not exactly to be sneezed at in the sign business. The new Rem spectacular, facing north from 42nd Street, boasts the biggest electrical letters in the world. They stand five stories tall, two stories taller than their nearest rivals, the letters of the Four Roses display at the north end of the Square. Meanwhile, the record

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holder for massive pulchritude is Miss Youthform Slips, who exhibits 100 feet of legs and lingerie high above 49th Street.

New York's first electric sign was not located in Times Square. The 42nd Street region was still on the northern outskirts of the growing city when the message, "Manhattan Beach, Swept by Ocean Breezes," flashed on in May, 1892, at 23rd Street where the Flatiron Building now stands. As the city expanded northward, Herald Square soon glittered with the wildly popular electric signs. Times Square's first advertisement in lights went up in 1905. Proclaiming the special qualities of a whiskey, it was visible for a full mile south. By World War I, the 46th Street crossroads had secured for all time its title of the Great White Way.

Today's signs do not differ radically from yesterday's, except that they are brighter, livelier and deeper. Three-dimensional displays are the major news of the post-war revival. At 46th and Broadway, a diorama eight feet deep features two 14-foot bottles of Canada Dry ginger ale, surrounded by a cluster of appropriately sized plastic glasses filled with effervescing liquid. The bubbly effect is achieved with ever-rising plastic balloons bobbing to the surface and disappearing over the tops of the glasses.

While sign construction work in New York and other cities is limited by material shortages, future planning is unrationed. One scheme involves transforming the tower atop the Empire State Building into a lighted cigarette, while another designer dreams of erecting an entire sign building in the shape of a perfume bottle, with shimmering lights to suggest a vapor-like fragrance emerging from the bottle. Hence, observers agree that one of these seasons there just isn't going to be another square yard of Broadway roof or wall space for an additional spectacular.

That's one reason why the industry is branching out to minor Times Squares in smaller cities. Another reason is that no truly dedicated sign man can stand the thought of so many millions of Americans being deprived of the pleasure of gazing at what to him is one of man's noblest creations: a dazzling, blinking, spectacular electric billboard.

With Heavenly Fervor

A SEXTON, cleaning up the pulpit after Sunday services, took a peek at the preacher's manuscript. Along the margin were instructions such as "Pause here," "Wipe brow here," "Use angry fist gesture," "Look upward." Near the end was a long paragraph of texts, opposite which the preacher had marked in capital letters: "Argument weak here. Yell like hell!" —*Pups*

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Nothing much ever happens in Bingham, Utah
—except an occasional major disaster

by DEAN JENNINGS

THE CITIZENS of Bingham Canyon, a mining town in Utah which produces almost one-third of the nation's copper, have the perpetual shakes. Bingham is a place where time is measured by dynamite blasts from dawn to dusk, where every home is occasionally flooded by a river of mud, where babies play with hunks of ore instead of rattles. Nothing ever happens in Bingham—except an occasional major disaster.

In the past few decades, while other American towns were growing, Bingham has been staggered by a series of slides, floods, fires, explosions and other calamities. Meanwhile the world's largest open-cut mine has gnawed a mile-wide hole around the town, malignantly eating up homes, business buildings and streets. Yet Bingham's 2,834 persistent people, most of whom annually resolve to move away, still laugh and fight together against nature and the mine—and plan for tomorrow.

In the busy outside world of big cities and big business, Bingham's doings may seem microscopic. But it takes a rugged sense of humor to live and work in a community where trouble and death are boarders with a seven-mile reach. For every carload of ore torn from the mountain there is apt to be a broken home—or a broken heart. Yet it is humor and a determination to beat disaster that has made Bingham's men cheerfully dig up 8,000,000,000 pounds of copper since the first shovel clanged there 40 years ago.

The mine began as a gash in the mountain at the head of Bingham Canyon, some 30 miles west of Salt Lake City and 6,100 feet above sea level. The town, a seven-mile-long tail wagged by the inanimate copper monster, is still pinched into the narrow canyon floor. In most places this means a 50-foot space, with the result that the one important street has never exceeded a 20-foot width. Today the houses still defy the laws of gravity, hanging onto rocky hills and stretching out for miles like a tangled string of Chinese lanterns.

This architectural squeeze play has taken a grim toll of lives and property. In 1919 a fire roared down the long street, destroying 20 buildings. In 1924 another disastrous blaze cost the citizens $500,000 and the lives of two firemen. Two years later snow-slides, thundering through the natural funnel, killed 40 people and flattened 17 homes.

Since then there have been five other disasters, all tragic, all costly;

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most recent occurred in 1944 when the people decided they wanted what other towns had—at least one side street. They went ahead with the project, digging into the mountain of waste ore for a block and building seven neat new houses. The doughty citizens of Bingham had no sooner celebrated this engineering miracle than the mountain slipped, burying street, houses and all.

BINGHAM, THE OLD TIMERS say wryly, has always been a jinx town. One stormy night years ago, a young miner named Matt Contratto moved to Bingham against the wishes of his nervous wife. Just after they had checked in at the old-fashioned hotel, a mining locomotive jumped the track and plowed through the hotel lobby, killing two people and starting a small avalanche. Mrs. Contratto clutched her husband.

"Matt, I'm afraid of this place! Let's leave!"

"All right, honey," he agreed. "We'll go tomorrow."

But in the morning, gazing at the snow-capped mountains and the hypnotizing yawn of the pit, the Contrattos decided to wait a few days. Soon it was a week, then months and years. Since then they've raised three boys in Bingham; one of them is now the community's efficient chief of police.

"I don't know why I hang around here," he says, pushing his cap over one ear. "I guess the town just grows on you."

For every ton of ore there is almost a ton of waste earth and rock, and in the past 20 years it has piled up around the town at the rate of 80,000 tons a day. Bingham housewives look out their back windows with understandable apprehension and watch the vast mounds grow. In many places along the main street, householders have had to build enormous log bulwarks to keep back the creeping tide of earth.

Within their stony prison, the people of Bingham have met their problems with rare ingenuity and patience. There is a 20-mile speed limit on the 20-foot street, the most rigidly enforced law in town. Most of the families own cars, and it takes nerve and skill to run the gantlet. Youngsters too are weaned on traffic hazards, and learn how to scoot across the street before they learn to spell.

Bingham's social and recreational life also has its limitations. But there is a tiny movie theater which is open every evening and two afternoons a week.

For a hobby, many Bingham families used to operate miniature mines in their back yards by dropping tin cans into the muddy, coppery stream that trickles through the canyon. When the cans were hauled out they were coated with copper. Before the war, when hundreds of tourists paused at Bingham to gape at the mine, the town's youngsters did a profitable business, hawking copper-coated cans, chunks of ore, colored postcards and other copper souvenirs.

For all its industrial rigor, there is a deep human warmth and a capacity for life in Bingham seldom found in normal towns. And where Main Street in other communities is a shopping district, in Bingham it is the hospitable parlor of a happy human family. Twice a day the

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2,000 men of Bingham suddenly jam the street when the mine whistles blow. In between shifts the street is a promenade, town forum and market place for housewives, shopkeepers, businessmen and others whose daily bread, like the miners', depends on the widening chasm just over the hill.

In the town are peoples of 27 nations, of many creeds and colors, all passionate defenders of tolerance and the equality of man. The miner can pick up a ride from the banker; Japanese kids play ball on the same team with Greek, Czech, Irish and French children; the college man and the laborer are on the same committee when there's town work to be done.

Bingham greeters are proud of the men who stick by the community. There's Ab Ablett, bustling little Welshman who runs the huge miners' club. There's Uncle Charlie Adderley of the general store, who can call any Binghamite by his first name. And there's beloved Dr. Paul Richards of Bingham Hospital, whose gentle hands have healed no fewer than 32 broken backs.

Then there's Dr. F. E. Straup, a wise and twinkling man who once ran for mayor on the pledge that he'd build wooden sidewalks for the town. When he was elected, Dr. Straup amazed the voters by actually building the sidewalks—and on the strength of that miracle he remained in office for the next 24 years.

Bingham's exuberance, which bubbles like a mineral spring, is never dulled. Out-of-town visitors are acutely conscious of the dynamiting that quivers the earth every few minutes and bursts 1,500 tons of rock with each charge. Then at 4:30 p.m., after the shifts change, the main blasts are set off, shaking the town like an earthquake. But Bingham housewives have long since acquired an immunity to these mighty rumbles and can subconsciously estimate how many dishes will fall with each explosion.

The periodic tremors, coupled with annual spring floods that deposit muck in almost every house, have failed to lick Bingham. Most inhabitants have threatened to move away at one time or another, and they kid each other about it. But they always remain, drawn together by a common need for strength and courage.

Next Month
The glories of the past come to life in
THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD
a picture story richly illustrated with colorful paintings by Harper Goff

Ab Ablett sums it up by saying: "There's some swell people in Bingham and we all get along. We figure that a stranger is only a friend we've never met."

This unity pays dividends in more ways than one. The townspeople are healthy, happy, and they've got money in the bank. Few Bingham boys leave home when they've finished school, preferring to stay and work at the mine. Most of the town's ex-service men and women have come home to help plan for the future. Yet ironically, the future in the canyon itself is hopeless.

Already the neighboring com-

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munity of Copperfield has been fatally eroded by the spreading mine, forcing hundreds of families to get out. The bleak outlook is also reflected by the fact that only four per cent of Bingham's families own their homes. The company, anticipating population shifts, built several hundred fine homes in Copperton, at the mouth of the canyon, but they are not for sale.

Bingham's philosophy is perhaps mirrored in Stella Klopenstine, sometimes called "the stout dissenter." Her little white home, with neat shrubbery and lawn, perches on the very lip of the mine —an oasis surrounded by vast rubble. She has owned the land for 40 years and has refused fabulous offers from the company—a mighty mite blocking the copper giant.

To Binghamites, Stella is a woman of mystery, but her quoted answer to the company's last offer is a sort of community battle cry.

"I'll be danged if I'll sell," she said, "and I'll be danged if I'll move."

The people of Bingham, looking into the future, wish they could say the same—and believe it.

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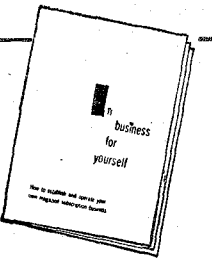

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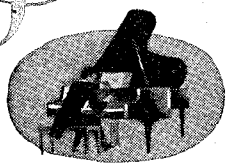
Let's Listen to Duchin



After four years as a fighting man, Eddy Duchin is once more playing the melodies you like to hear

by CAMERON SHIPP

ON A GRAY MORNING in 1945, a group of American naval officers put ashore from a destroyer and went into Mukden to talk to the Russians about releasing 1,200 Yanks formerly held prisoner by the Japanese. They were the first American officers to make contact with the Russians in this theater, but if they expected to find cordiality awash with vodka, they were disappointed. The Russians were definitely cool.

There was a formal reception that night, starchy with protocol. No one laughed when an American lieutenant commander sat down at the piano and began to play. He ripped into Tschaikowsky. He roared into *The Volga Boatman*. He played *Dark Eyes*. Feet began to move. Vodka began to flow. Requests were yelled. The officer could play anything—classic, modern, or jazz. He played *Dark Eyes* 25 times, *The Volga Boatman* 30 times. In fact, he played all night.

Next morning, American officers quickly got what they wanted from smiling Russians. No official credit went to Lt. Commander Edwin Frank Duchin, but it was obvious that music had succeeded in international relations where military convention had failed.

Actually, the incident smacks of routine in Eddy Duchin's tuneful career. This dark-haired, lean-faced pianist has been making important friends and influencing café society with music for more than 15 years. He has parlayed piano-playing and charm into a tidy fortune (coolly tucked away in annuities). After four years spent chiefly aboard destroyers, on which pianos are as rare as forest fires, he took over one of the pinnacles of radio, Bing Crosby's place on the Kraft show. Iturbi and Horowitz may perform the works of Bach and Beethoven more elegantly, but in Duchin's specialty, popular music that anybody can whistle, he is unique. Hot cakes never sold like his records.

Impressed by Duchin's "touch," Rachmaninoff once urged him to abandon popular music and make a

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career of the concert piano. But when Duchin mentioned the size of his income, Rachmaninoff did a dignified double-take. "Stick to what you're doing," he said.

And how does he do it? He explains it himself in a sentence: "I play the piano the way I would sing, if I could sing." Duchin fans, crowding around his piano in swank New York bistros or in college gymnasiums at spring proms, have been onto this secret for years. Eddy sings as he plays, usually forgetting the words.

Radio technicians regard this trait with dismay. They can't put a gooseneck microphone anywhere near the piano because Duchin will croon into it, and as a singer he could not make the glee club in a deaf school.

What's more, he never plays a song the same way twice, which means a fresh performance every time you hear him. This annoys him. "I practice three hours a day, I go over a song a dozen times to get the effect I want. But I never remember to play it that way."

DUCHIN REPRESENTS pure melody. He has never changed his style, regardless of modern trends. He has perfect pitch, a trick of the ear that many a famous soprano would give her jewels to possess. He can't be fooled by changes of key or sour notes: he returns automatically to the melody. Pitch, it seems, is what folks like. The Navy liked it too.

Duchin served as a fighting man for four years, never taking a soft berth he might have had as an entertainer. As an anti-submarine officer, he used his sense of pitch awesomely. He quickly learned what the odd "pings" of a sound device meant, and as a result was able to tell quickly whether an enemy craft was coming or going. This embarrassed several Jap submarines which were sent where they belonged because Duchin's ear was so fast.

During his naval service, Eddy touched a piano only half a dozen times. Starting as an enlisted man, he immediately had an argument with an admiral who assigned him to play before women's clubs and at recruiting rallies. Duchin rebelled and demanded sea duty, specifying small craft.

"Why?" asked the admiral.

"No pianos," said Eddy.

He was graduated with honors at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and wound up the war as a lieutenant commander.

Duchin returned from the Navy with the dreary prospect of making another orchestra fortune by the toil of his talented hands. But first, like many other servicemen, he craved to be rehabilitated. "My shoulder blades hurt," he reported.

His forearms and fingers also gave him pangs. A piano player who has to hit the ivories hard, night after night, to keep in practice, needs the physical conditioning of a professional golfer and the finger resiliency of a pretzel bender. Practice brought Eddy's muscles back, along with the delicate touch, but he abandoned orchestra plans for a better way of life in radio, where you work only 30 minutes a day, once a week. Right now he is mulling Rachmaninoff's advice about the concert stage, and would like, he admits, to play concertos with the Boston Symphony.

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America's ever-popular piano player is 37 years old, dark as a Saracen, lean as a 10-second man, glib with the kind of insults and compliments that flow across cosmopolitan dinner tables. Wherever he happens to be, Eddy turns on the charm, never forgets a name, remembers everybody's favorite tune, is as accommodating as a pre-war salesman. He will play for an audience of three, for free, as willingly as for a roomful of sighing admirers at the Waldorf.

Duchin became Society's darling on an evening in 1931 when champagne was sizzling at the Central Park Casino in New York. Up to that time he had enjoyed a raffish success as a piano player for Leo Reisman's fine band, as a performer at private parties, and as a music teacher for the daughters of Wall Street tycoons.

In 1931 the Reisman band was working for Sid Solomon, who ran the Casino, then highly popular with the very rich. But the very rich, Mr. Solomon had discovered sadly, had a bad habit. They signed tabs and didn't pay them. So in a moment of depression he dismissed Reisman's high-priced band and offered Duchin the job if he could scrape up ten other musicians.

Duchin's triumph was a *tour de force* of personal charm and tuneful playing. He greeted every patron with his favorite song, he remembered every name, he built up an enormous following almost overnight. Quickly he moved on to the Plaza, to the Waldorf, to big-time radio contracts, to being America's foremost piano-playing bandleader. He built his success chiefly on songs that everybody knows, called "standards" in the music trade: *More Than You Know*, *Night and Day*, *April in Paris*, *Why Do I Love You*, *Lovely To Look At*, and *Time On My Hands*.

Those songs, and songs like them, are his stock-in-trade today. Years ago he enlisted attention by playing the melody in the bass, instead of throwing his left hand away as a mere thumping instrument. Millions who like their music straight call him blessed for the remark: "Boogie woogie is a bloody bore."

EDDY IS A graduate of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, from which he received a degree at 19. Except for luck, he might have been a pharmacist today. But he discovered before graduation that he could make $8 a night playing in pick-up bands, stuck to that, and has never filled a prescription. The "luck," he says, was that his mother made him practice as a boy. She had to force him, for he hated the piano, dreaded the drudgery of scales and arpeggios, detested finger exercises.

"It's the same today with my boy, Peter," he says. "Peter is nine, and I'm sure he has real talent. But he won't practice and we can't tie him to a piano. It's like learning to write, I guess. You have to know how to spell first. It's impossible to enjoy piano playing until the drudgery is mastered. After that, real talent may emerge."

Duchin's first engagements were played with Elliott Daniel, now a composer for Walt Disney, who had small bands around Boston in the early 1920's. Eddy went ahead with what seems like careless ease, but he achieved success through toil

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and by conscious efforts to improve himself as a stage personality. In New York, when he was first flashing into prominence, he was worried because of a high-pitched speaking voice. This was corrected by Frances Robinson Duff, famous dramatic coach.

Seated at a piano and speaking in his new baritone, Duchin felt equipped for a career until he discovered that increasing duties as a master of ceremonies entailed walking back and forth across stage. He knew that many a bandleader who played all right was handicapped by awkward entrances. At the suggestion of Morris Gest, the producer, he took dancing lessons and thereby polished his charm.

The little boy, Peter, who doesn't like to practice, is the son of his late wife, the former Marjorie Oelrichs of New York society. Peter lives with the Averill Harrimans in Westchester County, outside of Manhattan. At the moment, while Mr. Harriman is serving as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Peter has for his own the two horses that Josef Stalin gave Harriman when he retired as Ambassador to Russia.

Duchin, who has not remarried and seems unlikely to, admits that his desire to make a home for his son influenced him to abandon band-leading. Meantime he shuttles between New York and Hollywood, depending on the spot from which his radio show emanates.

Duchin is usually poised and calm, but he professes to embarrassment in the presence of renowned classicists. A few years ago he was scheduled to play a Red Cross benefit with Lhevinne, Iturbi and Rachmaninoff at Carnegie Hall. He arrived late, and found the distinguished pianists taking turns loosening their fingers at a practice piano. They greeted Duchin courteously and offered to make way for him to practice.

"I felt bad enough about playing on the same program with those guys," says Eddy, "and I certainly wasn't going to practice in front of them. They all performed and I went on last, so nervous I turned the piano stool six inches too low and had to play like a midget.

"I wanted to do my theme song, Chopin's *Nocturne*, but one of them had just played that, so I tried *Night and Day*. And was I surprised! You know, I seemed to get as much applause as they did."

Eddy Duchin always does. It is a comfort to know, too, that America's popular pianist is always in perfect pitch. For according to people who are supposed to know, the same can't be said for every musician on the radio.

Public Improvement

DUNNINGER, the master mentalist, prizes this line from an Arizona paper in his collection of slips of the press: "It is proposed to use this donation to purchase new wenches for our park as the present ones are in a dilapidated state."

—EARLE FERRIS

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With a few tricks that make for efficiency, the housewife can save herself hours of drudgery

Housework Made Easy

by CHARLOTTE PAUL

The average housewife enjoys taking care of her home—up to a point. Beyond that, the daily routine of cleaning, scrubbing, polishing and cooking becomes monotonous drudgery. Eventually it results in a tired body, frayed nerves—and an unhappy home. Here, then, are some simple rules for getting housework done quickly and efficiently, giving the housewife more time for relaxation with a happy, compatible husband and family. —THE EDITORS

IS THERE A HOUSEWIFE anywhere who would refuse two hours of freedom a day to do with as she wished? Two hours to read instead of ironing, develop hobbies instead of laundering, go walking or visiting instead of scrubbing floors? Two hours which could be devoted to extra relaxation with her husband and family, thus creating better understanding, more harmony and a happier home life?

Now oddly enough you *can* find this extra time, if you'll follow some simple rules evolved by today's home scientists. The trick is not in hiring servants, for the maid-of-all-work is perhaps gone forever. Nor in buying super-gadgets, for the number of machines we can use is limited. Finding those extra two hours a day is a feat only the housewife can achieve herself. For though we housewives all *do* housework, only a fifth of us *do it well*.

The main secret is to approach housework as if it were an industry, not an inherited curse. Manufacturers discovered long ago that whenever methods and equipment are scientifically studied, workers earn more money in less time. Industrial engineers ("efficiency experts" if you like) do the analyzing, and successful businesses operate by systems born of blueprints, graphs and painstaking study.

Our homes are not factories, but the jobs we do in them can be scientifically simplified with the same results. At Purdue, Cornell, Washington State College, Iowa State, Michigan State and many other institutions we housewives now have "industrial engineers" working for us, free of charge. Their findings can actually lighten our chores and give us that extra two hours a day.

They have found a method for

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washing woodwork in 10 per cent less time than even an efficient housewife now takes; a method for cleaning spinach and lettuce that is about 20 per cent faster than the usual way. They teach you to iron a shirt in five minutes flat. By following their improved method you can peel potatoes in just one-fifth the time you use now. Ten minutes saved here, twenty minutes there—it may not sound like a lot. But add it up and you'll have at least two extra hours. More than that, the work will be done better and you'll be less fatigued.

One of the first discoveries specialists made was that housewives are geniuses at doing things the hard way. Furthermore, it's so difficult for a housewife to change her methods that she often exclaims, "Oh, I couldn't do it *that* way! That's too *hard*!"

Actually, the new way is easier than the old. A woman who makes a bed inefficiently by habit will find that once she has forced herself to do it the right way, the good habit will become just as fixed.

HOW, THEN, DO YOU become your own "household engineer"? The first step is to put your housework on a weekly rather than daily schedule. List your activities of the last week—shopping trips, daily household tasks—in the order in which you performed them and the number of hours each required.

If you're like most of us, you'll discover that for one or two days a week you worked two or three times as long as on any other day. You'll learn that you made, say, five trips to your shopping center, at least three of them unnecessary. After studying last week's work, make a schedule for the coming week, keeping these points in mind:

Distribute the work more evenly. For instance, on wash day prepare a one-dish dinner, and avoid heavy cleaning and baking.

Consolidate all errands into one or two shopping trips a week. Plan the week's meals ahead so that you won't have to make last-minute trips for forgotten items.

Then diagram your weekly work calendar, setting hours and jobs for each day, and hang it where you and the family can see it. Not only does this encourage other members of the family to help, but it relieves you of the nervous strain of thinking, "*Now* what shall I do?"

The next step is to put your household jobs under the microscope, and analyze just how you're doing them. How many tasks are really necessary? You may find, for example, that you dust four times a week, when half as many dustings would keep the home clean.

Do you close the piano between usages—or do you go through the waste motions of dusting it every other day? Perhaps you've been ironing the sheets—but the extra smoothness gained thereby isn't worth the tedious work. Do you frown on ready-mixed products because you've "always made your own"? Try them—you may discover that you've been wasting hours in unnecessary baking.

About every job, ask yourself "Why?" You'll find that several chores never needed to be done at all. Then, after crossing unnecessary tasks off your list, examine the order of the jobs remaining. A typical mismanager is the housewife

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who does her ironing so soon after sprinkling the clothes that she has to spend double time pressing them dry. A good manager is one who takes her laundry off the line when it is exactly right for ironing—and never has to sprinkle at all.

Schedule your day so that you do all your major cooking at once. Lunch boxes, the salad for tomorrow, tonight's dinner, can be done simultaneously. The kitchen is cluttered only once, the utensils are washed in one batch.

NO DOUBT YOU'VE found you feel tired at certain hours of the day. Specialists at Michigan State College questioned 400 housewives and found the "high fatigue periods" were noon to 3 o'clock, late afternoon and early evening. So plan your easiest jobs to coincide with those times. And allow several periods of complete relaxation a day—frequent short periods will do more good than one long one.

Once you've worked out a logical pattern for your housework, stick to it. Already you've saved an hour a day. Now for that other hour:

Exactly *how* do you perform your daily chores? What bending, lifting, stretching and reaching do you go through to make a bed, mix a cake or wash a window? Start with bed-making. As you go through your usual routine, some member of your family should list the steps you take—pick up pillows, carry to chair, walk back to bed, pull back covers, smooth bottom sheet on one side, walk around bed, smooth bottom sheet on other side, walk to foot of bed, tuck in covers . . . Does it sound familiar? At the same time your observer should make a sketch of the room and trace the paths you follow while making the bed.

You'll probably find that the list of movements covers two pages and the diagram of your progress around the room looks like doodling. For example, why carry the pillows across the room to a chair, then make a second round-trip to bring them back when the bed is made? Shake them and lay them on one side of the bed while you straighten the other.

If you take the specialists' tip you'll be especially careful to make the bed securely the day you change the sheets. You'll learn to make the diagonal fold at corners—the "hospital corner"—and six days a week the bed will need nothing but spreading. Spread one side, move from there to the foot, tuck in the blankets if they have pulled loose, then spread the second side. One trip around the bed—total time, two and a half minutes! There's nothing to it, yet in a recent survey only one woman out of twelve knew the secret.

One bad habit common to all housewives is using only one hand. We use our left hands for holding only—they should be trained and put to work. For example, the left hand can hold the dust cloth while the right hand works with the mop. When you come to a window sill or piece of furniture, dust it with your left hand, then continue the mopping. You'll accomplish both tasks in one trip around the room.

Another time-saver is the "tray habit." Most housewives make four or five trips in clearing a table, when by loading a tray they could carry out the same dishes in one. Similarly, by carrying your clean-

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ing supplies in a basket or shopping bag you eliminate those extra trips after an extra brush, bottle or cloth.

Manufacturers of household gadgets consult with home economists in order to improve their products, but even the so-called "modern kitchen" is still traditional rather than scientific. Shelves are still built too deep (which wastes space and puts things out of reach) and too high (which necessitates stacking).

Miss Elaine Knowles of Cornell found that in ironing boards the comfortable heights vary, according to the height and build of the housewife, from 30 to 35 inches. Yet the standard ironing board stands 31 or 32 inches. According to our stature we may need tables from 30 to 38 inches—but tall or short, fat or lean, we all now use tables of the same height.

Until adjustable tables and work surfaces are manufactured and space-saving cabinets built, the housewife can solve her own problems. Find out how high your kitchen table should be for maximum comfort and efficiency. Stand with your arms bent and palms touching the top. If your hands rest easily when your back is straight, the table is right for you. If they don't, saw off the legs or raise them on blocks to achieve the correct height.

As for those shelves—put sliding inside trays into the deepest drawers, thus making an extra drawer within a drawer. Build vertical partitions in your saucepan compartment for muffin tins, trays, pie plates and lids you used to drag from the bottom of the pile. Wherever shelves are too far apart, double the storage space by inserting shelves between those that you already have.

And until someone gets around to manufacturing a good wide ironing board (standard width is now 15 inches), pad a one-inch board 46 inches long and 20 inches wide with old blankets, cover with a yard and a half of duck or muslin. You can fit your creation right over your old ironing board, but if you're smart you'll place it on a card table and *sit* while ironing!

Housework, however, isn't all a matter of schedules and tools and chores. Equally important is the way you feel about it. Too many women say, "But I've *always* done it that way . . ." and then, since they always cleaned upstairs on Friday they continue the habit, even if analysis of their work-week proves that Tuesday would be the better day.

Psychologists know that people who dislike a job are prone to tire quickly in doing it. They know, too, that people enjoy doing those things that they do well. Therefore by improving her methods, a housewife will do a better job and be happier doing it. Within a few weeks any alert woman can learn the truth contained in the familiar home economists' maxim: enjoyment is death on drudgery.

It is often surprising to find what heights may be attained merely by remaining on the level. —DUNCAN CALDWELL

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Picture Story

How Your Money Is Made

In an average day the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing manufactures about $35,000,000 worth of paper money. But whether it has a face value of $1 or $100,000, every paper note is made by experts, and backed by the integrity of the United States Government.

Here are the first color photographs ever published of the story behind your money. To bring them to you the editors of Coronet have obtained the special permission of the Secretary of the Treasury. These pictures illustrate with clarity and simplicity the complicated process by which your money is made. They tell a little-known but fascinating story.

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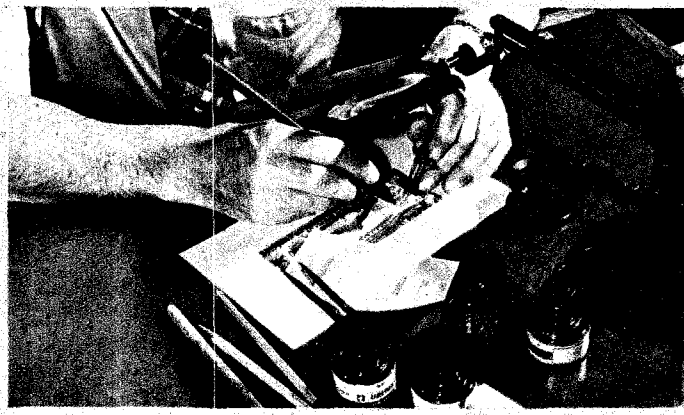
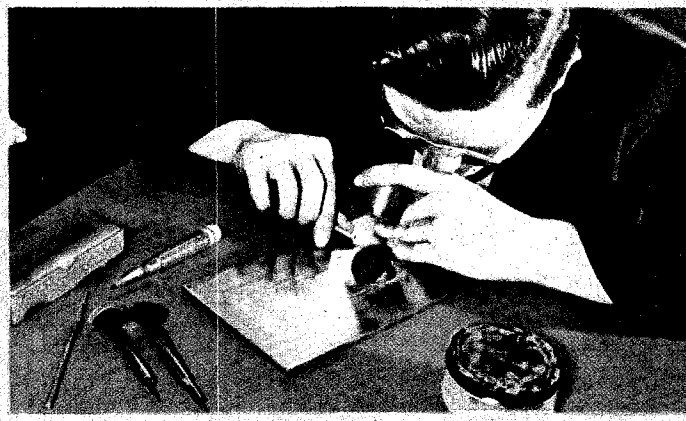


Almost 7,000 people work in the closely guarded building which houses the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, D.C. Here they make your paper money. And every job they do, from the designing to the actual printing of the paper notes, requires extreme skill. Perfection is their watchword, for the slightest error is costly and dangerous to the wealth of the nation.



It costs your government less than seven-tenths of a cent to make each note of legal, spendable money. After the designs for your money have been made, they are transferred to steel plates by some of the nation's best engravers. These steel engravings, from which your currency is printed directly, have won the highest awards at world's fairs and exhibitions since 1872.

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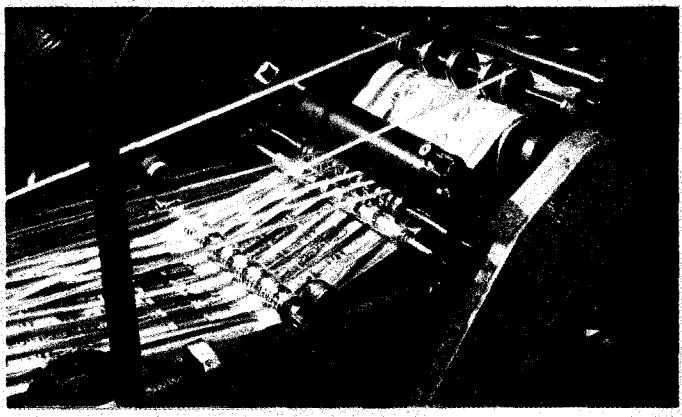
The paper upon which your money is printed is 50% linen and 50% cotton, imbedded with blue and red fibers. It is made in Massachusetts by a secret process and may be sold only to the United States Government. A printer is permitted to make only two or three errors in every hundred sheets he handles. He rarely makes more, for he must pay for additional errors himself.



Your money lives a short, hard life, passing through innumerable hands. Every year the Treasury Department burns and replaces millions of worn and mutilated bills which have been returned to it by banks. Despite special coatings of glue, water, and alum which it receives after it is printed, your crisp, new money shrivels to barely recognizable pulp in an average of nine months.

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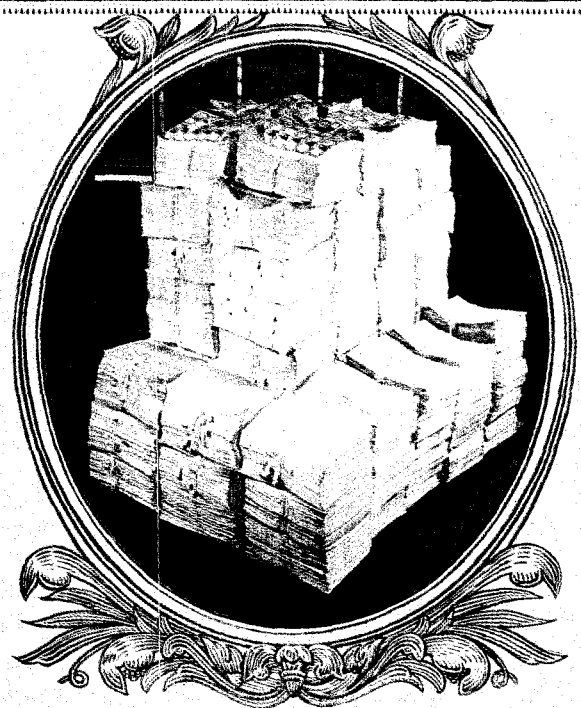

This is the portrait of a million dollars—in one-dollar bills.

For most of us so many dollars are the symbols of unimaginable wealth, yet for the men and women who manufacture them daily, they are symbols of a highly developed art, an art which protects your money from its greatest enemy—the counterfeiter. Every note your government releases is a masterpiece. Every detail is sharp—from the intricate borders to the simple lines of the numerals. No counterfeit bill made has ever approached such beauty and perfection. From this perfection and from the painstaking care with which it is made, your paper money derives much of its worth—for good money depends to a great extent on unalterable uniformity which cannot be easily imitated.

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Our *Human* Comedy

Laughter is a healthful tonic—good for young and old. So gathered here to enhance your well-being are some amusing bits from the everyday world

JAY JOSTYN, who plays the title role in the radio series, *Mr. District Attorney*, recently had a nine-year-old visitor in the audience. The child's parents brought him to meet Jostyn after the broadcast.

"Hello, sonny," Jostyn greeted him. "What's your name?"

"Milton," said the boy.

"Milton," said Jostyn. "Yours is a famous name—like the poet."

"Really?" gasped the boy. "Is there a poet by the name of Majorski?" —LEONARD LYONS

AN INCORRIGIBLE practical joker was hunting with a friend on a very hot day. The joker entered a farmhouse, while his friend waited outside, to get permission to hunt on the farmer's property. He received the farmer's permission, but was asked to shoot an ancient horse that lay in misery in the south pasture.

Making no mention of this to his friend, the joker complained of the heat and feigned dizziness as they reached the south pasture. Suddenly he stared hard, bared his teeth and raised his gun. "I think I'll kill that horse," he muttered. And before his horrified friend could stop him he had lodged a bullet in the horse's head. Then the marksman swayed crazily and faced his friend. "Now," he said, "I guess I'll kill you."

Quickly the friend raised his rifle and shot the joker through the heart.

Absolutely no sense of humor.

—CLAUDE BINYON in *Variety*

CALVIN COOLIDGE was frugal with more than words. Here is a hitherto unpublished story about the silent President which illustrates this frugality as well as his dry Yankee sense of humor.

Soon after he had been elected President, a distinguished businessman called on Mr. Coolidge and spent considerable time in the White House office. As usual, the visitor did most of the talking while Silent Cal listened.

Suddenly the President reached into his pocket, produced a key ring, and in his measured and leisurely manner selected a key. He opened the top center drawer of his desk, pulled the drawer out far enough to allow opening the lower right-hand drawer, and extracted

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an ancient and battered humidor. The humidor had a lock on it, and Mr. Coolidge chose another key, opened the lock, took out a cigar. He laid the cigar on the desk before him, locked the top middle drawer of the desk, clipped the end off the cigar, lit it, and turned to his guest, who had been talking throughout the operation.

"You smoke?" Mr. Coolidge asked.

The businessman, with visions of a White House cigar, brightened perceptibly and said:

"Yes, Mr. President."

Coolidge looked at him solemnly and said, "Go right ahead."

—RICHARD KARGER

A NEAT "LAST WORD" story concerns one of those professors who, always anxious to improve their courses, add as the last question on final exams, "What have you thought of this course?" The professor in question found the following notation on one of the worst papers: "I think that this was a very well-rounded course. Everything not given during the semester has been included in the final examination." —*Scottie*

A GRAVE CRISIS developed recently at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio. Just before a picture went into production, Darryl Zanuck decreed that the script needed bolstering. He furthermore decreed that only one man on earth could do the job properly: Ben Hecht. "Get him," ordered Mr. Z., who has never had a single wish denied him since the day he first blew into Hollywood from Wahoo, Nebraska.

This time, however, Mr. Hecht proved elusive. "He's bound for New York in two days," reported Zanuck's emissary, "but if you want he'll work on your script all the way from Pasadena to Grand Central Station." Zanuck had had much previous commerce with Ben Hecht, so he quickly asked, "And what does he want for this labor of love?" "Mr. Hecht says he has a fondness for full, round sums," was the answer. "The price he asks is $100,000."

Mr. Zanuck staggered, but rallied quickly. "Call him again," he ordered, "and ask him how much he'll take to work on the script as far as Kansas City. . . ."

—BENNETT CERF

A BACHELOR met a girl at a dinner party and fell in love with her at first sight. During the course of the evening he continued to be staggered by the extent and variety of her many accomplishments. This was obviously the girl of his or anybody else's dreams, and he told her so all the way home in the taxi.

At her home, just before bidding her good night, he took her key and opened the door for her. There, in her living room, was a dead horse. The man stared at it aghast.

"Well," said the girl of many virtues and accomplishments, "I didn't say I was neat, did I?"

—JEROME WEIDMAN in *Variety*

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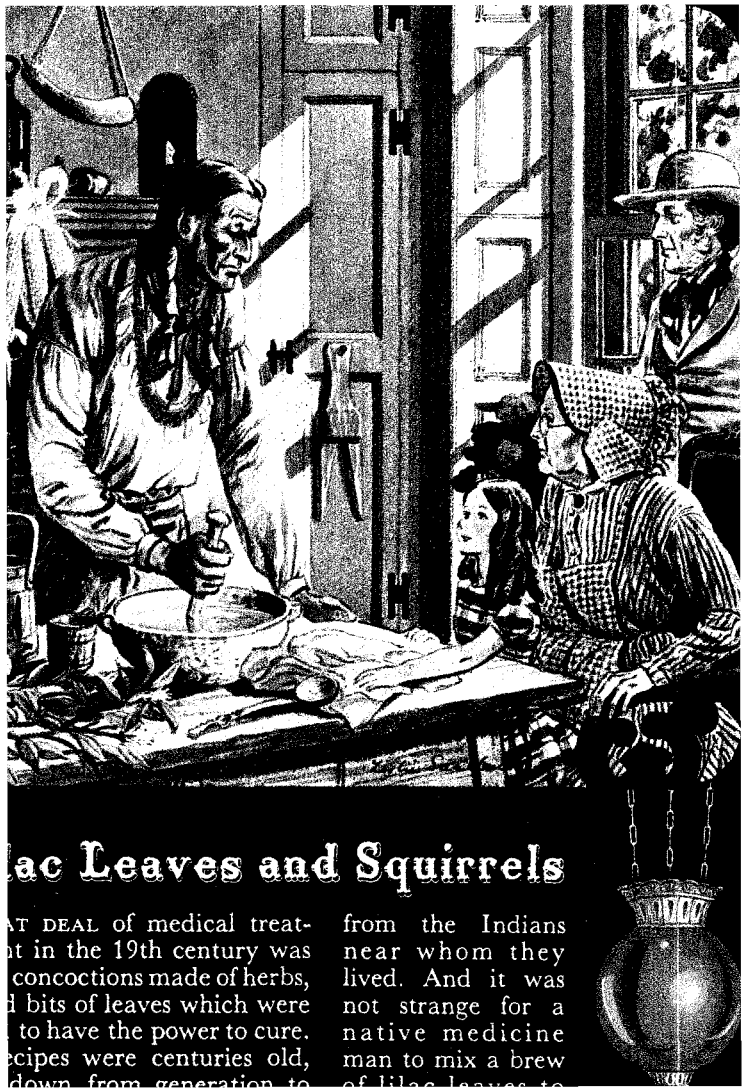

ac Leaves and Squirrels

T DEAL of medical treat-
t in the 19th century was
concoctions made of herbs,
l bits of leaves which were
to have the power to cure.
cipes were centuries old,
down from generation to

from the Indians
near whom they
lived. And it was
not strange for a
native medicine
man to mix a brew
of lilac leaves to

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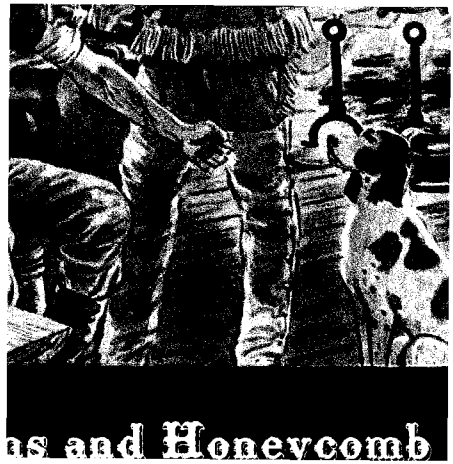

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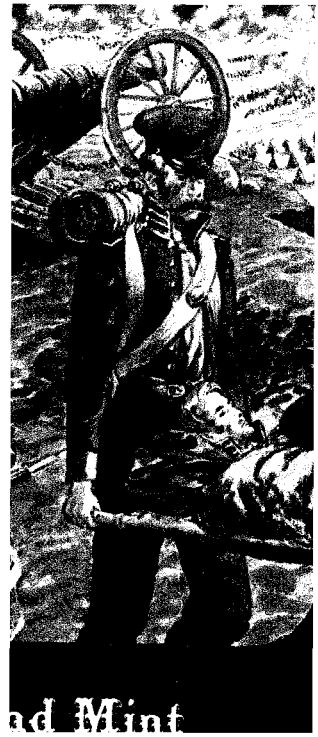

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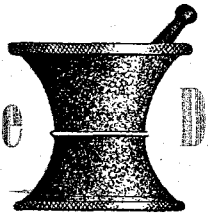
Aminophyllin is relieving sufferers from respiratory ailments and heart disease

Meet Another Miracle Drug



by HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M.D.

A YOUNG SOLDIER, medically discharged from service, flung himself on a chair in the old family doctor's office, clutched his throat and gasped, "Please, doc! Shoot this stuff into my vein. But do it slowly." He handed the physician a small vial.

The youth was in the agonizing throes of an acute asthmatic attack. The doctor looked at the vial skeptically. "Please, doc," the patient repeated. "It's all right. The medics gave it to me in the Army and it stopped these attacks right away."

The doctor knew about the drug; it has been used for years in heart-disease cases. But his old stand-by was adrenalin for the treatment of such seizures as the soldier's. It usually worked, although some cases acquired immunity after a while and earned no relief from the drug. This boy's chest sounded like a wheezing calliope.

Cautiously the physician began injecting the contents of the vial. Before half was gone, the boy's wheezes melted away. He smiled gratefully. "See what I mean, doc?"

Aminophyllin, this almost magic substance, has performed the same miracle for countless bronchial asthmatics in the last few years. Prostrated persons, gasping as if every breath were their last, in many cases have responded almost instantly to the drug.

Yet aminophyllin does more than relieve such attacks. It has the unique power of widening the coronary arteries, those tiny blood vessels which supply the heart muscle with nourishment. If for some reason a coronary artery becomes so narrowed that only a trickle of blood reaches the muscle, an excruciating pain comes, as though the heart were gripped in a vise.

Sudden death can occur during such an attack. In the majority of cases of angina pectoris and coronary occlusion there are repeated attacks over a period of years. There is always the fear that the next attack may be the fatal one. Here is where aminophyllin steps in.

During the attack, aminophyllin injected intravenously has become routine among many heart specialists, and when used with other established procedures contributes its share as a lifesaver. Some doctors report that the injections relieve the pain more quickly than any other drug. Though it sometimes causes stomach discomfort, aminophyllin, unlike morphine, is not a narcotic and has no known habit-forming properties.

Furthermore, it helps to prevent future attacks. In one experiment,

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68 persons suffering from angina pectoris were put to a two-year test. Three of four persons got definite relief from aminophyllin tablets. The patients were then given tablets which looked the same but were made merely of sugar; 80 per cent began to have their old heart symptoms within three months.

Aminophyllin revealed still other remarkable powers. When a young woman complained of severe pain in the right upper abdomen, her physician, knowing her case, diagnosed an acute gall-bladder attack. Previously there had been little to do but try to kill the pain with morphine. But morphine frequently failed to have any effect and at times made the attacks worse. Aminophyllin was tried, injected drop by drop over a period of four minutes. Complete relief came before the injection was completed.

DID YOU EVER see a person who dozed off with a peculiar sort of breathing? Soon the respirations tapered off and the person fell sound asleep. Then breathing became deeper and deeper until the person awakened with a violent start. This is known as Cheyne-Stokes respiration, noted at times among people who live in high altitudes and often in infants and old persons.

People who are in the habit of taking alkalies and become mildly poisoned may breathe this way. Or it may be a serious omen in a wide variety of ailments. Whatever the cause, breathing must be restored quickly to a natural rhythm.

Black coffee is an old-time remedy, while the injection of caffeine is often a more rapid way of getting results. But when aminophyllin was tried, it restored the respirations to normal rhythm and intensity in a large percentage of cases.

Impressed by these observations, doctors wondered if the drug could be used to combat one of the most dreaded of all surgical complications—pulmonary embolus (a lung clot interfering with the blood supply) and subsequent pneumonia. Twenty-two patients were chosen who showed no evidence of lung trouble, plus three who had pulmonary embolus as a result of major operations. In the normal cases, aminophyllin increased the depth of breathing; there was not a single lung complication. In the three cases of pulmonary embolus, aminophyllin was given intravenously every four hours. Breathing was quickly restored to normal.

Aminophyllin can be used in many ways. For emergencies it is given intravenously. If a little delay is of no consequence, it can be injected in the muscles. For a sustained effect it can be taken in tablet form. And it is also available as suppositories, especially for infants and young children.

Aminophyllin is considered a safe drug. Although there have been reports of fatal reactions, it is believed that some of them have been due to too rapid injection.

Yet despite this excellent record, aminophyllin must never be taken without expert medical advice. The dose must be carefully regulated to suit the individual and the type of condition that is being treated. Otherwise, the benefits to be gained from this new addition to the "miracle drug" family may be nullified by the haste and ignorance of the uninformed layman.

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Brotherhood of the Sea

by
JOHN J. FLOHERTY

THERE IS A SOLITARY brotherhood scattered over the length of our coasts carrying on a service as indispensable to America's welfare as that of the farmer, the industrial worker or the professional man. They are the men of the light—the sentries of the sea who carry on their work every hour of the day, every day in the year.

Stouthearted as lions, the lighthouse men do not know the meaning of fear. In the terrifying loneliness of storm-swept lighthouses, these men have stood vigil while cut off from the outside world. The records are filled with their heroism and self-sacrifice when odds were high against them.

Often they have kept the light burning until the sea struck a final blow and carried away the tower and the men inside it. They have faced starvation without complaint, and held to their duty unflinchingly when all the laws of humanity would have excused them for abandoning it. To them the tragedy of a darkened light is unthinkable.

In their lonely posts they serve not only their own flag but the flags of every nation that sends ships to sea. Dutch or Norwegian, British or Italian, they all are alike to the man on the light. Each must be guided safely past rock, shoal or reef.

While lighthouses may differ, and life in them run the gamut from hardship to homemaking, they are as one in the duties to be performed. Lenses and brass work must be polished to a glistening standard: signal mechanisms must be kept in perfect condition.

In 1939, the Lighthouse Service was transferred by Congress from the Department of Commerce to the Treasury Department and amalgamated with the Coast Guard. This service includes the care of lighthouses, lightships and thousands of buoys without which sea-borne commerce would be blindfolded.

I have spent many hours with these men of the sea in their lonely outposts, without ever hearing a word of complaint or seeing a man hesitate. The $10,000,000 we spend annually on our lighthouse service is a small price to pay for protecting shipping along 50,000 miles of shoreline. Nearly 7,000 men are engaged in a service so indispensable that without it our sea-borne commerce would be thrown into confusion, our industry crippled and humans drowned by thousands. Yet it costs no more a year than the price of a Navy destroyer.

The Kodachrome on the opposite page is of St. Augustine Light, the Coast Guard station at St. Augustine, Florida.

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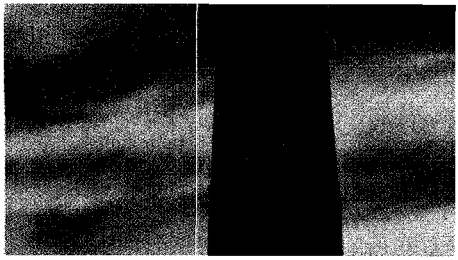

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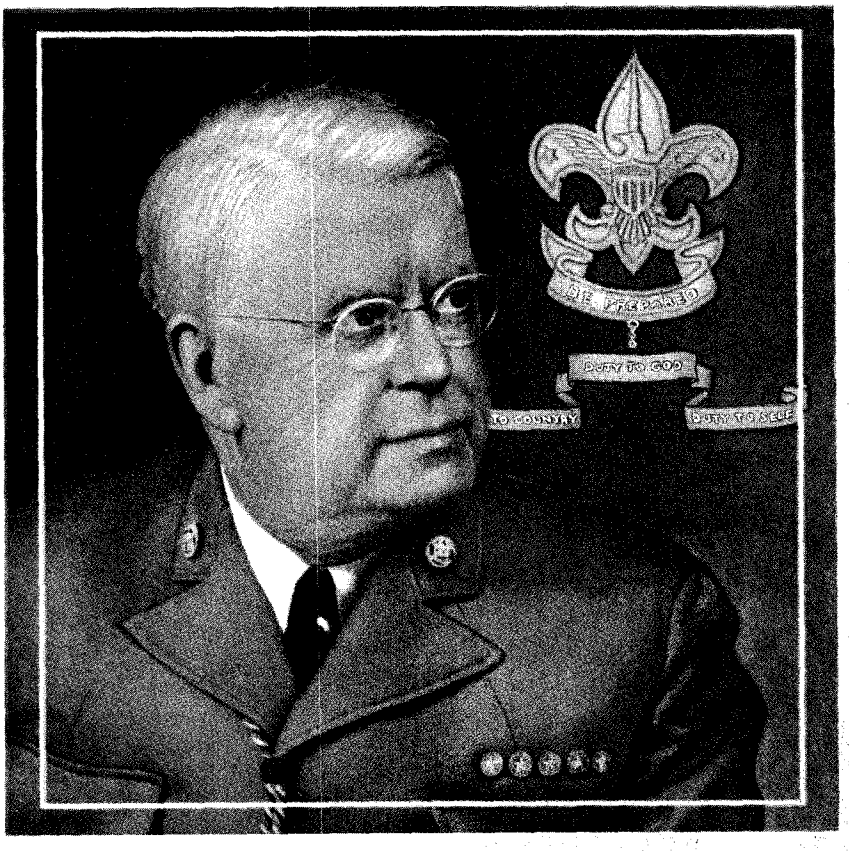
PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN



James E. West: *Builder of Men*

by LESTER VELIE

OLIVER TWIST, symbol of man's inhumanity to man in 19th century England, never got beyond boyhood in Dickens' immortal story. In contemporary America we have had an Oliver Twist too— but with this difference: his story spreads across a full and eventful lifetime.

Jimmy West was a real orphan boy who grew up in a real orphan home where he was underfed, humiliated and maltreated. Yet from this unfortunate childhood the boy confounded the psychology books by returning a lifelong good turn. He built the Boy Scouts of America from a struggling organization, competing with a dozen others for a foothold 35 years ago,

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to the deep-rooted institution of today.

Becoming a sort of national conscience to heed the plight of America's dependent children, Jimmy West rescued thousands from orphanages and found homes for them. He was a pioneer in the founding of juvenile courts, and helped to create the Government's Children's Bureau. Ultimately he became Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, intimate friend of presidents and leader of millions of boys and men in a nation-wide organization of Scouting.

When Jimmy West was an inmate of a bleak, rat-infested orphan home in Washington, D. C., toward the end of the last century, the U.S. Government was spending close to a million yearly, through its Bureau of Animal Industry, to study the care of animals; but not a penny of Federal funds was spent on the study and care of children in the 48 states. In the nation's Capital, as elsewhere, persons who set up in the business of caring for cats and dogs were required to obtain a license and show competence; but anyone could open a children's home without question or supervision from authorities.

It was not extraordinary, then, that when Jimmy West, 6½-year-old orphan, developed an excruciatingly painful tubercular hip, the matron should accuse him of malingering, put him on a bread and water diet, taunt him before the other children, and finally horsewhip him to "break his will." The institution had no resident doctor and none was called. Only when a friend of Jimmy's mother remembered a promise and visited the boy months after the mother's death was the youngster's miserable plight discovered.

Removed to a hospital, Jimmy lay on a board for 14 months, weights attached to his leg in keeping with the therapy of the day. There was none in all the world to visit him and shorten the infinity of dragging hours. Ultimately he was removed from his torture bed, pronounced an incurable cripple and told that he must return to the orphan home.

But the home, with practical logic, refused to accept the cripple. How could he do his chores? How could he drag himself to chapel to hear the messages of Christian love? Heated exchanges between hospital and orphan home only deepened the impasse. Finally the hospital solved the problem to its own satisfaction. Forlorn Jimmy was bundled into a hansom with his crutches and a bag containing his few belongings. It was a winter twilight; chilling winds swept the cobblestones as the horse clattered off.

Arrived at 14th Street, the hackman cautiously drew to the curb. By now, night had fallen. Stealthily he approached the dimly lit building which Jimmy now recognized with sinking heart as the orphanage.

Past the unlocked door and into the dark entrance the driver carried Jimmy, his crutches and his bag. Depositing his forlorn human burden, the driver tiptoed out. Some

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time later an older orphan girl, locking up for the night, found the child and put him to bed. Thus the home was "outsmarted."

The orphanage day began at 7 a.m. when the children, sleeping 30 to 40 in a dormitory, tumbled out of bed, performed a perfunctory wash-up and marched off to a breakfast of bread and milk. For lunch there was pot-liquor (water in which vegetables and meat had been boiled). On rare occasions the children shared the meat, but mostly it went to adult employees. For supper, it was bread and milk again. An unending, gnawing hunger clutched at Jimmy.

In between classroom sessions, the children cleaned the institution, attended chapel, sewed. Unable to do cleaning work, Jimmy was ignominiously consigned to sew with the girls and became an expert with the needle. On Saturdays when kin and friends visited other children, Jimmy felt desolate, for none ever came to see him. On Sundays the children were trooped off to church, where the minister exhorted his congregation to remember the orphans when the plate was passed. Jimmy writhed in self-conscious torture, but he loved the hymns.

Nights, the boy tossed uneasily under the forays of vermin encamped in the orphanage beds, and days he hobbled warily to the eating hall lest he stumble over rats. Not until 10 years later, when Jimmy was 18, was war declared on these orphanage pests. He brought in two weasels, and as the rats emerged, Jim and the other children killed them with knives.

When Jimmy was 12, the wife of the Patents Commissioner, Mrs. Ellis Spear, who had known Jimmy's mother, brought him his first gift, a toy ox-cart, and invited him to visit her home on a Saturday. With the Spears and their five children watching Jimmy's voracious assault on food, the boy took part in a family dinner for the first time. But after he had returned to the orphanage, the children and Mr. Spear wanted to know "what was Mrs. Spear getting into?" This drab, inanimate cripple was hopeless. Why bother with him? . . .

That was more than half a century ago. Today, Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout, bears little resemblance to Jimmy West, the child, thus providing one notable exception to Wordsworth's dictum that "the child is father of the man." In his office on the 63rd floor of New York's Chrysler Building, the Chief Scout presents to the world the aspect of a man who has achieved peace with himself through hard work. His chin juts determinedly even at 70, indicating long years of giving orders. The impeccably brushed white hair, the silver-rimmed glasses and air of assurance might belong to the president of a bank or college.

All around him are mementoes of a full life. There are framed letters from two Presidents, the Roosevelts. "If it had not been for you," reads the one from Teddy, "there would have been no White House Children's conferences." "To you," reads the one from F.D.R., "belongs much of the credit for Scouting in this country."

On the wall, too, are the wide-

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eyed faces of some 2,000 babies for whom West found homes in a national campaign. There is a portrait of the Chief Scout in colors, from the cover of a national weekly. The Norman Rockwell painting of a Boy Scout at prayer (West gave Rockwell his first job) reminds you that James West helped frame the American Boy Scout code of laws and added one of his own: "A Scout is reverent."

A bookcase holds Boy Scout handbooks all the way back to 1910 when West organized, edited and rushed through the first edition. It has since gone into 38 editions, sold more than 10,000,000 copies and is second only to the Bible as a best-seller. On West's desk is the Boy Scout knife he designed, and copies of *Boy's Life* Magazine which he built into the country's leading youth publication.

On his desk, too, is the latest annual Scout report, bearing the special tables West devised to disclose at a glance how local scouting units are doing. Membership, the report indicates, has advanced for the 36th consecutive time since West took over in 1909. Scouts and scouters (men in scouting), cubs and cubbers, now total more than 2,000,000. In the beginning there were about 30,000.

Also on the Chief Scout's desk—although his job is now free of the grueling administrative work he handled for years—is a mountain of correspondence. Until recently West corresponded with several thousand boys and men, faithfully exchanging views as they wended their way through Scouting, schooling and into the world. Hence, as Ralph Waldo Emerson once observed, if an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man, Scouting in America is the lengthened shadow of James E. West. Yet how did the crippled, cowed orphan boy achieve the stature to cast so mighty a shadow?

For Jimmy West, the process of achieving stature began on that Saturday afternoon when, for the first time, he heard the laughter of the Spear children. When Mrs. Spear gave Jimmy an adventure book she had written, he read it three times during the next fortnight. Under the warmth of the Spear family, Jimmy began to come alive.

"Before I knew it," he recalls, "I was afire."

He prevailed on the orphanage matron to let him attend public school across the street, and thus began to throw off the institution's pall. He discovered the orphanage had a library of 1,000 books, locked behind stout doors because the matron feared the children might disfigure them. By the time he was 16, Jimmy had waded through Dickens, Gibbons and most of Shakespeare, an accomplishment which at his age probably brought more labor than enlightenment.

Because he was a cripple, Jimmy couldn't be apprenticed out of the orphan home at age 12, and soon he was the oldest boy there, assuming the role of shepherd to the orphan flock. He tried to interest the children in the library, and when persuasion failed, offered to pay a penny for each volume safely navigated. The pennies came from the

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75-cent weekly wages he earned by caring for chickens owned by the matron's son and by pumping the organ of a near-by church. Young Jim West was learning things about children he could put to good use later.

At 16, he startled the matron by asking to go to high school. For 1892, that was a notion indeed. And how about his orphanage chores? By this time Jim was earning his way. Once weekly he got up at 2 A.M. to haul the institution's wash to the laundry, pilot it through the mangles and finish the task by the time the children were rising at 7.

On occasion he could get about on a cane, and by long practice had learned to stoke the orphanage furnaces. He had also achieved acrobatic dexterity with his crutches, could hobble upstairs without touching feet to ground, and one day swung himself step by step to the top of Washington Monument.

Jim got to high school and plunged so furiously into campus activities that he soon became a leader. But when he applied for his first job, that of bookkeeper in a bicycle shop, the proprietor eyed the crutches and turned away.

"If I learn to ride a bicycle, won't that boost your business—and won't you give me a job?" the boy pleaded.

"Maybe," said the proprietor.

Jim borrowed 50 cents from the school principal, hired a bicyle, grimly got the upper hand of the infernal machine in one tortured afternoon, then, bruised and battered, reported for his reward—the job. He got it, and before long was out of the orphanage.

Jim next determined to study law and made the rounds of local law schools until he found one that granted credit. Giving his note for a year's tuition he exchanged his bicycle job for that of a stenographer in a government bureau and by dint of four years' night study got his law degree. Thus armed, he obtained a job on the Federal Board of Pension Appeals, moved into a hotel frequented by Congressmen, sported a bowler hat and gray waistcoat, and bought a second-hand horseless carriage.

THE AUTOMOBILE played an unexpected role in the fortunes of the rising young orphanage alumnus, who was now busy organizing boys' clubs and promoting supervised play at public playgrounds. Parking his tiller-steered machine before a boys' club one night, West emerged to find it gone. At the police station he learned that a 15-year-old boy had been nabbed in the act of driving the car away. The boy, to be arraigned the following day, faced a prison sentence.

West was in court the next morning. Limping to the prisoners' cage, he found that they had appointed no lawyer for the boy. Getting court permission to represent the youth, West proved that the prisoner could not have been driving the car since he, West, had the ignition key in his pocket. The boy was merely piloting while other street Arabs were joyfully pushing the novel vehicle down the street.

The case was dismissed, but West left the courtroom shaken at the thought that a child had come close

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to prison for nothing more than a piece of juvenile mischief. An imperative need, he decided, was a juvenile court, staffed with personnel trained to deal with children and their problems.

West had met President Theodore Roosevelt through his work with the Playground Association of Washington, and had earned the unique privilege of visiting the President while he received his daily shave in the Executive Office. To the lathered Teddy, West urged a juvenile court for the Capital.

"We shall have one; we shall have one!" roared the vigorous Teddy as he freed himself of the barber's ministrations.

Before long Washington had a juvenile court, one of the first in America. West, all of 31 years old, was leading candidate for the job of judge, but the appointment went to another because of a political commitment made by the impulsive Teddy to a religious group. To make amends, Roosevelt suggested that West pick a suitable Washington place for himself and the President would see that he got it.

West found something more important than a job for himself. With Theodore Dreiser, then editor of *Delineator*, Jimmy had organized the Child Rescue League and was conducting a campaign in the *Delineator's* columns to find homes for orphan children. The President had just called a conference of governors to conserve the country's natural resources. Why not a conference of social workers to conserve America's dependent children?

"The President is indebted to me," young West brashly told Dreiser. "Why, I can get him to hold the conference right in the White House!"

And so he did. But then he had to sell his idea to the nation's social and religious workers. When this selling job was done, there came to the White House, at Roosevelt's invitation, Jane Addams and Andrew Carnegie, Theodore Dreiser and Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, Jacob Riis and Julius Rosenwald, Booker T. Washington and a host of others. With West serving as general factotum, the Conference on the Care of Dependent Children dramatically called the country's attention to his crusade for removing orphans from institutions. Likewise the conference led to legislation for a Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor.

SOON AFTER THESE significant developments, young West prepared to enter a leading Washington law firm, and even sent out 2,000 announcements of his new affiliation. But he never affiliated. Instead, he became secretary of the fledgling Boy Scouts of America.

The Scouts were one of a dozen struggling boys' organizations of the day, competing with Dan Beard's "Sons of Daniel Boone," Ernest Thompson Seton's "Indians," William Randolph Hearst's "American Boy Scouts" and others. Looking over the field, Jim West decided: "This Boy Scouts of America can become one of the greatest organizations in the world."

His initial task was to raise the first year's budget, $50,000 (the 1946 budget tops $2,000,000). With

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the help of such sponsors as Mortimer L. Schiff, John Wanamaker, Lincoln Steffens and Admiral Dewey, this wasn't too difficult. The next step, that of clearing the decks of competitors, creating an administrative framework and establishing the Scouts as the preeminent boys' organization, required toil, finesse and heartbreak.

Scouting, a British invention, had been brought to America as a result of a good turn. The "Good Turn" idea had been invented by Lt. Gen. Robert Baden-Powell, who had perfected a course in scout training for British troopers during the South African War. Later he adapted the program in England to city-bred boys. He clad them in the uniform of the South African constabulary, gave them the constabulary's motto, "Be Prepared," taught them the Scout oath and the Scout laws and to do a "Good Turn" daily.

In the course of doing such a good turn, one of Baden-Powell's Scouts helped an American newspaperman find his bearings in a London fog, then refused a tip, explaining he was a Scout. The American, William D. Boyce, was so pleased that he asked to see Baden-Powell, and on his return to America launched the Boy Scouts in this country.

West thus inherited Baden-Powell's Scout laws, oath and uniform. But to the British laws of trustworthiness, helpfulness, friendliness, courtesy, kindness to animals, obedience, cheerfulness and thrift were added three American laws: "A Scout is brave; a Scout is clean; a Scout is reverent." West then gathered up his legal cudgels to protect the distinctive name of Scout and the organization's insignia for the exclusive use of the Boy Scouts of America.

The Scout badge, if steps were not taken, would be available at any five-and-ten-cent counter. The name Scout was being used by Hearst's "American Boy Scouts." West forced the Hearst group to retire from the field, won exclusive right to sell the badge and other insignia, went on eventually to clear the field of competitors and win a Congressional charter for his organization. The next step was to give Scouting a handbook which would set forth the "game of Scouting" as a magnet for American boys.

West enlisted experts to contribute expositions on woodcraft, fauna and flora, life-saving, first aid. Loaded down with manuscripts he then presented himself at the office of Frank Doubleday, told the astounded publisher he wanted a proof edition in two weeks. The usual time was three months.

West won the argument, saw 5,000 copies of his 500-page handbook printed and bound in 10 days. The copies were mailed to 4,600 assorted contributors for careful reading. Soon the first trade edition of 60,000 copies of *The Handbook for Boys* (price 50 cents) was on its way into the world. But West had no idea that ultimately it would sell more than 10,000,000 copies.

AMIDST THESE labors, West was having the troubles that beset all organizers. Since his administrative achievements soon indicated that Scouting was destined to be a great institution, influencing

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millions of boys, church groups sought to take control. Then there was the ugly threat of racial bias.

Scouting's early backers came from all creeds, and West encouraged Protestant, Catholic and Jewish boys alike to participate. But when he sought to extend Scouting to Negro youngsters in the South, a storm burst. One delegation warned West that if a Negro boy should ever appear in Scout uniform in Virginia, the white Scouts would burn every uniform, handbook and bit of insignia in the State.

West's countermove was to induce wealthy backers of Scouting to threaten to withdraw their financial support if discrimination was exercised against any minority group. His second step was to form a Committee for the Extension of the Scout Movement to Colored People, and to obtain $50,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation to finance it.

West's energetic counterattack won rich results. Today there are more than 100,000 Negro boys and men in Scouting. Every city, North and South, has its Negro troop. And recently, when West limped onto a stage at a rally in Richmond, 20 Negro troops were present. The stage was shared by white and Negro men, while the day's highest award was presented to a Negro Scout leader.

From the two-room office and clerical staff of seven with which James West began to build Scouting in 1909, he has had the satisfaction of seeing headquarters grow to a staff of 650, occupying two floors at 2 Park Avenue, New York. Dependent at the start on contributions, the central organization is now on solid financial ground, supported by receipts of 50 cents a year from each Scout, $1 a year from each Scouter, by the income from *Boy's Life* (circulation 418,000) and from mail-order sales of uniforms and equipment. Local Scout activities are financed by community contributions.

Today the vigorous, silver-haired James West divides his time between his New York office and trips inside and outside the country, giving inspirational talks to youth organizations. Successor to him as administrative director of the Scouts is Dr. E. K. Fretwell, whom West specially trained to take his place when he gave up part of his active duties in 1943.

Next year Dr. West will observe his fortieth wedding anniversary, for he was married in Washington in 1907 to Marion Olivia Speaks, a former schoolteacher whom he met while both were doing Sunday-school work in the national Capital.

The Wests, who now live in New Rochelle, a Manhattan suburb, have four grown children: two sons, both of whom were Eagle Scouts, and two daughters. All four are married, and not the least of Dr. West's joys in life are seven robust grandchildren.

Today, the founder of Scouting

Next Month
See the fury of Mexico's giant volcano in
The Monster of Paricutin
a remarkable pictorial feature in full color

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in America can look back over a life unusually replete with worthwhile achievement. Several years ago, when Dr. West had completed 32 years of executive labors, there was an outpouring of national tributes to him. A Senate committee praised him in unanimous resolution. Franklin Roosevelt noted his contribution in a warm letter. Communities everywhere feted him, while the National Institute of Social Sciences awarded a medal for his contributions to youth.

To those who asked how a crippled orphan boy, without parents, home, friends, could achieve so much, Dr. West replied: "That's why we call America the land of opportunity! Any boy, no matter what his handicap, can do anything he wants if he has the determination and the ambition.

"Yes, *anything!*" the Chief Scout repeats. "Because of the American way."

Juvenile Jive

JOHNNIE CAME rushing in one afternoon and told his father that he had just seen two lions and a tiger fighting in the street. After several futile attempts to get Johnnie to change his story, his father finally said, "Johnnie, you are lying. I want you to kneel, tell God your story, and ask Him to forgive you."

When the boy had finished, his father asked him what God had said.

"He said, 'That's all right, Johnnie,' " the youngster replied, " 'those big dogs had Me fooled at first, too.' "

—GENEVIEVE WINKLEY

THE LITTLE GIRL who had just been promoted to the third grade met her second-grade teacher.

"Gee, Miss Sullivan," she piped, "I wish you were smart enough to teach me this year, too!"

—*School Days*

A YOUNG MOTHER lost her small daughter in a railroad terminal. She scouted around for some time, finally spotted the tot in the center of a group of nuns. "Oh!" she gasped. "I hope she hasn't been too much trouble to you."

"Not at all," chuckled the Mother Superior, "we've had a fine time. Your little girl is under the impression that we are penguins."

—*This Week*

A YOUNG COUPLE of my acquaintance struck up a friendship with an Australian lady. On the arrival of her fourth child, they sent her a play-pen as a gift. Her "thank you" note left them somewhat astonished: "Thank you so much for the pen. It is a godsend. I sit in it every afternoon and read and the children can't get near me."

—ROSAMOND LEE, *Baby Talk*

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The Post Office Inspection Service is grim and persistent in tracking down all who tamper with the mails

Untold stories of the U.S. MAILS

by Kirk Crawford

A FLAMING-RED-COVERED book, wrapped in cellophane and tied with white twine, reached the Washington Dead Letter Office from New York not so long ago. Beneath the transparent wrapping was a brilliant yellow address label:

Maria Lukas,
Verbovec, P. Michalovee
Czechoslovakia

There was no return address, no postage, no postmark. Clerk Myron Genung thought at the time—and the U. S. Post Office Inspection Service proved later—that the postmark had smeared off the smooth cellophane.

Genung unwrapped the package and found a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published in 1893. The leaves had been cut out, except for a margin of one-half inch, and in the hollowed portion was a box similar to a playing-card box. Genung pulled it open. As he did so there was a terrific explosion. All four fingers and the thumb of his left hand were shattered. He was taken immediately to a hospital where it was necessary to amputate his hand at the wrist. Another clerk suffered abrasions on both arms.

The Post Office Inspection Service, Uncle Sam's oldest detective service, had a grim mystery on its hands. Miraculously, the yellow address label had not been destroyed. Inspectors gathered up fragments of a dry-cell battery, a blasting cap and bits of paper. But without the address label they would have had a clueless crime.

Through the State Department they contacted Maria Lukas in Europe and discovered she had a husband in Wildwood, Pennsylvania. He wasn't a particularly good husband, the inspectors learned. He had not contributed to his wife's support since her return to her native land, had often quarreled with her before she left, and liked the ladies, one in particular. Furthermore he worked in a coal mine which used blasting caps!

But the handwriting on the label was not his, and despite exhaustive grillings he denied knowledge of the bomb. All he would admit was that he had taken the Wildwood bus to Pittsburgh on May 15, the

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date on which the inspectors surmised the bomb had been mailed. But so far they had no evidence to show from what city it had come.

Unable to shake Lukas' story, they turned their attention to the woman he had been courting. She, too, maintained ignorance of the bomb. But inspectors drew the damaging admission that in April Lukas had asked her to copy a foreign address on a slip of yellow paper.

That was enough. The inspectors proved it was her handwriting on the label and arrested Lukas. But their case was not yet complete. They had to establish court jurisdiction through proof that the crime had been committed in the district where Lukas was to be tried. With no postmark on the bomb package, such proof was lacking.

It appeared as though the Inspection Service was up against an insurmountable obstacle. But tough assignments are everyday occurrences for the men who have made tampering with mails the most hazardous of all crimes. The inspectors figured that such an unusual red-and-yellow package would certainly be remembered by some postal carrier or clerk. So, in Washington, a duplicate was constructed and inspectors went forth to ask questions.

They started in Pittsburgh, where methodical, routine work brought results. Gabriel Pomper, a substitute letter carrier, recalled collecting such a package on May 15. Postal Clerk Bernhard Mikus of the Ferry Street Post Office, where all foreign mail is segregated, also remembered it.

From there the inspectors traced it to a mail car on a train leaving Pittsburgh for New York. They followed it from Pennsylvania Railroad station to the Varick substation, where all foreign mail is handled. From there they trailed it to the Inquiry Section, for somewhere the stamps and postmark had been smeared off, and on to the Dead Letter Office in Washington, where Genung was the innocent victim of a diabolical plot.

The circle was now complete. In Pittsburgh, Lukas was sentenced to 12 years in Federal prison.

LUKAS THOUGHT HE WAS smart, but there is no perfect crime as far as Chief Inspector James J. Doran and his inspectors are concerned. They know from long experience that no criminal is bright enough to tamper with the U. S. mails without making at least one mistake. Primarily, the inspectors are trained postal experts, and criminal work averages only about 20 per cent of their time. Yet during the last fiscal year they arrested 4,255 criminals and convicted practically all of them.

Only violations of the extortion statutes which relate to threats to injure the reputation or to accuse any person of a crime are now investigated by the Post Office Inspection Service. Complaints concerning the mailing of all other letters coming within the provisions of the extortion statutes, including kidnaping and threats to injure the person or property, now come under the investigative jurisdiction of the FBI.

One of the secrets of the success of the inspectors is the fact that the criminal they are hunting usually knows nothing of their activities;

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they take no action until they have the evidence to convict him. Then they make arrest. As a result, many criminals pay the penalty years after their crime has been forgotten by almost everyone but the Post Office. The inspectors' pursuit is persistent, eternal.

On a night in September, 1932, Inspectors McWhorter and Lyons pushed the buzzer of an apartment on Harper Avenue, Chicago. The name above the bell read "Jones," but the Government men were not deceived. They had come to arrest —and they did arrest—"Fats" Watkins, sole fugitive of a bandit mob which 11 years before had robbed a mail truck at Dearborn Station of nearly $400,000.

"Portland Ned" Johnson, a yeggman with a hankering for post office safes, was captured 16 years after he had robbed the post office at Plymouth, North Carolina. He thought the Inspection Service had forgotten all about the affair.

The tenacious spirit of "Never give up" is written large all through the records of the service, going back to Colonial days. But there are other requisites for Uncle Sam's inspectors—fearlessness, resourcefulness, ingenuity and thoroughness.

Resourcefulness played an important part in the capture of a light-fingered crook who was filching money from registered letters in a Southwestern city and then resealing the envelopes. There was no clue to his identity. In fact, the inspector handling the case was not certain in which of the city's six post offices the crimes were being committed. But he had a brain and proceeded to use it.

In a drugstore he purchased a quantity of six different perfumes—lily of the valley, mignonette, lilac, violet, rose and heliotrope. Next he arranged to replace all of the glue in the six post offices, one receiving glue containing violet, another heliotrope, and so on.

Then the inspector sat back and waited for another tampered letter to turn up. When it did, half his problem was solved. He sniffed the envelope, identified the perfume, and knew in what post office the thief was operating. The rest was merely a matter of surveillance.

A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK sent an extortionist to jail in Baltimore, all because of the alertness of another inspector. The letter received by Dr. Alfred Ullman, prominent physician, was a death threat. It told him he would be killed unless he paid $10,000. Dr. Ullman hastened to notify the Inspection Service and an inspector was assigned.

Consulting with Baltimore police he learned that the physician was not the only person threatened. A half-dozen others, including Charles Cronhardt, wealthy Baltimore bachelor, and Mrs. Franklin Holland, society matron, had received similar letters. The demands were apparently the work of a crank. Examining the threat letters he discovered that not only had the same typewriter been used for all the letters but that in the Cronhardt note were intimate references to the daily routine of the household. Only a person acquainted with the family could possibly possess such knowledge.

The inspector started a round of interviews. Dr. Ullman was of no

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assistance. At Mrs. Holland's home the inspector likewise seemed to be getting nowhere. Then he noticed a grandfather's clock in one corner of the room. Instantly his mind flashed back to the Ullman residence and the number of valuable clocks he had seen there. He asked Mrs. Holland who fixed the clock when it needed repairing and was told the work was done by one John Cronhardt. The same man attended to Dr. Ullman's clocks. Cronhardt, upon investigation, turned out to be an eccentric individual—and a cousin of Charles Cronhardt.

At Mrs. Holland's home the inspector had procured several of Cronhardt's receipted bills. The instant he saw them he knew the mystery was solved. They had been typed with the same typewriter as had the extortion demands. John Cronhardt was sentenced to 10 years in jail.

The weak spot in any extortion plan is, of course, the collection of money. When the criminal arrives to pick up his loot he is likely to be jumped on by several husky inspectors. John Rambowski figured out a slick way to avoid the danger. But Inspectors Webb and Graham figured out an even slicker way to circumvent him.

Rambowski addressed a letter to Constance Torney, 20-year-old daughter of Henry W. Torney of Southampton, Long Island, demanding $20,000 on threat of death. He stipulated that the money be left at a spot barren of shrubbery and other hiding places. But when such a rendezvous was watched from a distance, he invariably spotted his watchers and waited until they were gone.

Finally Rambowski became insistent. He set a deadline. The money must be left at a certain place on a certain night. The barren spot selected was a lonely one along the Long Island Railroad tracks outside Southampton. There was no place within several hundred yards for the inspectors to hide.

And so they brought ingenuity into play. The plant was made, covered with a burlap bag. Time ticked on. Midnight came and went. One o'clock! Two o'clock! Then a figure crept into the clearing, peering intently into the darkness.

He reached for the covered package. He lifted it. Then came a blinding flash, illuminating the whole neighborhood. On wires above the railroad tracks Webb and Graham had set up cameras and flashlights. When Rambowski lifted the sack, he effected contact and took his own picture.

With the flash, he dropped the package and escaped into the dark. But the inspectors had the photo. Careful developing brought out the features of the man clearly enough for identification purposes. The caretaker of the Torney estate identified him as having once worked there as a gardener. The rest was a matter of routine. Rambowski, the crook who thought he was slick, drew a prison sentence of five years.

A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.
—E. C. WEST

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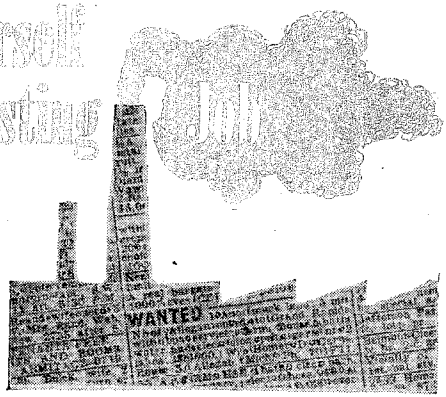
Fit Yourself to a Lasting Job



Whatever your bent, there's a place for you if you're willing to train for it

by LAWRENCE LADER

IF YOU'RE ONE OF millions of young Americans just out of uniform or school and looking for a job with a future, you'll likely hear some discouraging stories.

Point to your shiny discharge button and they'll tell you about the ex-Marine sergeant who went to every plant in town and then decided to sit home on his $20-a-week unemployment insurance rather than take a shipping clerk's job at $30. Show your new high-school diploma and they'll say that industry is holding all the good jobs for veterans, leaving nothing for you except a delivery boy's route.

But despite these oft-repeated stories, jobs with a future *do* exist. American industry offers a new opportunity that will be roaring into high gear during the next few years. If you like, you can ride along with it to a lasting job and economic security. No matter where you live, no matter what your education or experience, the opportunity is there for anyone who wants to get ahead. Its name is apprenticeship.

Although the word "apprenticeship" dates back to the guilds of the Middle Ages, today our 20th-century refinement of an age-old training program has grown to significant proportions. Since last January more than 250,000 new apprentices have gone to work in communities from coast to coast. Under enlightened and streamlined methods, they are learning how to play a permanent and profitable role in the world's greatest industrial system.

Here are examples picked at random: the American Optical Company recently enrolled 500 apprentices; the Caterpillar Tractor Company is instructing 600; Braniff Airways at Dallas has 163 aviation mechanics in training; the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company has set up courses for 220 apprentices; the General Electric Company has 500 trainees, with a program calling for several thousand; the U. S. Navy has 6,000 and could use 6,000 more; industries in New York City alone have added 30,000 training opportunities since the beginning of the year.

These men are being trained for the future—trained just as carefully and thoroughly as students in med-

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ical and law school. The courses cover the widest possible range, from skilled industrial jobs to "white-collar" work. Regardless of whether previous education includes only one year of high school or as much as four years of college, the training provides all the "know how" needed to insure permanent employment. And whether the men are apprenticing in the largest city or smallest town in the U.S., they are part of a vast plan which management, labor and government are giving enthusiastic support.

Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach says: "The need for apprentices is urgent. The Department of Labor is making every effort in cooperation with management and labor to train as many skilled workers as possible."

"The demand for apprentices has never been as great as it is now," states John P. Frey, president of the Metal Trades Department, AFL.

Ansel R. Cleary, assistant director of the National Office of Apprentice-Training Service, reports: "Just as soon as management and labor, or either, requests our help, new or approved training programs are set up."

ACTUALLY, there are two distinct programs, each organized for its own objective and administered by a separate government bureau. The Apprentice-Training Service of the Department of Labor covers a restricted list of some 100 skilled trades, approved by the Federal Committee on Apprenticeship. To master one of these trades requires at least 4,000 hours of training over a period of four to six years. On-the-Job Training, conducted by the Veterans' Administration, includes an almost limitless number of semi-skilled and specialized jobs, requiring from 500 to 4,000 work hours.

Yet whether you choose a skilled trade or On-the-Job Training, you both learn and work while earning a steadily increasing wage. The training is so thorough that when the course is finished, you are equipped not only to handle your own work but to supervise others. Ultimately you may even be able to start your own plant or business.

For example, suppose you take an apprenticeship at the Ford Motor Company. The four-year training program has already been laid out by the Joint Trade Apprenticeship Committee, representing management, labor and the Federal Committee on Apprenticeship. There's a wide choice of subjects, ranging from tool-making and die-making to engineering design. You advance from one training phase to the next, your salary increasing as you move ahead.

You'll be tested regularly, and records kept of progress. At the end of the apprenticeship you are a skilled journeyman. From there onward you can work your way up as far as ability permits—to foreman, to plant supervisor, to manager or owner of a repair shop or automobile business.

The Ford company is only one of 70,000 establishments now training apprentices. Programs are under way in every city, every town. They vary in size from big modern plants like the Fruehauf Trailer Company, which offers On-the-Job Training, to the old and specialized producers of stained-glass, which have adopted the Apprentice-Training Serv-

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ice program. The training ranges from two to three years for a business-machine mechanic to a six-year apprenticeship in the printing industry. Some 5,000 apprentices may be training in one program, only a half dozen in another. The choice for today's job-seeker is almost limitless.

Wages, which increase with acquisition of skill, are set by predetermined schedule. They go up regularly during the period of training, until finally you're making as much as a skilled journeyman. For instance, as an apprentice electrician in Wheaton, Illinois, you would be earning $80 a week when your training ended. An apprentice plumber in Wichita would ultimately make $75. And an apprentice sheet metal worker in New Brunswick, New Jersey, can look forward to receiving $80 a week.

IF YOU ARE A veteran you get an even better break on wages, through what is called a "subsistence allowance." To make up for the years you were away at war, the Veterans' Administration under the GI Bill of Rights will pay you each month a sum tending to equalize the difference between your apprentice wage and the journeyman's wage. The maximum subsistence payment is $65 a month for single men, $90 for married.

Here is how it works. Suppose you are married and apprenticing as a sheet-metal worker in New Brunswick at an average of $150 a month. If the maximum rate for *skilled* workers is $320 a month, in addition to your salary you can receive from the VA a monthly check for the top subsistence rate, $90.

As your salary more closely approaches the journeyman's wage, your subsistence check naturally decreases. But remember—while you're learning a skilled trade, your wages are supplemented regularly, until the day nears when you will be recognized as a skilled craftsman.

Such an opportunity for apprentice training is available in your own city, your own town, perhaps right on your own street. Look around for yourself and study the various openings. Then make your choice wisely, for certain industries have a more acute shortage of apprentices than others.

"We're trying to train 35,000 young apprentices this year alone," says M. H. Hodges of the International Brotherhood of Electrical workers, AFL. "Ten years ago the average age of our workers was 32. Now it's 43."

The need for apprentices in other building trades, manned mostly by older men, is equally urgent. This is true right down the line—cabinet-makers, pattern-makers, brick and stone masons, plasterers and cement-finishers, metal workers, tinsmiths and roofers. All these trades, now manned by veteran skilled workers, are crying for apprentices. "If workers 65 or over were suddenly to retire as a group," reported the General Committee on Apprenticeship for the Construction Industry, "several of the trades would not have enough beginners to replace them."

The future of the veterans' housing program depends largely on the speed with which apprentices can be trained. "We can't wait until we have a full flow of building materials before the responsible or-

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ganizations tackle the labor-supply problem," says Wilson W. Wyatt, National Housing Expediter. "All concerned must redouble their efforts to expand the apprentice ranks in the skilled construction crafts."

Already, various industries have launched recruiting drives for apprentices. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, CIO, is seeking 100,000 new men. In New York City alone, 1,000 veterans who never before handled a needle or cutting machine are being trained. The Ford company, which has an Apprentice-Training Service program, needs 4,000 to 6,000 apprentices and is getting only 600.

The big apprentice programs, however, are not the only opportunities waiting for ambitious young men. Small programs are commencing all the time, such as the On-the-Job plan set up in New York by Local 65 of the Wholesale and Warehouse Workers Union, CIO. The union included a number of veterans who had never been trained for skilled work. Veteran Adviser Kenneth Sherbell decided to call on some employers.

"We're a small company," Atlas China executives said, "but we want to keep training new men." Other companies like Peerless Art and Blue Arrow, which make china and glass, said the same thing. They called in Raymond Redfield of the local Veterans' Administration office to help organize an effective training program. Together they drafted a monthly schedule of apprentice work.

Today the program is booming. George Keresh, who was in the Army three years, is an apprentice at Atlas China, learning to paint under supervision of shop experts. Another veteran at Atlas, Carlyle Black, is being taught how to bake china in kilns. At Peerless Art, veteran Eugene Newman is learning to decorate glassware.

Yes, there is a wide variety of training programs. But if you can't find one to fit your needs, you may be able to set up your own On-the-Job Training. Joe Banks, a Milwaukee veteran, wanted to become a druggist, but his employer could pay only $25 a week during the year that was required for Joe to

Where To Get Information

FULL INFORMATION on apprentice training can be secured in every section of the country. If you are a veteran, call at the nearest office of the U. S. Employment Service and talk with the veterans' employment representative. To receive subsistence payments, apply to the Veterans' Administration on Form 1950, submitting your certificate of discharge. Once your eligibility is established, VA will send a formal approval.

If you are a non-veteran, consult the U. S. Employment Service or write to the U. S. Apprentice-Training Service, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C. Or ask an employer or a union to process your application. They are fully qualified to take care of all details.

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learn the job. Joe had a family: he needed more money. He was about to abandon his hope of becoming a druggist when his employer heard about On-the-Job Training.

He and Joe went to the local VA office. Together they laid out a training program and had it approved. Now the druggist pays Joe $110 a month and the VA adds another $90. When Joe finishes his training the druggist will open another store and put him in charge.

TO MAKE CERTAIN your training fits your needs, you must clearly understand the difference between the Apprentice Service and On-the-Job Training. The first thing about ATS is that it's older. It was established by Congress in 1937 to train men for a very specific list of trades, selected by the Federal Committee on Apprenticeship. These are highly skilled pursuits, like bricklaying, carpentry and glass blowing, many of which have a history of apprenticeship dating back hundreds of years, and which, even in America, have often been passed from father to son.

The next thing about ATS is its standards. They are very rigorous, formulated by the Federal Committee and administered locally by State Apprenticeship Councils which represent government, management and labor. They require not only a minimum of 4,000 work hours, but an additional 144 hours a year of classroom instruction. When you train under ATS, your name is registered in Washington and records of progress are kept by your employer and union.

Compared with ATS, On-the-Job Training is much newer. Set up by the GI Bill of Rights, it is operated by the Veterans' Administration. Its main purpose is to see that the veteran gets the kind of training he wants. Whereas ATS has a specific list of about 100 trades, On-the-Job Training covers an almost unlimited number. You can train in almost anything you want, from life insurance to radio script-writing.

The length of On-the-Job Training courses is quite different from ATS. The minimum number of work hours is only 500. Most of the programs run about a year, although a few of the most specialized courses take as much as four years.

Different in detail, both programs are aimed at giving you the most thorough training possible for the job you select.

Whether you are under ATS or On-the-Job Training, the opportunity ahead is equally bright. The Veterans' Administration has decreed that before an employer can hire anyone under On-the-Job Training, there must be reasonable assurance of a permanent job, while an apprentice who finishes his ATS course not only earns all the privileges of a journeyman but is awarded a certificate of skill.

New York State's certificate is typical. It says you have "diligently served an apprenticeship." It also says you have served "under standards approved by the State Apprenticeship Council, and the State Department of Labor and Education in cooperation with the Federal Committee on Apprenticeship, and have with merit completed the practical training and prescribed course of instruction to qualify as a journeyman . . ."

Just a few simple words, but they

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mean you have learned a skilled and well-paid trade. But whether you've learned radio repairing or stained-glass designing, the words mean concrete benefits even more important than that.

They mean that you saw one of the biggest opportunities in modern industry and grabbed it. You wanted a skilled job with a future. Even though it took two or three years, you wanted to become an expert in your work, with a chance to advance.

Four years from now, instead of packing boxes or clerking in an office, you'll be moving toward the top. Eight years from now, you will enjoy the security of a skilled job. Twelve years from now, you may be a plant foreman or setting up your own shop. Twenty years from now, you could be a leader in your business or industry.

James Hobbins started as an apprentice, stringing telephone wire. Today he's president of Anaconda Copper Company. At 14, Charles Sorenson was a pattern-department apprentice in Buffalo. He worked up to the presidency of Willys-Knight. William Jack of Jack & Heintz, Charles Kettering of General Motors, J. Frank Duryea of the Duryea Company—all started as apprentices and rose to the top.

The skilled craftsman is the key man in modern industry and business. Without the die-maker, car bodies cannot be pressed from giant molds. Without the sheet-metal worker or the electrician, thousands of new houses cannot be built.

Never has the future been so bright for the trained apprentice. Never has the demand for craftsmen been so urgent. So before you take a temporary job at temporarily high wages, think about the future. Where will you be in four years—eight—twelve?

The wise young man today is looking for a well-paid, enduring job. The best way to get it is through Apprentice or On-the-Job Training. You earn while you learn—and when the course is ended, you will find that you have fitted yourself irreplaceably into the mechanism of American enterprise.

Easy . . . When You Know How

UNTIL RECENT YEARS, toll bridges were common sights in the U. S. Tolls collected covered the cost of keeping the bridge in good repair. One particular bridge-keeper evolved a novel method of collecting the toll. He would ask the traveler to make a statement. If the bridge-keeper judged the statement to be correct, the traveler was to pay the regular charge. If the statement was false, twice the regular amount was to be paid. In any event, it appeared that every traveler would have to pay.

One day, however, a clever stranger made a statement which so perplexed the bridge-keeper that he found it impossible rightfully to collect any toll at all.

What could the statement have been? For solution, see page 91.

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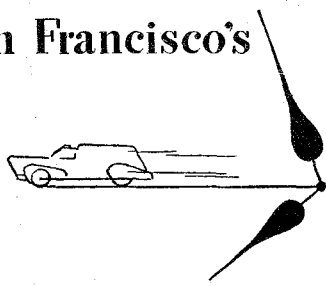
When minutes count, a progressive city's emergency system is Johnny-on-the-spot

San Francisco's Hospital Service



by CHARLES MERCER AND SAMUEL KAPLAN

THE PREMIER OF New South Wales recently came halfway around the world to learn how San Francisco's Emergency Hospital System is saving the lives of hundreds of people each year with "stitch-in-time" service. Other queries have come to the City Department of Health from Russia, France, South America, and from communities throughout the U. S. All want San Francisco's solution to a question you have asked yourself: "If I had an accident, would I get immediate care?"

In San Francisco, strategically-located Emergency Hospitals and operational set-ups enable an ambulance to rush instantly to an accident, give first aid swiftly and bring the patient in for further treatment. What's more, the service is free. Dr. J. C. Geiger, director of the Department of Health, says he knows of no such facilities elsewhere.

A 14-year-old girl recently stepped from an auto in San Francisco and started across the street toward school. A trolley clanged frantically; brakes squealed as the streetcar struck her down. A police patrol car radioed headquarters. There a policeman called Central Emergency Hospital. From Central, the alarm was flashed to the District Emergency Hospital nearest the accident scene.

When the ambulance arrived, the medical steward saw that the girl's legs were crushed, and quickly administered an opiate. From the time the call reached Central until the girl was receiving a transfusion of plasma at District Emergency, only six minutes elapsed. Today she walks on artificial legs presented by her schoolmates. Speed saved her life.

That is the way the System works. The city is divided into six districts, each with an Emergency Hospital. All operate around the clock, except one which is open only on Sundays and holidays. On duty in eight-hour shifts are a surgeon, nurse, medical steward and ambulance driver. Each hospital has a direct connection with the police phone network.

What constitutes emergency equipment? In the treatment rooms are devices for washing poisons

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from the stomach; ring cutters for removing rings from swollen fingers; oxygen tanks for asthmatic cases; cardiac needles for injecting stimulants directly into the heart; many other types of medical equipment including a "shock bed" in which a shock victim is enveloped in warm air. If the System is taxed by a major accident and private physicians are called in, they can go to work speedily with large "catastrophe boxes" containing extra surgical equipment.

The steward, who with the driver makes up the crew of an ambulance, does everything but surgical work. To take the examination for the job he must have one of these qualifications: a rating as a chief or first class pharmacist's mate; be a registered male nurse with at least three years' experience in a first-class hospital; have had two years of medical school; be a Bureau of Mines first-aid expert with three years' experience.

The ambulance driver does a lot more than drive. Having received advanced first-aid training, he's a big help to the steward in handling cases. Each ambulance can handle four patients at a time. Inside are tongs for removing high-tension wires, a fire-axe, crowbar, life preserver, rope, four stretchers. Also umbilical tape, and silver nitrate for the eyes of newborn babies. A radio tuned to police calls keeps the crew in touch with new emergencies while the ambulance is racing to and from a hospital.

Do the Emergency Hospitals have frequent obstetrical calls? "We get a lot," says a steward, "and some with queer angles."

One night the phone rang and a man's voice, thick with intensity and Italian accent, blasted: "Come quick! Maria going to have a baby!"

The steward asked the address.

"Here!" yelled the man.

"Now take it easy," the steward said reassuringly, and again asked the address. The caller babbled in Italian. Despairing, the steward hung up.

Half-an-hour later a police desk sergeant phoned to tell the steward he had a baby-case call from an Italian household. "The guy's right here now," he said.

The steward asked the address. Five minutes passed before the sergeant returned to the phone. "The guy was so nervous, he couldn't talk sense. I had to knock him down to get his wallet and find his address. Here it is . . ." The ambulance arrived five minutes before the baby.

"Not long ago we had another call from a house on Haight Street," the steward continues, "and got there just in time to deliver the baby." The infant, born prematurely, was dying from lack of oxygen.

"Get me a pan of warm water," the steward directed a woman neighbor.

He held the baby's legs and gave artificial respiration until he was rewarded by a faint cry. Making sure that the water in the pan was the right temperature, he dipped the baby to restore circulation, then wrapped him in hot blankets and rushed him to an incubator in the San Francisco Hospital.

The men who ride the emergency ambulances also have dramatic moments. One crew, driving back from a call, heard a police radio

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report that an armed woman in a red dress had just robbed a tavern. A few moments later the radio directed the ambulance to investigate an emergency case in a Hyde Street hotel.

The room door was opened by a woman in a red dress. In one hand she waved a revolver. "I thought you were cops," she gasped, sinking to the floor. She had been shot. The steward gave first-aid, then called the police before taking her to the hospital.

Emergency crews learn that people do strange things under the whiplash of excitement. One crew arrived at an apartment house before the police had been informed of a tragedy. A man had forced his way into the apartment of his estranged wife. Startled neighbors heard four shots.

The steward found the apartment manager, a woman, kicking at the door of the apartment.

"If you don't have a key," he said, "we'll break down the door."

With a dazed expression she passed him a key. On opening the door they found the husband, gun in hand, staring at the body of his wife on the floor.

The manager darted at the man and beat his chest with clenched fists. "What do you mean by shooting my tenant?" she demanded. "I never heard of such an outrage!"

The man passed his free hand wearily across his face. "Get out of here or I'll shoot you too," he growled. The woman fled, shrieking.

The steward took the gun from the man's nerveless hand and phoned the police. There was nothing he could do for the wife. She was dead.

IN A RECENT YEAR, the Emergency Hospital System treated 82,269 cases. In the same period ambulance calls totaled 39,986. Dr. Geiger says that credit for the System goes to the taxpayers of San Francisco, who have the enlightened understanding to make such a service possible.

"An emergency hospital system in every city with a population of 100,000 or more," he says, "would sharply reduce the nation's toll of crippling injuries by treating cases with utmost speed. 'Stitch-in-time' service saves accident victims millions of dollars a year by shortening their period of hospitalization. But more important than saving money, it saves lives."

Easy . . . When You Know How

(Solution to Problem on Page 88.)

THE STRANGER told the bridge-keeper: "I will pay twice the regular toll." If this statement was a true one, only the regular fare could be paid. That, of course, would then make the statement false, and the stranger would have to pay the double fare. But—such an act would verify the statement and would prohibit any such payment.

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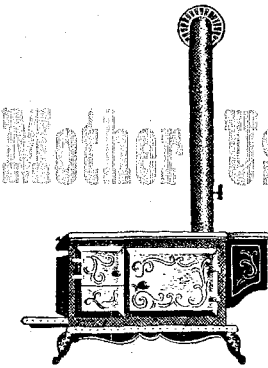
Like Mother Used to Bake



On her New England farm, a housewife and mother has entered the field of big business with her homemade bread

by ANN DOYLE

IN AN OLD NEW ENGLAND barn eight years ago, Mrs. Margaret Rudkin established a bread business that was to thrive in a fashion reminiscent of the early triumphs of Rockefeller and Ford. From eight loaves of homemade bread a day, purchased by friends and neighbors, the output of her ovens has climbed dizzily into the thousands until today—though her product costs double the usual price—her customers can be found in 40 of the 48 states.

If, early in 1937, anyone had told Margaret Rudkin—red-haired, vigorous mother of three boys and wife of a Wall Street broker—that she would shortly become one of the nation's most successful housewives-turned-careerist, she would have laughed heartily and gone back to caring for her beautiful Pepperidge Farm, six miles west of Fairfield, Connecticut.

Her "fairy tale," as she calls it, began soon after one of her youngsters developed asthma, making it all-important that his health be built up. She studied books on the nutritive values of various foods, talked with doctors, experimented in her kitchen. Finally she concluded that if she could serve her son bread like her grandmother used to bake, its energy and vitamins would result in better health.

And so, in this century of progress, Mrs. Rudkin moved the science of breadmaking back a hundred years. She took wheat grown on a near-by farm to a local, picturesque grist-mill, powered by the running stream beside it. There the wheat trickled slowly onto revolving stones, keeping its food value and vitamins intact. By using it promptly, the valuable wheat germ was saved. To this flour Mrs. Rudkin added yeast, butter, fresh milk and honey for sweetening. She kneaded the loaves by hand, then baked them an hour.

Her old-fashioned product was an immediate success. She could scarcely keep pace with her family's appetite, while guests were eloquent with praise. For a time she made an extra loaf or two with each batch—perhaps for a neighbor who had been ill. Thus a prominent New York doctor first happened on

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Margaret Rudkin's old-fashioned bread. When his car pulled out of the Pepperidge Farm driveway, this mother of three children, who'd meant only to bake bread for her ailing son, found herself in a mail-order business. She had promised to supply the bread needs of eight of the doctor's patients.

The first loaves of "Pepperidge Farm Bread" were weighed on a baby-scale and baked in a second-hand gas oven installed in one of the farm's deserted stables. The first girl to help Mrs. Rudkin mix dough in that improvised kitchen still earns her living making Pepperidge bread. Soon there were six girls, and Mrs. Rudkin was making daily trips in a station wagon to transport them to and from Fairfield. An air of lively adventure pervaded the barn; the aroma of old-fashioned, home-baked bread spread through the barnyard.

Today, at huge bread boards, women of all ages sit kneading dough. The majority work an eight-hour day, but others put in two, three, four or six hours a day—however much work they need to supplement family income. Many mothers make bread while their children are at school; others come after school when the oldest can care for the youngest.

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, Pepperidge Farm bread has never been advertised in the conventional manner. Its director has assembled a number of her favorite New England recipes, had them printed and enclosed in the bread wrapper, but she spends no money on newspaper or magazine advertisements.

In the beginning, ecstatic word-of-mouth testimonials multiplied sales; an increasing number of doctors prescribed the bread for patients. By the end of the first year her business venture was doing so well that Mrs. Rudkin decided it was time to strike out. A loaf of bread under her arm, the ex-housewife boarded a train for New York.

Only a few steps from Grand Central Station was the exclusive Charles & Company store, purveyor to New York's wealthiest families. Looking braver in her country tweeds than she felt, she asked for the manager and offered him a slice of Pepperidge Farm bread. The manager was delighted, and she returned to Fairfield with an order for two dozen loaves a day.

Now, with the barn about to burst, she found they could move to nearby Norwalk, into an old hospital building and an adjoining service station. The second-hand barn oven was replaced by new ovens capable of baking 80 loaves at a time. These subsequently were replaced by the 400-loaf ovens now in use. The old-fashioned bread pail gave way to a cake-mixing machine; instead of pounds of butter Mrs. Rudkin was dealing in tons. Truck loads of milk and honey arrived every few hours.

Two Connecticut grist-mills, one of them more than 200 years old, grind grain only for Pepperidge bread. Well over 100 girls literally have a hand in making the bread, and crews of men work around the clock, packaging, shipping, delivering. But the stone-ground flour remains unchanged, and each loaf is kneaded by hand.

Asked by friends if the new large-

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scale production wouldn't cut the quality of her bread, Mrs. Rudkin answered an emphatic no. If she turned out bread in quantity batches utilizing quantity techniques, she replied, the answer would be yes. But she is turning out a quantity of bread in small batches, and in that way it retains its homemade quality.

Apparently her customers agree with her. One woman, moving to Minneapolis from Scarsdale, New York, sent a worried note to inquire if she would be able to buy her favorite bread in the Midwestern city. She now receives four loaves a week by parcel post. A man in Oklahoma, suffering from malnutrition, had his name placed on Mrs. Rudkin's lengthy mailing list. One of Miami's most luxurious resort hotels is a steady customer.

Before the war, it was not uncommon for one of Mrs. Rudkin's devoted followers to carry several loaves on a plane trip to Europe. She claims that hers was the first white bread in Paris after the liberation. A French businessman, en route home, took his friends a dozen loaves, preserving them from staleness in the ship's deep freezer.

Mrs. Rudkin has hundreds of letters in her scrapbook. Some of her disciples break into poetry; others invoke the blessings of God. The casual visitor, admitted to this select company, is astounded by the frequency of Biblical references to "the staff of life."

In Mrs. Rudkin's overflowing office in the hospital half of the Norwalk plant, stands an architect's drawing of a spacious colonial-type building. "That's where we're going next," says Mrs. Rudkin. Only a few blocks away, on historic Boston Post Road, the foundations have been dug and every member of the Pepperidge bread family shares in the excitement.

"That's all of my fairy tale—down to 1946," Margaret Rudkin concludes. "Though my boy has been healthy for years I've never stopped baking bread. My husband says I'm like any other New England cook—I like to bake because I like to eat. Well, there's certainly an element of truth in what he says. Perhaps I shouldn't emphasize it, but I really do love old-fashioned homemade bread!"

Luce Talk

THE FOLLOWING is the testimony of Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce:

"One day I was wondering if I could put in one sentence all that I felt about America. Then I wrote the sentence. It was a rewrite of the first and last parts of the Declaration of Independence. I worded it in the form of a resolution and, just for the fun of it, I dropped it quietly into the House hopper. In due time the resolution was read on the floor. It was then referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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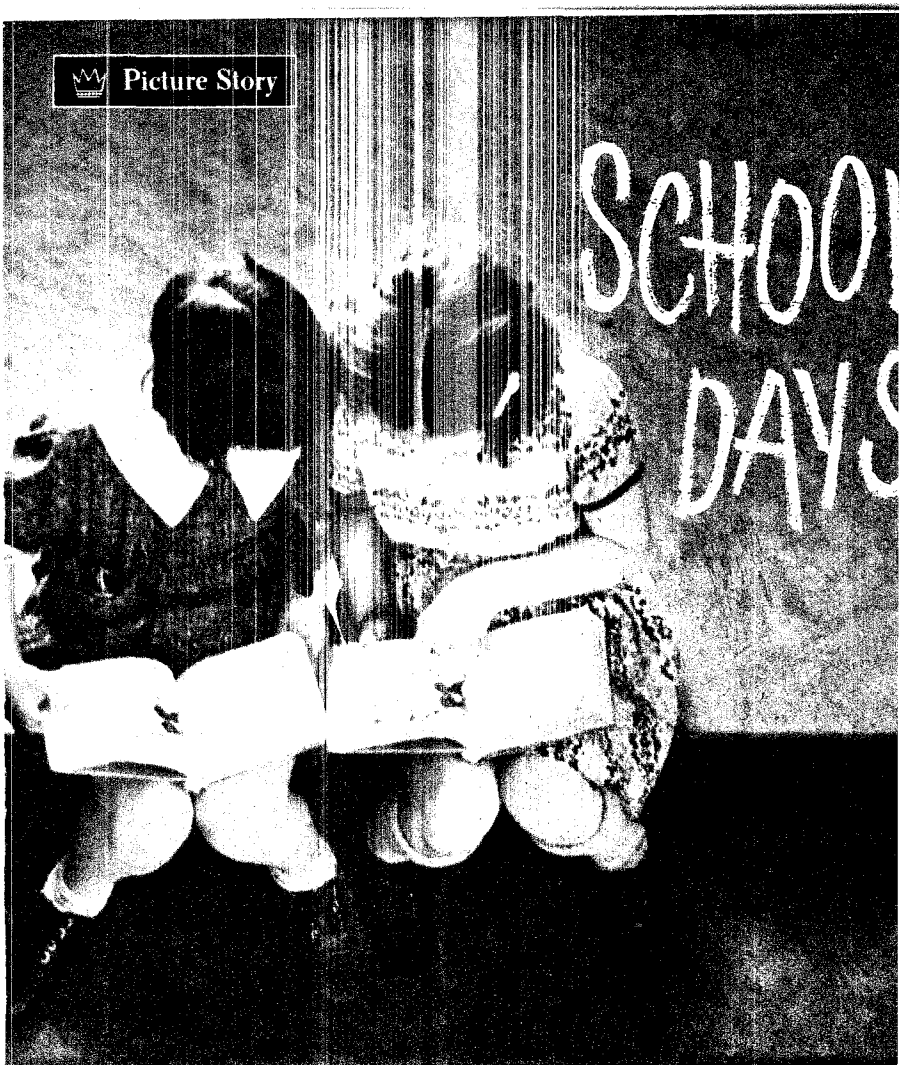
Picture Story

SCHOOL DAYS



NOW THE SUMMER is over. Along the country lanes and city streets the sounds of running children mellow into echoes. Memories of our school days ride the air —memories of places long unseen, of faces dimmed by the years, and editors of Coronet present these photographs. In a composite story, they give vivid life to your special dreams of childhood's best years, while at the same time they capture the excitement of today's children going to school. Binding

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It is the end of summer and the first day of school. All over the land

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These are the days—when your young imagination grasps and holds a thousand wonders . . .

. . . when the printed word is a locked box to which you . . .

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. . . when the brightness of sudden laughter in a quiet classroom brings you unexpected joy . . .

. . . and when the electric tingle of knowledge runs through you and

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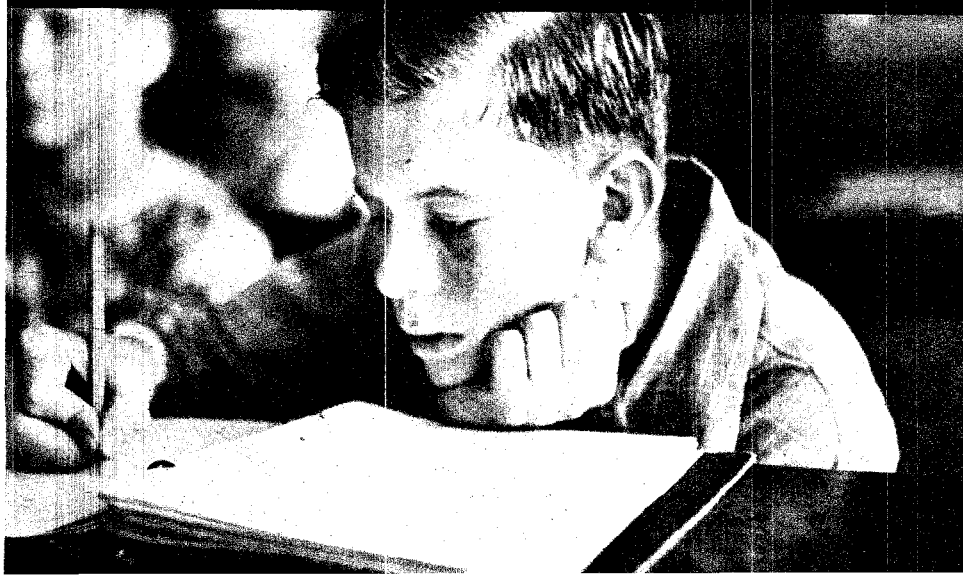
Will we ever forget our first part in the great game of discovery,



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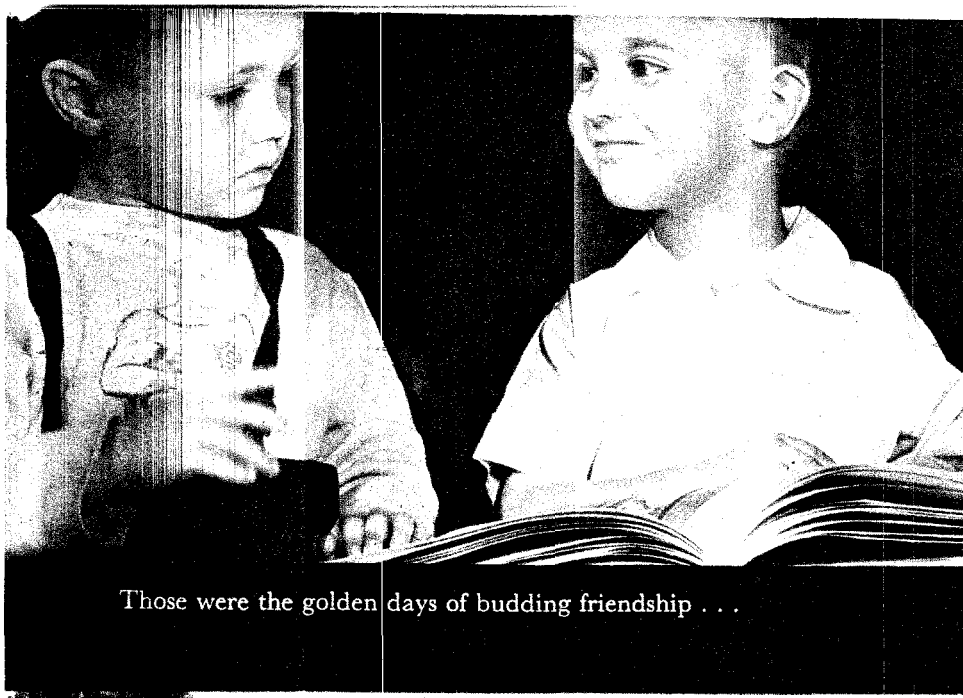

Those were the golden days of budding friendship . . .

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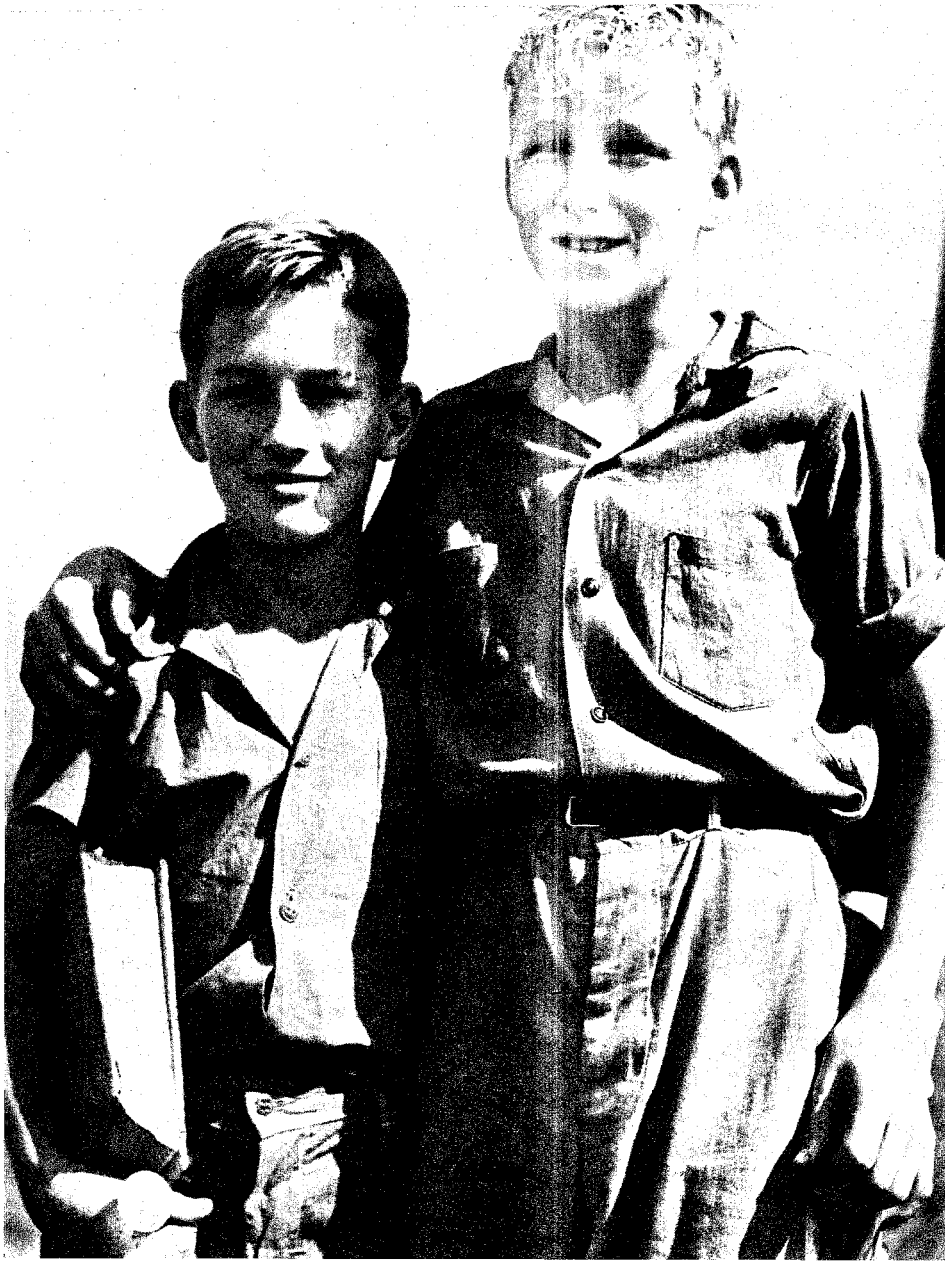

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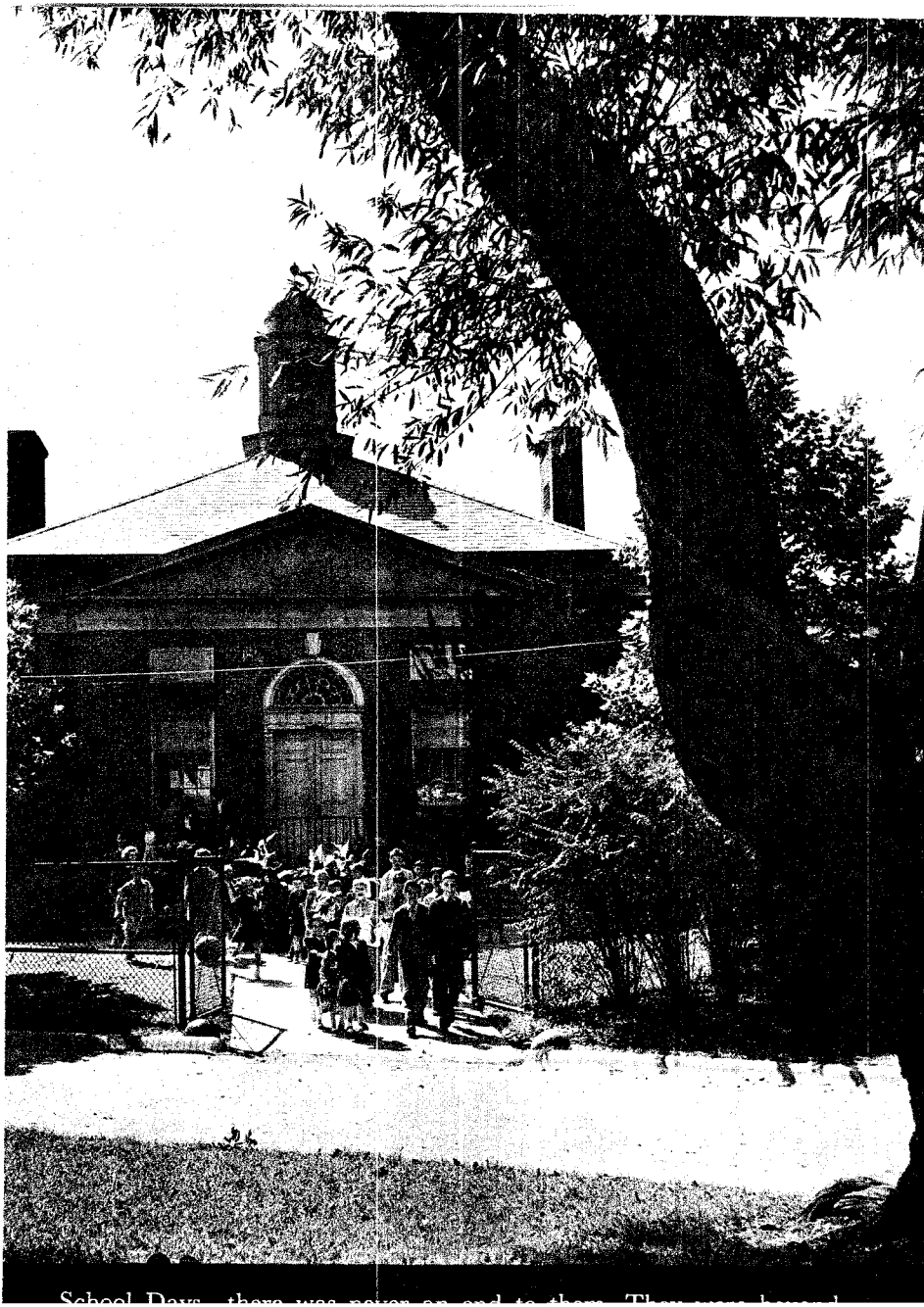

School Days—there was never an end to them. They were beyond

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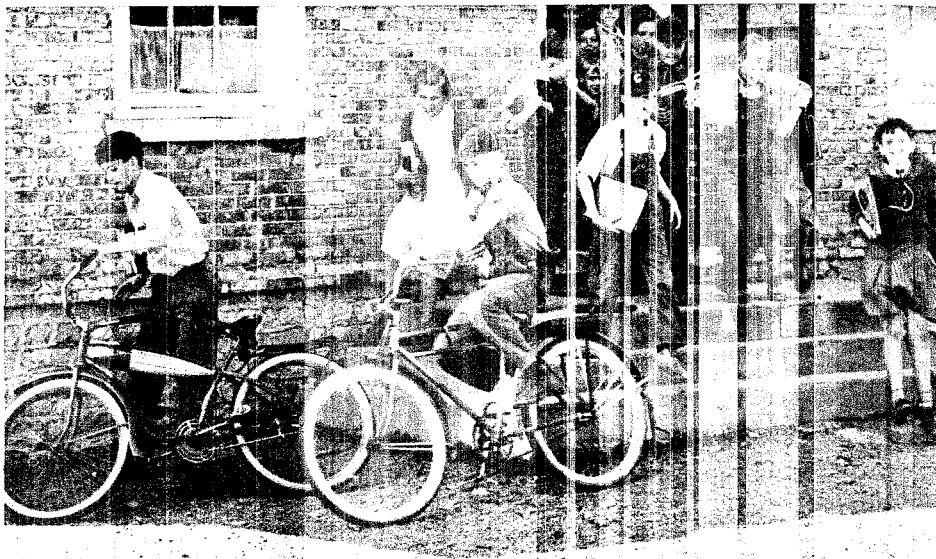

We took them home with us. They were in the air and in the trees above us and on the streets where we ran . . .

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Thanks to the Carnegie Fund, heroes in everyday life do not go unrecognized

Courage Takes No Holiday

by GEORGE WEINSTEIN

DAVE JONES, Ben Major and John Stout, copper miners engaged in surface blasting, had just finished igniting the last of 35 dynamite fuses and were retreating to safety. In two minutes and 20 seconds the charges would go off. But something went wrong and one exploded prematurely. A piece of flying rock weighing 300 pounds hit Stout and pinned him to the ground. Jones and Major ran back to extricate him but were unable to budge the rock.

Then they thought of the 34 unexploded charges and the avalanche they would set off. Frantically they dashed from fuse to fuse, putting them out with their bare hands. By the time they reached the tenth, their hands were scorched. Just then another charge went off. Fragments of rock struck Jones and Major, knocking them down, but they struggled to their feet with but one thought in mind —the helpless Stout.

Making their way back to the prostrate man, Major dropped into a protective crouch over him. Within 30 seconds the remaining charges exploded, showering the area with fragments. Several struck Jones and Major but none reached Stout. When it was all over a rescue party dug the three men out. Stout escaped with minor injuries but Jones and Major went to the hospital for treatment of their burned hands.

All during the war, while headline heroes were performing heroic deeds on far-flung battlefronts, men like Ben Major and Dave Jones were performing heroic deeds at home—while living prosaic everyday lives. John Morton, a 56-year-old farmer, went down into a gas-filled well to rescue a man trapped by a cave-in; Kathleen Vorwerk, age 12 and weighing 90 pounds, saved from drowning a man almost twice her weight; Alex Wiggs rescued a lineman entangled in a 66,000-volt wire.

These heroic acts, and a few thousand more, might have gone unnoticed and unrewarded but for the Carnegie Hero Fund, established by Andrew Carnegie in 1904 when several miners lost their lives trying to rescue fellow-workers trapped in the great Harwick Collieries dis-

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aster of that year. After the Carnegie Relief Fund had pensioned the widows and orphans of the 178 miners killed, Carnegie turned to the families of heroic miners who had attempted rescue.

After a careful study he set aside a five-million-dollar endowment, the Carnegie Hero Fund, which would insure that no hero or his dependents suffered financial hardship because of acts of courage. If the hero died as a result of his rescue attempt—and the records of the Fund Commission show that one out of every seven does—his survivors might receive up to $1,000 a year for as long as they needed it. A similar provision was made in case of permanent disablement.

If the hero is injured, every effort is made to restore his health with the best medical care available. Take the case of Herman Medwick, Great Lakes tugboat captain who caught pneumonia after rescuing a young boy who had broken through the ice. When the pneumonia developed into tuberculosis, Medwick was sent to Arizona. After three years he was cured. During those years the Commission paid all expenses, including the support of his wife and three children.

But the hero does not have to die or be injured to receive an award. If he is in poor circumstances, the Fund tries to improve his situation. A sharecropper who has been striving to buy his own farm will be assisted in the purchase. A schoolboy—many heroes are of school age—may be sent to technical school or college if his aptitudes warrant it. The commission has on file letters of appreciation from many successful doctors, lawyers, engineers and other professional men whose training was made possible by the Fund.

Elderly people have been relieved of the worry of providing a living for themselves. Other heroes are helped in the liquidation of a mortgage. Salaried workers who want to become their own bosses are set up in business. In the 42 years of the Fund's existence, nearly $7,000,000 has been paid in awards to 3,422 heroes and their dependents or survivors—about 10,000 people in all.

THE FUND USUALLY learns about heroic acts from friends of the hero, witnesses of the act, relatives of the rescued person or from the rescuee himself. About 1,000 applications for awards are made each year. These are investigated and only one in twelve is finally approved. Often application is made by an over-enthusiastic person who reports a good deed that is not necessarily heroic—as in the case of a man who rowed for two hours across a lake to summon a doctor.

Five investigators, working out of Fund headquarters in Pittsburgh, travel far and wide checking on acts of heroism. They visit the scene of the rescue and go over the ground carefully—with the rescuer and rescued if possible. The investigators themselves have had exciting experiences. One, checking on a drowning rescue, was nearly bumped out of a rowboat by a whale. Another had to make a trip between two mountain peaks in an ore bucket suspended by cable 200 feet above a lake. Others have been let down into wells, fished out of rivers, shot at as suspected revenue agents.

The heroes are a diversified lot,

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their ages ranging from 10 to 76. They may be grammar-school girls or college professors, plant superintendents or factory hands, messenger boys or stock brokers, social registerites or housemaids, clergymen or hardened criminals. They are Protestants, Jews, Catholics, atheists; white and Negro. The only thing they seem to have in common is extreme modesty and surprise at being considered heroes.

Many heroes do not need financial help and therefore do not receive it. But every hero does receive a medal—gold, silver or bronze—on which is inscribed his deed. The bronze medal is usually awarded for an instinctive reaction to a situation which arises suddenly and places human life in jeopardy.

Robert Walker's parked gasoline truck caught fire. There were 4,000 gallons in the tank. The neighborhood was crowded. He jumped into the cab, headed the truck toward a less crowded section, kept his foot on the accelerator until he had driven 4,300 feet to a spot where the houses were 500 feet apart.

By this time the truck was a roaring mass of fire. Walker stopped, and jumped. A few seconds later the cab exploded. Flames shot out for 250 feet. But the only casualty, except for the truck, was Walker's cap, which he forgot on the driver's seat. Walker received a bronze medal.

Then there is the deed that starts out as an intuitive one, as in Walker's case, but in which circumstances suddenly change, forcing the hero to continue under more complicated conditions. Dr. Miley Wesson was about to perform an operation on a child. His technician, Gertrude Quinn, was attaching a wire to an X-ray tube over the operating table. The insulation was thin and Miss Quinn's hand hit a bare spot. Thirty thousand volts passed through her body and she fell to the floor, unconscious.

The wire began to swing back and forth, dangerously close to the metal operating table. On any one of these swings it might have electrocuted the child, or ignited ether and set off an explosion. Dr. Wesson jerked the wire and he too was hurled to the floor, unconscious. Fortunately his fall pulled the wire free, breaking the circuit. Wesson regained consciousness and struggled to his feet. Seeing that his technician was apparently all right, he proceeded with the operation.

How he did it, no one will ever know, for an examination subsequently disclosed that he had fractured a collar bone and a vertebra. It took him ten weeks to recover, while Miss Quinn and the child were none the worse for their experience. Dr. Wesson received a silver medal, one of the 555 the Commission has issued thus far.

The gold medal, only 19 of which have been awarded in 42 years, is given for a prolonged, deliberate act of courage in which the hero knows at the outset that he faces almost certain death. Such was the case of Charles Wright. A man named Baty had fallen from the top of a mountain and had rolled 150 feet down a sloping cliff. Miraculously he came to a stop at the brink of a 2,000-foot precipice, an arm and leg dangling over the edge.

Wright climbed down a vertical ledge 15 feet to the sloping cliff. From there he inched his way to-

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ward the spot where Baty lay. In the midst of his descent, Wright's wife saw him and let out a terrified scream, but he pulled himself together and continued until he reached a ledge two feet above the unconscious man. As he bent over to grasp him by the collar, Baty came to and began to struggle.

After calming him, Wright drew him up to the ledge. He then dragged him to a thicket which afforded a resting place. But they were still only 18 inches from the 2,000-foot drop. After a few minutes' rest he was ready to go on, dragging his man another 15 feet across the bare cliff. By this time help came. A rope was lowered and Baty was hoisted to safety. They had to hoist Wright up, too, for the two-and-a-half-hour ordeal had left him more dead than alive.

Carnegie heroes rescue people from all kinds of situations. The largest number of rescues are from drowning. Burning buildings come next. A surprising number of persons get trapped in sewers, cesspools, wells, tunnels and furnaces, where they face suffocation. Others find themselves on railroad trestles just as trains are approaching. Rescues from mine cave-ins, explosions, auto accidents, train wrecks and plane crashes are frequent.

Many people are saved from runaway horses, enraged bulls, mad dogs, escaped lions, snakes, sharks, bears and other animals. Others slide down glaciers, tumble into volcanic caves, fall from towers, poles and windows, get themselves entangled in clothes lines, live wires and ladders high in the air. Guns, knives and other weapons are wrested from would-be murderers. Even Niagara Falls has been the scene of more than one rescue.

The Carnegie Hero Fund has done much more than reward heroes and their families. When it started in 1904, few states had workmen's compensation laws. The publicity given Carnegie heroes, many of whose rescues were made in factories and other places of employment, helped to call attention to the hazards of industrial work. Legislation has since eliminated many of these hazards, while compensation laws are now on the books of practically every state.

The Hero Fund, and other Carnegie benefactions, stimulated other millionaires to give. It has been estimated that Carnegie's example has inspired the formation of at least 38 foundations which dispense $50,000,000 a year for various kinds of research. But one of Carnegie's strongest reasons for establishing the Fund was to demonstrate that war has no monopoly on heroism. Could not the deed of valor performed in peacetime be recorded for posterity, too?

That is what the Carnegie Hero Fund is trying to do. Perhaps by this and other means, peace and its heroes can some day be made more glamorous than war. Then the fondest dreams of all mankind will be realized.

She is the only girl I know with a winning smile and a losing face.
BOB HOPE

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A new love of the countryside has sprung up in a green North Carolina valley

Formula for a Richer Farm Life

by CAROL HUGHES

KEEP ON DOWN the road till you come to the "green lookin' fields," is a direction frequently given travelers new to Brasstown, North Carolina. The fields *are* green at the John C. Campbell Folk School, and the mountain region is alive with hope, for here is a new venture in adult education which may be the long-sought answer to "how to keep them down on the farm." The school's purpose is to build up farm life through an awakened, enlightened citizenship; its theme—to enrich country life rather than create a hunger which can only be satisfied elsewhere.

Campbell School is unique in every way. Its pupils are adult, 18 years old and upward. It has no entrance requirements, no examinations. The school gives no credits, no diplomas, no degrees. Classes are held in a sitting room with home-made mountain chairs. Class direction comes to some extent from the pupils themselves; they begin anywhere, and end where they will. As Recreation Director Bill Clayton explains it: "A fellow likes to do a little of his own thinkin'."

The idea of the school was born many years ago in the mind of John C. Campbell, director of the Southern Highland Division, Russell Sage Foundation. An experienced educator in the southern mountains, he had seen how the best students left home at an early age, how few remained to strengthen mountain life. Yet there was little to hold them in a world of eroded fields, wasted forests, blighting droughts and pestiferous insects. Pondering the problem, his mind turned to Denmark, where a small country once poor in resources had become rich with happy farmers and far-flung cooperatives.

Campbell made plans to go to Denmark, but he died in 1919 and this seemed to put an end to his vision of rejuvenating a Carolina mountain region. His idea, however, had been implanted in the heart of his wife, Olive Dame Campbell, and in 1922 she boarded a ship for Scandinavia, accompanied by a friend, Marguerite Butler. Together they traveled, studied, visited folk schools in Norway, Den-

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mark, Sweden and even Finland. The experience convinced them that John Campbell had been on the right track.

But the establishment of an American folk school was not easy. Educational authorities were skeptical. Who would attend such an institution? Mrs. Campbell became more determined than ever and continued to canvass the mountains for a likely spot.

Coming upon the village of Brasstown she knew she had the proper setting: people locked in a mountain valley, rural and rundown, but obstinate lovers of their land. She talked to farmers and small businessmen. Impassive as wooden Indians they listened, then quietly went away to talk among themselves.

One day a delegation of weather-beaten old-timers came to see her. Said the leader: "If this here experiment will keep our boys at home, we'll build the school." But: "We want a school that don't raise just preachers and teachers but farmers."

Olive Campbell had tears in her eyes. "You'll get just what you want," she told them. That day the village people signed eager pledges to help with the land and labor.

So into an old farmhouse on Little Brasstown Creek in Cherokee County moved Olive Dame Campbell, happy to accept the hard job ahead. With her came her faithful friend and companion, Marguerite Butler. It was in December, 1925—so cold that water spilled before the fireplace quickly froze. Yet the country folk came as they had promised. They came in hordes—overalled men driving mules, hauling lumber, carrying logs and hammers; women with pails, mops and brooms. Men repaired chimneys, laid floors, stopped leaks, sealed window frames. Women mopped and scrubbed until the house was spotless.

Once they had gotten into the habit of coming they continued to come, the old and the young. They talked; they became friendly; they spoke of young sons and daughters. And so it was that even in the building of the school its purpose was established—a closer knitting of community members in an educational endeavor.

As neighbors gathered in front of the big open fire each night, things began to happen. A County Agent dropped by and talked about soil and fertilizer, told the people how old Jeb across the mountain had tried a new crop—soybean hay. "Had right good results, and thinks he'll do it again." Then the County Agent explained how the new crop was planted and cared for.

A health expert settled down in the chimney corner and talked about sanitation, and the care of the springs from which people drew their water. Olive Campbell brought out some slide films that showed the growth of a grain of corn, and some travelogue pictures of other farming regions. Then there would be a song-fest around the fireplace. People were learning, adults were attending school unconsciously.

SLOWLY THE COMMUNITY began to extend its scope. One mother suggested that they ought to organize a woman's club, do some quilting together, have a speaker now and then, and collect a little cash

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fund in case some mother became ill. The men, raising a new building for the school, got to talking. One grizzled farmer said he thought that since all this was being done to keep the boys and girls at home, substantial steps should be taken to get them started on their own. What about pooling some money and starting a credit union?

From that suggestion came the best development of the new venture. The Brasstown Credit Union, born over the lunch boxes of a group of laborers, has helped many young couples get a start in life and improve their community at the same time.

With its humble origins, its inward struggles, its strange students and training program, educators predicted the school would close within six months. But it continued to grow. The community decided that the months from November to March were best for classes. The crops would be harvested; spring planting was yet to come. The idea caught on. From valleys, mountains and hillsides the farmers came with their families to join the school household.

From the first course held in the winter of 1927-28, when only two pupils registered for permanent residence, the school grew to accommodate 30 full-time pupils, plus hundreds of villagers for night sessions. Simplicity has always been the keynote. The basic idea is to place before the pupils standards which they can adapt to their own use in the mountains, rather than the glittering but unattainable goals of city life.

The school offers no vocational education as such, but rather avocations that can supplement farm income, broaden mental horizons, offer new avenues of interest. The school is a beehive of activity in such industries as weaving, carving, cooking, sewing, furniture making, canning. Added to it all is the social program, the recreation, "the readin' and the thinkin'."

FROM THE BEGINNING the community saw that something was happening to the boys and girls. Clearly they were having a good time. In fact they were so wrapped up in what they were experiencing that they had no time or interest for the outside world. Here young couples met and planned a future together; here they worked on furniture for their new homes. Here young men learned modern farming, and dreamed of the day they could own their home and land.

The struggle of the school is now history. Money was forever a problem. But each day young farm boys milked sleek Jerseys, tilled the soil, cut the hay. The girls turned to weaving, butter making, preparing wood blocks for carving. Money began to trickle in, and the school became almost self-supporting.

People from distant states heard about the struggling little school and sent dimes and dollars to make up the deficit. "We would like to be independent," Olive Campbell says, "but after all we are part of the section in which we live. A long period of plowing must precede the harvest we see in our dreams."

Today, Campbell Folk School is a series of buildings on a green slope. The farm, once barren land, raises 75 bushels of corn to the acre. The school forest now protects once

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burned-over hillsides. The milking herd has grown, the old log barn has given way to a modern dairy. Rug weaving, hand carving, ornamental iron work, all add to the income of the school and the community.

The carving has won national recognition, but it began by accident. Walking down the village road one day, Olive Campbell saw a group of old men sitting on a mutilated bench, whittling on sticks. "Why not come up to the school and carve useful things—things that might sell?"

They came, in all ages, and carving became a favorite activity as well as an earning factor for 60 families. Their art is remarkable for its accuracy and design. No one knows better than they how to catch the startled look on a rabbit's face, for they have seen it. No one can make a young colt so endearing, for they have played with it.

The driving force behind this remarkable school is still Olive Campbell, now 65 years old, yet agile, active, a full-time teacher and administrator. Her hair is white, there are wrinkles on her kindly face, but her vision has grown with the years. The familiar little figure, dashing about the village with a woolen scarf on her head, a basket on her arm, chatting with everyone, has become a Brasstown landmark.

The school is astir with new plans for the opening session. "We shall have to work harder than ever before," Mrs. Campbell says. "Our boys are coming home from the war, and they have been everywhere, seen everything. We must find new ways of proving to them that their best future lies in this peaceful valley."

But mothers and fathers of Brasstown are not worried; their serene faith in the Campbell Folk School convinces them that their sons will stay on the land. Five veterans have already applied for loans to start their own farms; registrations exceed the space available. As one ex-marine says: "My only dream of a post-war world was to get back to my home valley, plant my feet on the earth and, as the school would put it, 'sing behind my plow.'"

Worth Trying

THE SMILING, confident young man entered a New York bank and stepped up to the manager's desk. "Good day, sir," he announced. "Has your bank any need of a highly intelligent, college-trained man?"

"Just what kind of a position are you seeking?" asked the manager.

"Well," mused the young man, "I want something in the executive line. A vice-presidency, for example."

The manager put down his pencil. "I'm really very sorry," he said, sarcastically, "but we already have 12 vice-presidents."

The young man waved a hand. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm not superstitious!"

—*Kansas City Star*

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What Hath God Wrought!

by EDWIN AFFRON

THE SUPREME MOMENT had come at last, the moment for which Samuel F. B. Morse had fought and worked, had withstood ridicule and suffered privation. Now he was ready for the test.

The day was May 24, 1844; the scene, the Supreme Court room in the Capitol at Washington. The select company invited by the inventor stood silent, some tense, others skeptical. Henry Clay and Dolly Madison were there, and Annie Ellsworth, who had brought Morse word of the Congressional appropriation for the test. To her fell the honor of selecting the message to be flashed to Baltimore.

With no outward sign of emotion, Morse seated himself at the instrument. Calmly he started to tick off, in dots and dashes, the words Miss Ellsworth had selected from the Bible: "What hath God wrought!" A moment later the message came back over the wires from Baltimore, 40 miles away.

The triumph of the inventor was sublime. Morse wrote his brother Sidney: "That sentence of Annie Ellsworth's was divinely indited, for it is in my thoughts day and night. 'What hath God wrought!' He alone could have carried me through my trials and enabled me to triumph over the obstacles, physical and moral, which opposed me."

The obstacles indeed had been many. As far back as 1837, Morse had exhibited his first recording apparatus, but it created no great stir. A year later he asked Congress to construct an experimental line, but that august body, influenced by ridicule of Morse's "crazy" device, failed to act.

Discouraged, the inventor sought help abroad. But again he failed. Returning home he set out stubbornly to find support, and finally Congress appropriated $30,000 for the test. Yet even after the first excitement the telegraph for a long time was regarded as a toy, while its inventor was involved in bitter patent suits.

His rights finally established, wealth and international acclaim came to Morse. Before he died he saw the world being reshaped by his invention. His passing was commemorated by Congress and in solemn memorial services throughout the nation, for America and the world knew that a truly great man had died.

The painting on the opposite page depicts Samuel F. B. Morse at work on his telegraph recorder. He constructed it, in part, from canvas-stretchers used in his earlier career as an artist.

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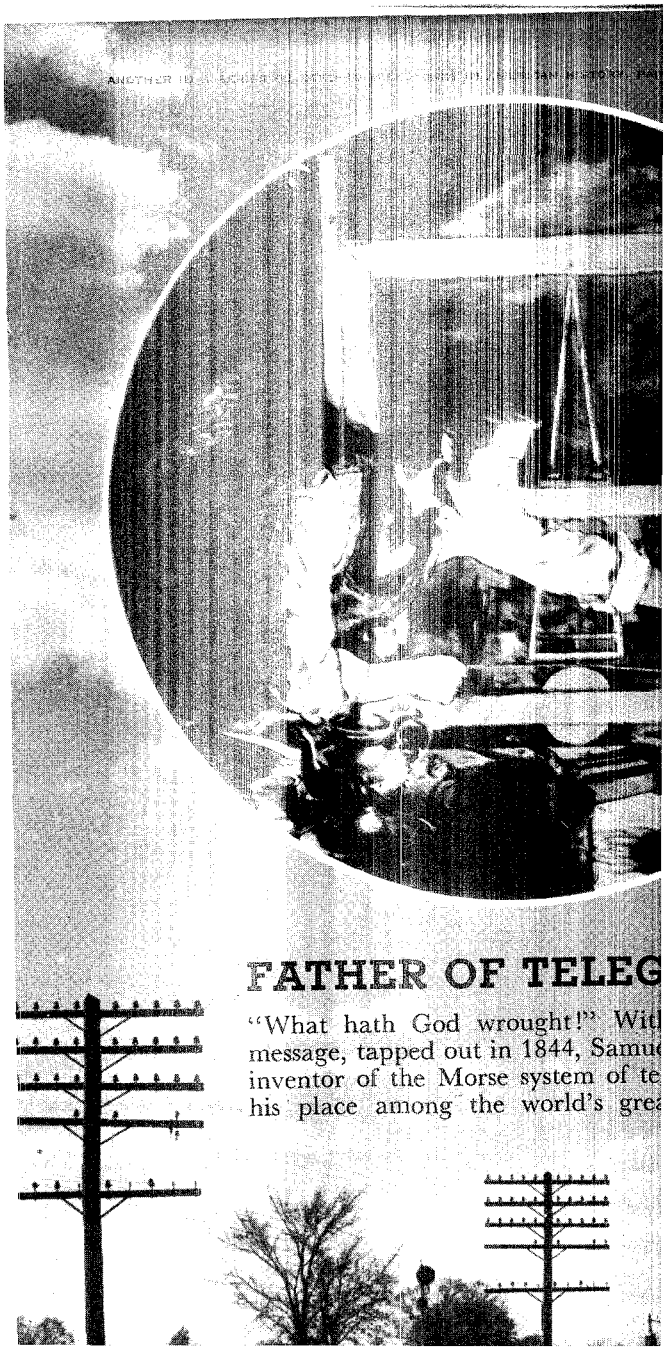

FATHER OF TELEG

"What hath God wrought!" Wit
message, tapped out in 1844, Samu
inventor of the Morse system of te
his place among the world's gre

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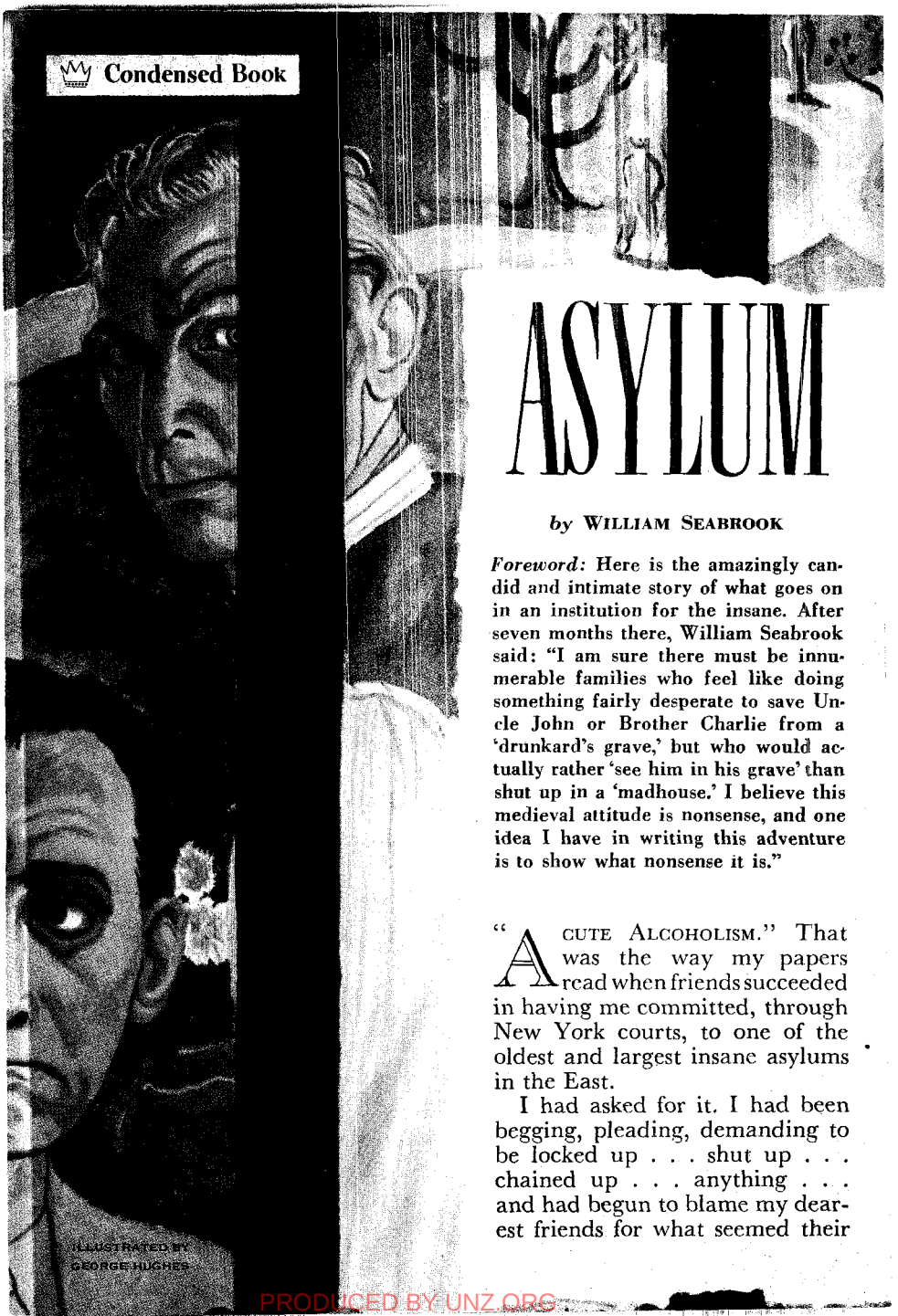

ASYLUM

by WILLIAM SEABROOK

Foreword: Here is the amazingly candid and intimate story of what goes on in an institution for the insane. After seven months there, William Seabrook said: "I am sure there must be innumerable families who feel like doing something fairly desperate to save Uncle John or Brother Charlie from a 'drunkard's grave,' but who would actually rather 'see him in his grave' than shut up in a 'madhouse.' I believe this medieval attitude is nonsense, and one idea I have in writing this adventure is to show what nonsense it is."

"ACUTE ALCOHOLISM." That was the way my papers read when friends succeeded in having me committed, through New York courts, to one of the oldest and largest insane asylums in the East.

I had asked for it. I had been begging, pleading, demanding to be locked up . . . shut up . . . chained up . . . anything . . . and had begun to blame my dearest friends for what seemed their

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failure to realize how desperately I needed to be put away where I couldn't get my hands on a bottle. I knew I was drinking myself to death, that I couldn't stop. And I wanted to be stopped—by force.

Fortunately I found one friend who was influential enough to hand me the big-league works tied up with strong red tape and signed by a judge who had never heard of me. I was a little surprised. It also surprised some devoted friends who were present, with my welfare at heart.

I gulped down a drink of whiskey and said—"Okay. Send for the wagon and the net. . . ."

I arrived at the asylum late in the afternoon, polite, quiet and able to walk, but drunk as a goat. After some black coffee which hadn't stayed down and a cigarette which tasted awful, I should have been pouring myself some whiskey if I had been back in my New York penthouse; but I was so angry at what had been happening to me that I wasn't even thinking about liquor.

My friends had left me in the outer office—or rather I had left them—after we had sat around nervously, talked to some doctors, signed some papers. A pretty little red-haired woman, plump and trim, with keys chained to her belt, came and stood in the doorway.

Everything was settled, I was told. I would go along now with Miss Baxter. But my handbag, my pajamas . . . ? No, all that would be attended to. I would just go along now with Miss Baxter.

The first of two installments. Read the concluding installment of this exciting story in the October issue of Coronet.

I went with Miss Baxter, who didn't say anything. She led me through a long hall that looked like a hotel lobby. It was carpeted in red and had pictures and steel engravings on the walls. After passing through doors and finally unlocking a heavy double one, we came to a corridor wing furnished like a Radio City lounge, except that it had open bedrooms on both sides.

A small blond young man in white said, "My name's Gilmore; how do you do, Mr. Seabrook." And a big dark young prizefighter in ordinary clothes but with a white jacket said, "My name is Dan; how do you do, Mr. Seabrook." Miss Baxter melted away.

I said to them: "Fine chance of breaking out of here! Why, a guy couldn't *find* his way out unless he hired a Cook's guide."

They smiled mechanically and said, "Yes."

When they showed me to one of the bedrooms I flopped down on the bed. They were saying something, politely, when I went to sleep or passed out. They wakened me in a little while. The blond fellow had my pajamas, the big prizefighter helped me undress. Then I went to sleep or passed out again.

In what might have been a minute or an hour the big one was shaking me, saying I would have a shower and get weighed I told him I never took showers at night and that I weighed 189 pounds. He looked at me, then turned human and said: "Come on, fellow, I can't help it. It's the rules."

While I was arguing, an older

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man in a white uniform came in. "My-name-is-Dirk-how-do-you-do-Mr.-Seabrook," he said. "Sorry, but it's the rules."

I said, "Who the hell are you?" and he said, "I'm the superintendent on this hall. Come on. We'll help you. But you don't want us to *take* you."

I went along, thinking they would let me alone for the rest of the night. But the next one who woke me up was a beautiful, blonde young nurse with a tray who said: "I'm-Miss-Pine-how-do-you-do-Mr.-Seabrook; how would you like supper?"

I said: "Take it away, and please shut the door when you go out and tell that army out there to let me alone."

She said she was sorry, it was against the rules to shut the door. When she went out I shut the door myself and noticed it had no lock. Then I turned off the overhead light and noticed the room was still suffused with a blue light. It came from a hole in the wall protected by heavy glass. You couldn't break it or turn it off.

I passed out again and was asleep or unconscious until I awoke with a flashlight in my face; standing over me was the biggest one I had seen yet, all in white, big as a Fifth Avenue traffic cop. He looked like something out of a murder drama, but now on the side of the law—hard-boiled but melancholy. He was the night superintendent (which meant night watchman) and his duty was to look at each patient once a night to make sure he wasn't dead or something.

When he continued on his round, after flashing his light in my face, I began to think that if it had been a mistake to put me in this place, the mistake would soon rectify itself. If I had to spend many nights like this, I'd soon be foaming at the mouth.

At 8:30 in the morning, when the doctor came around to ask me how I had spent the night, I was so mad that I forgot all about being a drunkard and needing my customary morning half-tumbler of Scotch. All my clothes had disappeared. So had everything else—wrist watch, lighter, matches, cigarettes, pocket knife, even a St. Christopher medal. As for my handbag containing razor and toilet articles, I never saw it again until seven months later. Just now the only things left in my room were my pajamas, slippers and bathrobe, from which the cord had disappeared.

The beautiful Miss Pine came in again and said I would now go out to the lounge. I said I would stay in my room, and would she please find my cigarettes. She said I would now go out to the lounge, that I couldn't smoke in my room. I said I'd stay in my room until my clothes came back. She said I would now go out to the lounge.

I followed her down the long corridor, into a big room which seemed a combination smoking room and library. There were a dozen patients who didn't look like patients, fully dressed, smoking, reading the morning papers, while two white-coated young men hovered unobtrusively near-by. It all seemed very quiet, well-bred, clubby. Nobody paid any attention to me, but I was angry nevertheless.

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by William Seabrook

For months, since I had been habitually soused, I had refused to go into places like lobbies where there were people I didn't know. I wanted to be shut up. I wanted to be by myself where people couldn't break in on me. This was why the idea of a big-league asylum had been a welcome idea. Even the idea of a padded cell had been welcome, because it suggested seclusion and peace.

What I had been subjected to the first 12 hours is what I have written here, and what I had been telling the doctor. He looked at me, then grinned and said: "Well, that's a new one. But I'm afraid we haven't any cells, padded or otherwise. . . ."

"Look here," I said, "you've got to find me a quiet room, where the door can be shut at night, for I tell you right now that if you think I'm going to spend another night—"

"Excuse me," he interrupted, "I must be going along."

Our conversation had not been in undertones. A patient I was afterward to know as "Spike" slouched over and said: "Say, fellow, you've got it all wrong. You don't tell them. They tell you."

THE PLACE increasingly reminded me of my mother who believed that by changing the name of a thing you could make the thing different. A skunk was a woodpussy, and hash became I-don't-remember-what by the simple addition of a sprig of parsley.

One of the first things I noticed was that they had tricked up the bars on the windows with my mother's sprig of parsley. They were steel, and a gorilla couldn't have bent them, but they ran in curlicues like the fancy decorations of a château, looking out on a snow-covered park. The whole atmosphere of the place was camouflaged in the same kindly way.

The nurses, attendants, orderlies in white coats all said, "Yes, Mr. So-and-So," to make you feel you were an elegant guest in your own home. If that didn't work, they tried polite persuasion, psychology and coaxing. If you insisted, they threw you in. But you always went.

For instance, that first day I was politely invited to go—and went—to more places than anybody but a Fuller brush salesman ought to visit in a month. I had planned to spend at least a week in bed, tapering off maybe, but the attendants gave me the works.

It was 9 o'clock and I was sitting in the lobby when the blond young Gilmore informed me deferentially that the barber was ready to shave me. I explained that I always shaved myself, and said, by the way, would he see to it. . . .

After I'd been shaved by a fellow called Eddie, Gilmore took me for another long walk, through a lot of subterranean passages like the Sewers of Paris, until we came to a very elegant bath, where a fireman stood behind two nozzles, mounted on a fire-boat pedestal with dials and gauges.

They stripped me and stood me against the wall where I'd make a fine target, with bars to cling to so I wouldn't be knocked down. They gave it to me, first hot, then cold,

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then hot and cold together. I let out several howls, and they laughed. It hit you like a fist. I guess I was in a maudlin hangover, for I began to feel sorry enough for myself to burst out crying, and at the same time it was funny.

After I was dried and beginning to get my breath back we resumed Sherman's march through the subterranean tunnels. By the time we reached the next torture chamber I was out of profanity. This time it was a Swedish masseur who knew his business. I must have been in more of a fog than my remembering indicates, for I went to sleep while he was still beating me.

When I woke up they took me into a sort of electric powerhouse where a man threw X-ray switches, and afterward we went to another office where a woman looked at my teeth as if I were a horse, and then into another office for a blood-count, and then we visited the oculist. Eventually Gilmore decided to call it a morning, and took me back to Hall Four.

I flopped on my bed and wouldn't get up, and they didn't try to make me. It was twilight when Mr. Dirk, the superintendent, came in to look at me the same way my mother used to look at me on Sunday mornings before church. He rubbed his hands and said now wouldn't I like to meet the other patients in the dining room.

I explained—forgetting the rules again—that I would have my meals in bed for a week or so, and he explained it would be ever so much nicer to eat in the dining room, beginning now.

As a matter of fact, it was not bad, more like a club restaurant, small tables with flowers. The waiters and waitresses were Mr. Dirk himself, a couple of male nurses and the beautiful Miss Pine. The guests were at ease, conversed brightly, used the right fork. At my table were a professor of histology, a railroad fireman and a political lawyer. Except that the lawyer believed Harding was still President, and the fireman thought we were on a boat, their conversation was lucid and casual.

During those first days, unless there was a white uniform to go by, I found it practically impossible to guess which were patients and which were attendants. Even with staff doctors, you simply had to learn their faces. There were numerous doctors of medicine, dentistry and divinity among the patients, so that when you were introduced to a new "doctor" you never knew by the title which side of the fence he might be on.

I was certain, however, about Dr. Hadden, the histologist, because I had sat with him at dinner. He was now playing bridge, and didn't mind if I watched. He dealt himself a powerhouse. He could have made a slam, but he passed listlessly. The other three passed, and the cards were thrown in.

I asked him in undertones why he had done it. "Because fate is against me," he whispered sadly. "I will explain it all to you one of these days and you will understand."

Another benevolent old gentleman asked me how I liked everything, and when I told him honestly that I didn't know yet, he said he

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sincerely hoped I would be pleased, for they were sparing no expense: it was now costing him five million dollars a year, and he proposed installing a large swimming pool after Christmas.

The only noise in the big room was the pinochle game between Miss Pine and the lawyer who thought Harding was President. He chuckled, Miss Pine melded four queens, and a gentleman asked me if I had read *Anthony Adverse*. I went to bed feeling that no matter how much the doctors decorated the hash with my mother's parsley, there was strong meat beneath the camouflage.

On the second day, the doctors started working on me. It was time they did. For nearly two years I had been drinking a quart or more of liquor daily, and now I hadn't had a drink for 36 hours. They didn't try to get me out of bed. I was unbuttoning my pajamas with shaking hands when the first doctor came in to prod me.

He stared at me with keen curiosity, told me his name was Paschall, and that he was to be my regular doctor. He had an open face and looked like a square-shooter.

We soon found that my nerves were shot to a degree which I had automatically concealed from my friends and myself. I was certain, for instance, that I could sign my name and pick up a glass—but we discovered that to sign my name I had to press my whole arm flat against the table, and that when I picked up a glass I must steady my elbows against my ribs. When I shut my eyes and tried to touch my nose I missed my head. It scared me. I said:

"Listen, doctor, I'd rather be dead than the way I am. That's why I'm here. I'll stand for anything. It's up to you."

He said: "Ever hear of prolonged baths? They quiet your nerves."

"Okay," I said.

So during the next few days I learned all about prolonged baths, and also learned all about the mysterious "pack," the only method of physical restraint that was still regarded as cricket by modern institutions which had thrown straitjackets, handcuffs and "muffs" out the window.

The bath began that morning and lasted more or less all day. A new male nurse named Diesel took me to a tiled room where there was an oversize bathtub. He lined the tub with sheets and got rubber pillows, then looked up at me and said: "You won't jump out, will you?"

I said, "I don't know. Will I?"

"Oh, well," he said, running the tub full of water and arranging the sheets so I couldn't jump out. He adjusted the drain and turned the faucets on so that the running water stayed level with my chin. Then he tilted a chair, lit a cigarette and pulled a detective story out of his pocket. He told me to sleep if I wanted—he would see my head didn't slide under.

After a while the water seemed to have no temperature whatever. I no longer had any sensation of

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warmth or coolness. It was like having no body, floating in an astral stream. My nerves were jangling, but they were like wireless vibrations in the sense that they didn't seem to be connected or grounded in muscle or tissue. I told Diesel about it, and he said it was because the water was at blood heat, to the fraction.

He laid the detective story down and we talked a little. He explained that Hall Four—everything was called "hall" instead of ward—was the reception hall, to which all patients were brought on admittance. You came in on Four; if you were violent you went to Eight or Nine; if you stayed there a long while you might go to Five; and when you were nearly cured you went to Two. It all seemed "cuckoo" to him, he said, the way the Halls were numbered out of the right sequence.

Female patients? . . . Yes, they were under the same roof, but way over in a different set of halls. Yes, I'd see most of them at church, the movies, dances. There were some good-lookers, too, he added. As he talked I sort of went to sleep.

I felt just as jerky when he took me out and dried me as I had before it started, but he said it had relaxed my tension some. We went back to my bedroom, and the doctors, who had let me alone the first day, now came around in droves, at intervals. It appeared that none of my organs was corroded, that I was just a plain drunk with the jitters and a reasonable chance of being cured.

But when it got dark that evening, I didn't feel I could ever go to sleep again—unless they gave me drink or dope. My nerves were jangling like cracked fire alarms. When Paschall came around and saw I really needed a triple-bromide he said:

"There's a way we think is better. You may lose your temper. But do you want to try it?"

"Yes, what?" I said. "I'll try anything."

Pretty soon the prizefighter and another husky came in, carrying what looked like a hotel wetwash. They fixed the bed so it wouldn't soak through to the mattress, then laid me straight and naked on the bed with my arms pressed tightly along my sides, and began swathing me in tight wet sheets, rolling me on one side and then the other, so that the weight of my body rolling back would pull the sheets smoother and tighter, over and over again.

When they finished the job I couldn't bend my elbows or knees, couldn't double my fists. My hands were pressed flat. I couldn't move a muscle. This was the famous "pack"—and it was tighter than any kid glove. But the tightness was so uniform it didn't stop circulation.

After they had gone I lay there in the darkness like an Egyptian mummy. I wanted to turn over, to "toss" in bed. I wanted to put my elbow under the pillow. I wanted to move my arms. I wanted to scratch my forehead.

In a little while I was conscious of increasing tension. I tried experimentally to stretch my bonds by contracting and straining every muscle. But it was a waste of time. Then I went lax and began to

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sweat. I sweated, time passed, and the jangling nervousness disappeared, faded slowly as it does under a strong soporific.

When they finally came back to unwind me I was still peaceful. And when they went away I turned on my side, stuck my arm under my head and went to sleep without another movement.

I was put to bed that way for six successive nights, and then Dr. Paschall ordered it stopped. He said I liked it too well—that it could get to be another habit, like whiskey.

TOWARD THE end of the week they began to cog me into the Hall Four machinery. They stopped shunting and dragging me from hell-to-breakfast for examinations, treatments, wrappings, tappings; they began to make me do the same things everybody else did. They made me a member of the kindergarten, took me for walks with the rest of the class, gave me work to do and things to play with.

There were 14 of us on Hall Four then, while the doctors were making up their minds where each of us should subsequently be quartered—in one of the howling back-halls under constant observation, or in one of the "villas" where you had almost as much freedom as in a summer boarding house.

Our ailments were quite dissimilar, just as ailments in an ordinary hospital ward are. One of us had melancholia, another suffered from hallucinations, so-and-so was elated, another was manic-depressive; still another, who seemed completely sane, was with us solely because he had occasional uncontrollable impulses to jump out of windows. Our only similarity was that our various ailments were in the stage which made the tempo of this hall the right one for temporary observation.

While our ailments were dissimilar, there was one respect in which we were all alike. Take young Hauser, a favorite on the hall, a brilliant, amusing chap—up to a certain point. He was "elated." He sparkled. He had finished at Princeton, including Phi Beta Kappa, at 19, and was headed toward medical school when his father, a doctor, sent him to the nut school instead.

My morose friend, Papa Renwick, was the opposite of Hauser. He was so melancholy he wanted to die. Lots of people on the outside are so melancholy they want to die. But they control it. They don't try to jump from windows as Papa Renwick had done. He couldn't control it.

Then there was Professor Jeffries, the mathematician. His mind raced. Cube roots cluttered his brain and whirled in it. He had been a brilliant teacher and a "lightning calculator" as well, using this latter freakish talent to amuse himself or friends, since he didn't have to commercialize it. Now he had lost control of it. Uncontrolled, it had put him here.

Take my friend Spike. Women were his trouble. For years he had obeyed that impulse, or tried to, with every pretty female he met;

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enthusiastic, capable, a Don Juan in the rough, women fell for him. Then he lost his control. He began leaping at every pretty girl. So here he was in our kindergarten, out of control.

And here I was too, an inmate of this extraordinary locked-and-barred place, for the same good reason as the rest. I had lost control of my taste for liquor. This whole bunch of grown men, who had lost control of themselves in one way or another, now had to be controlled by others . . . that is, put back in the nursery. For despite commitments, bars and huskies, the place was more like a nursery than a prison.

To the casual eye we were well dressed, responsible, mature. When Miss Pine took us to walk we looked like a delegation of Rotarians. Yet we grown men went to play in the snow in charge of a young girl who scolded us if we forgot our rubbers and told us when we had to go back indoors. When we returned, Miss Pine saw to it that we put on dry socks before supper and made the political lawyer eat his spinach before he could have his pie.

On a typical asylum day, we were awakened at 7, had showers and dressed, had breakfast at 7:45, during which at least one doctor came through on his rounds. After breakfast we smoked and read papers in the library, watching the clock until at exactly 8:30 a puffy little man in a derby let himself in with a pass key and said in a nasal voice: "Occu—pay—shun!"

Whereupon Mr. Dirk, Gilmore, the male nurses and Miss Pine buzzed around, helping us into our overcoats, finding rubbers and galoshes, counting noses. Bundled and counted, out we went into the snow, shepherded by the little man in the derby. The Occupation Building was some hundreds of yards distant in the park, reached by a path kept clean of snow by the "outdoor squad," consisting of patients who chose it by preference, along with one or two who were forced to work outdoors by doctors' orders and didn't like it at all.

Behind the locked door of the Occupation Building were departments of basketry, weaving, brush-making, book-binding, printing, metal work, carpentry, leather, graphic and plastic arts. Of course many of these crafts involved the use of pointed or edged tools, not to mention the "dull blunt instruments" dear to coroners' juries, and new patients who might be dangerous to themselves or others were generally put in basketry until they could be sized up.

They let me go straight into carpentry, which was unusual. I liked it fine. With a good log of seasoned oak and a set of drawings, I went to work to make a solid chair and table. I am as proud of them as of any writing I have ever done. And they will probably last longer.

We never saw women here, for they had a separate Occupation Building. At 11 o'clock, a whistle blew and we were marched out through the snow again to the gymnasium on the other side of the hill. The gym had bowling alleys, billiards, pool, ping-pong, indoor tennis, volleyball and basketball.

Here again we mixed with patients from other halls, including

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some of the "wild men," "howlers" and "humming birds" from the back halls, who frequently contributed "variety" to the athletic side of our life.

One morning, while I was watching as a spectator, a little dentist named Dr. Stelzer was creating diversion in a volleyball game. Whenever the ball came near him, instead of sending it back over the net he would hit it angrily with his fist, so that it went off at all angles, out of bounds. Each time, Stelzer grimaced ferociously.

The physical director called a halt and said: "Listen, Dr. Stelzer, I want you to be more nonchalant."

Whereupon the little dentist, taking the center of the floor, embarked upon a loud Socratic inquiry as to just what the word "nonchalant" really signified. But by this time it was noon, so the game was abandoned and we went to the showers.

At 12:15 we were sorted out again and taken back to our respective halls, and at 12:30 on the dot we had dinner. The food was good—for an institution—but we were discouraged, after dinner, from taking naps. Occasionally, however, we stole brief snoozes in the library's big armchairs.

Toward 3:30, unless there was a storm, Miss Pine took us out again for an airing. We went on brisk walks, sometimes built snow men. When spring came, transforming the grounds into green lawns, with a baseball diamond, tennis courts, bright deck chairs strewn about, we all mingled like a "happy family" in the zoo.

After supper at the ungodly hour of 5:15, we played chess, checkers, dominoes and bridge, in which Miss Pine joined when she could be pried loose from pinochle with the perky little lawyer. At 7, she disappeared, as did our friends Dirk and Gilmore. The night force took over, including an elderly elephant with maternal instincts who gave us milk and tucked us in bed at 9 o'clock. Back to childhood again.

Ten hours' sleep, instead of eight, was supposed to be good for what ailed us. We got up at 7 next morning, and that was our day round the clock in this modern, model "mental hospital" for which the doctors feel "asylum" is an archaic and misleading word.

OUR COLLEGE was co-educational, so to speak, but the wings were so widely separated that we seldom came in contact with the Ophelias, except at church and dances. And since church was optional in our queer world, while dances were compulsory, it was at a Saturday dance in the chapel-auditorium that I first mingled—as much as watchful attendants would let me—with the lady patients.

As "Doctor" Diesel had said in the prolonged bath, there were certainly some good-lookers among them. Festivities were well under way when our Hall Four delegation entered, shepherded by Miss Pine and Mr. Dirk. There was an excellent orchestra, gayly colored gowns, the usual sprinkling of dinner coats, the usual cheer and

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chatter. Miss Pine wore slinky black with spangles and Mr. Dirk looked like a Chautauqua lecturer in a coat with tails.

But all this similarity to dances in the great world outside was superficial, as I soon found out. Someone gave me a dance card with a pencil, and Mr. Dirk said:

"Would you care to dance? I'll introduce you to some of the ladies."

I said: "Yes—with that red-haired one in the green dress."

Mr. Dirk said: "I want to introduce you first to Miss Simpkins. She's one of our best dancers."

Miss Simpkins was a nice, homely nurse, but I refused to be sidetracked. I told him I wanted to meet the one in green.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but she's a patient."

"Well, my God," I said, "what did you think I thought she was? I'm a patient too. I want to dance with her."

"You don't understand," said Mr. Dirk. "Patients do not dance with patients . . . Now why don't you just dance with Miss Pine and shut up for a while?"

"Oh, hell," I said, "dancing with beautiful nurses is no treat to me. I didn't drink myself into a nut college to dance with nurses."

The music began and they left me. When the floor began to fill I edged around to the green dress and said: "May I have this dance?"

She was lovely. As we danced she said: "Are you a new doctor?"

I had no chance to answer, for at that moment Miss Pine and a disguised male attendant blocked us. There was no disturbance but before I knew what had happened my beautiful partner had glided away with the attendant, and Miss Pine was saying:

"Come on, you bum. Paschall wants to see you."

He was sore, so I said: "I'm sorry. It was a mistake. I thought she was one of the dietitians. She looked good enough to eat."

He said: "Look here, fellow, you've got to cut this out. We won't stand for it . . . I won't stand for it. You'll get yourself into trouble. If you want to dance with wild women, you'll have to wait till you get back with your own crowd outside."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't enjoy dancing with cops. I'll sit and watch a while."

I found a chair beside Spike and studied the spectacle. Knowing few faces, it became a bewildering guessing game in which physiology, clothing, behavior should have furnished clues, but apparently only made it harder. Out of my first ten guesses, which Spike checked on, I was wrong seven times. Miss Pine came and sat with us, and I tried to improve my average.

There were some I was sure I couldn't be wrong on—a giggling, hatchet-faced blonde with bobbed hair, an open-mouthed young man with adenoids who looked like the village idiot.

"Yes?" said Miss Pine. "Well, don't let them hear you say so. The first is a graduate nurse from Bellevue, the man is a student nurse."

I was discouraged. Guessing was useless. I became convinced, and still am, that functional mental derangement has no physiological,

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facial or cranial stigma . . . At quarter to ten they gave us ice cream and cake, and let us stay up until 10:30 instead of being put to bed at 9.

The dance was all so gay, normal and pleasant that when I got over my bewilderment about identities, I could almost forget it was special. I still think, after attending many of these dances, that they were handled well—that they were something to which modern institutional psychiatry can point with pride. Had you been a visitor and looked in at the door, I think you would have marveled that there was so little to marvel at.

Having seen our auditorium-chapel as a ballroom, curiosity led me back to see it as a church. I need never have gone. They dragged us to dances and movies, forced us to play sports as ruthlessly as they made us take our medicine and eat our spinach, but whether we went to church was a matter of complete indifference to doctors and attendants alike.

Divine service was held every Sunday afternoon. We mostly attended to look at the woman patients, as the woman patients attended to look at us. Pews were ranged solidly on the erstwhile dance floor, the curtained stage was a pulpit, in the rear a little organ was playing an innocuous prelude.

The pews were already two-thirds filled, and I noticed that the males were sharply divided from the females. The women were all in street clothes, some elegant, some dowdy; they had hats, gloves, compacts and mirrors; they used the mirrors to inspect themselves and us, without too much craning, though heads turned continually, whispering and smiling. On the back rows were some quiet old ladies; but the doctors seldom came to church, and I soon discovered why.

The clergyman appeared, robed, Episcopalian, and began the ritual, a formalized form of worship which could scarcely displease or excite anybody. Patients occasionally had to be "shushed" for responding too loudly or interrupting the preacher. Nurses and male attendants, white-coated, were scattered among us to keep order. We were restive, but no more so than children.

It was when the Rev. Percival Bone began his sermon that I understood why the doctors stayed away from church. It was a discourse in monotones from which all religious fervor, all mystical element, all heaven and hell—all thought or idea of any sort—were completely absent.

"Hope makes you cheerful so that when you hope you are cheerful, and when you are cheerful you hope, so let us be of good hope and cheerful . . ." The voice droned on. I noticed that Miss Pine, breathing softly, was asleep.

I was so puzzled by the Rev. Mr. Bone that I went back to hear him many times. It was always the same. I formed theories. I wondered if he took drugs. I wondered if he thought all patients lived in a mental vacuum and was putting something over, since none of the

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doctors came to check on him. I wondered if he were a life inmate himself, and whether it was the directors who were putting something over on us to save hiring a regular preacher.

I eventually discovered it was all deliberate. The Rev. Mr. Bone was an intelligent clergyman, chosen by the board to follow their scientific, ultra-modern psychological instructions. Our psychiatrists were agreed that religious excitement was bad medicine for deranged people. Their job, they conceived, was our salvation in this world, and heavenly welfare could wait. Hence the innocuous compromise.

A somewhat similar policy prevailed with the movies, shown in the same auditorium fortnightly. The censorship had no moral, uplift or educational angle. The object was simply to provide us with gentle entertainment.

The choice of films lay with a woman doctor who seemed to believe that movies starring domestic animals were particularly soothing to the insane, so over and over again the hero was a horse, when it wasn't a dog. Lions and tigers at liberty never, but she often included Mickey Mouse to our delight, since mice in a sense live in a house.

OUR BIG PARK outside was snow-covered and beautiful now, and soon it was the bright morning of Christmas Eve on Hall Four. A big Christmas tree was being set up by Mr. Dirk. Crates of ornaments, holly, wreaths, red ribbons had been carted in too and we were making the whole place festive.

The professor of histology had been inclined to toss the silver balls to the ceiling for experimental purposes, but had been persuaded to desist, and Miss Pine had succeeded in comforting the little lawyer who sat in a corner weeping because he had murdered Santa Claus. But these incidents were no more than might have happened in any well-regulated nursery, and soon the decoration was completed.

After lunch, when we were being checked off for a walk with Miss Pine, we discovered that Mr. Biemann was missing. Mr. Biemann was a blowsy, popular, middle-aged Teutonic gentleman engaged in contracting, until worry over business had brought him to our kindergarten. He was always in a bit of a fog, lumbering like a sick St. Bernard, yet he seemed to love us all and had been very happy about Christmas. Now he was missing. Mr. Dirk had looked in his room, under his bed, in the lavatories, behind the piano.

We were all helping to hunt for him when he characteristically revealed himself. He had hidden in the alcove behind the Christmas tree. He had a handful of silver cherries and bulbs which he was munching, and generously offered to share them. His moon-face was smiling and there was a faint crackle as his jaws worked.

"My God!" said Mr. Dirk to Miss Pine. "Are those things glass?"

"I don't think so," said Miss Pine, "but we'd better find out."

In two seconds the electric code

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boxes throughout the institution were clicking an SOS. Staff doctors began arriving on the run from all directions. It was hectic for a few moments. They looked inside Mr. Biemann's mouth and found it was not cut, but still uncertain, they rushed him to the X-ray room. Fortunately it turned out that Mr. Biemann wasn't even suffering from indigestion.

Thus having passed our morning of the day before Christmas, we had our institutional celebration that same evening. I had never thought I would spend a Christmas Eve locked up behind bars in a place like this. I kept feeling that even if nothing special happened, this would certainly be the strangest Christmas I had ever spent in my life.

After a festive dinner, from far down the corridor came Mr. Dirk and his attendants, dimming the lights and telling us the carolers were coming. Soon they appeared, a rather solemn and beautiful procession, two by two, bearing lighted candles and singing.

The nunlike choristers proved to be nurses in white uniforms, and behind them marched a motley collection of male singers, recruited for their voices from all branches of the hospital, including the kitchen. Majestically bringing up the rear of the procession was our pot-bellied, bearded general superintendent; he was booming the deepest bass of all.

The carol they sang was to the tune of *Tannenbaum*, that is, *Maryland, My Maryland*, but as they came nearer I could scarcely believe my ears. I thought, "Are they crazy, or we?" For here is what they sang:

Oh, Christmas tree, oh, Christmas tree,
Oh, Christmas tree, oh, Christmas tree.
Oh, Christmas tree, oh, Christmas tree,
Oh, Christmas tree, oh, Christmas tree.
Oh, Christmas tree, oh, Christmas tree,
Oh, Christmas tree, oh, Christmas tree.

It was as good as a sermon by our Rev. Mr. Bone. It was as soothing as the movies in which the hero was a horse. Pot-belly boomed bass through his beard, but as he passed Mr. Dirk, one heavy eyelid drooped in a solemn wink.

Were we kidding them, or were they kidding us? That was the ever-present problem in this great modern psychiatric institution. We never knew, and I am not sure whether they always knew either.

NEXT DAY we said Merry Christmas among ourselves and to the staff of course, admired the tree again, ate turkey and plum pudding. But what keyed Christmas Day was the inundation of visitors.

It was always interesting to study visitors who came for the first time. They usually regarded their own patient as a normal invalid, but all the rest of us with misgivings. They were invariably embarrassed to be visiting this sort of place, to have one of their "dear ones" shut up in it. I recall one case that was like a little Ibsen drama.

When I had been on Four for some weeks, a new patient by the name of Kingston arrived. He was a pleasant little man with sandy hair, about 45, and had a dryly

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humorous mouth with a kindly twist to it. He seemed perfectly normal, completely coordinated. But somehow, when he was talking most interestingly, a whole flood of words other than those he was using would come out unconsciously. Then he would attempt to choke them back, until they became frantic, stammering sounds, then ceased.

Soon his wife came to see him—her first visit. She was a bride-like creature, tall, considerably younger. Kingston was quartered in a wide-open bedroom, midway the corridor, and passing this door I glanced in. Although I turned away almost instantly, I beheld a sight not easy to forget.

Once, when I flashed an electric torch deep in a jungle forest, it had revealed two frightened gibbons clinging to one another, eyes wide, mirroring dumb terror of the unknown. So these two human beings now were clinging, and the same thing was in their eyes. She had one arm protectively over his shoulders and was holding both his hands.

Later it turned out that Kingston's cross-circuiting of the cerebral-lingual wires was no worse a problem to the psychiatrists than a case of double vision would have been for the oculists. Learning this took all the fear out of both of them, and with it the embarrassment and shame. By February, his wife was coming twice a week, as cheerful as you please, helloing the rest of us, asking about our progress, and talking of John's case freely.

When our crowd of visitors came on Christmas, we swapped candy, visited among each other, drifted in and out of the smoking room, compared gifts, and only went into huddles when we had private matters to talk about. The strangest thing to me was to be cold sober on so habitually bibulous a holiday. I'd been getting tight over Christmas for many a long year before I ever dreamed I'd later become one of the weak ones who couldn't take it. Yet I still believe that no man has ever become a victim of whiskey—but only of some weakness within himself.

Next month, in the concluding instalment of *Asylum*, the author tells of the dramatic steps in his cure, of an escape attempt that was foiled, of the day when "elation" came to him, of other patients cured by "miracles," and of how his stay in a unique institution finally ended when he was discharged, a normal and healthy person.

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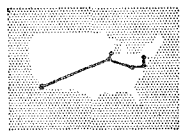
Teen-Age Tycoon

by WELDON MELICK



Gene Gilbert is the nation's youngest research expert and head of a thriving business

WHEN A MIDWESTERN chain of stores dealing in fashionable women's shoes wanted to invade the teen-age market a few months ago, they took their problem to the country's youngest merchandising expert, a tall, dark-haired, 19-year-old Chicago lad named Gene Gilbert, who has since reached the ripe age of 20.

The largest department store in his home city regularly calls in Gilbert's organization for advice on the increasingly important youth market and patterned its new junior shop on his recommendations, which included pin-ups and a juke box. A large dairy also engaged this same crew-cut consultant recently at a fee of $3,500 to pick a new product-name with sure-fire appeal to bobby-soxers.

These clients are not experimenting but making a good business deal, for they know that Gene Gilbert, perhaps more than anyone else in the country, has his finger on the pulse of America's youth. As president of Gil-Bert Teen Age Services, with offices in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Rochester, he operates the nation's largest market research and analysis bureau devoted exclusively to fact-finding among the youth of America—the grammar school, high school and college student as well as the worker under 21.

About a year ago, when he was a sophomore in Wright Junior College, Gilbert realized that existing survey groups paid little attention to the opinions of tomorrow's citizens. Promptly he started a survey service on his own, using qualified high school and college students in more than 100 cities to canvass their classmates, in the manner of the Gallup poll.

Before long Gilbert could point to three achievements; he had a virtual monopoly on a lush field long overlooked by adult survey experts; his own age-group at last had a spokesman Big Business would listen to; the marts of trade had their first accurate barometer of the soda-fountain set.

Using scientific survey procedures, the youthful investigators to-

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day produce such items of commercial interest as these:

Youngsters eat twice as many candy bars as their parents.

Teen-agers show greater preference than adults for peppermint toothpaste, but don't brush their teeth as often.

High-school boys are brand-conscious when it comes to chewing gum or soap, but not about wearing apparel.

Gilbert's survey for Joseph's Salon Shoes indicated a market hitherto unexploited and the chain accordingly added an expensive line of flat-heeled shoes for subdebs. Now the company swears by Teen Age Services.

A manufacturer of cedar chests engaged the Gilbert company to find out which of three designs appealed to most high-school girls. But investigation revealed that working girls were far better prospects than students for the client's product. Thanks to the discovery, the manufacturer channeled his advertising appropriation where it would do the most good.

During the war the Army used Teen Age Services in framing advertisements for recruits. A chewing gum company based a campaign on Gilbert's findings, an auto manufacturer retained him to test teen-age consciousness of model names, and six Chicago department stores sponsored a readership and radio-habit analysis.

A GILBERT SURVEY may take three days or two months. Gene works out a questionnaire with his client and pre-tests it to determine its suitability. Then he has it mimeographed and sends the form to as many of his representatives as are necessary to get stratified, accurate results, as determined by his vice-president, Ruben Becker. Becker is former Chief of the European Theater Attitude Research Section for the Information and Education Division of the U. S. Army.

Gilbert learned the hard way that 1,500 interviews will serve as well as 15,000. On his first job, in youthful exuberance and inexperience, he hired three times too many canvassers, got ten times as many interviews as he needed, then had to dig into his own pocket to pay his sister's sorority for the colossal job of tabulating the answers. But the client was so pleased with this unexpected bargain that he sent other customers.

Gene's second attempt was equally successful and just as disastrous financially. So he turned down all other commissions, closed his office, and took a night course in marketing at Northwestern University, became the youngest member of both the American Marketing Association and the Chicago Federated Advertising Club, and crammed up on survey techniques. Yet Gilbert still goes out of his way to give his clients more than they pay for.

After one survey this "surprise service" took the form of welcome advice on media selection and aid in copy preparation, given gratis from his knowledge of what the hep crowd reads. More than once, when it would benefit a client, he has made an extra survey at his own expense.

The boy boss has at his beck and call 1,000 student pollsters, age 14

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to 21. He pays them two to twenty cents an interview, depending on the difficulty and urgency of the job. Some have made $10 a day by buttonholing pals between classes or over cokes and asking them about such things as their preference in sports clothes and how much they spend on lipstick.

Gene chooses capable boys and girls for the quizzing, but usually not the campus leaders. Big shots, he finds, are so busy they have to be prodded with phone calls, telegrams and bonuses to get reports in on time. He checks every fifth interview for accuracy—and invariably finds it trustworthy. If one of his pollsters in Milwaukee gets sick, Gene will hop on a train and do the polling himself.

His fee for a survey runs from a minimum of $500, for a pre-test, into the thousands. He will take on no more than two at a time, in order to maintain strict supervision over every operation. His tabulating is done by a calculating company and a CPA goes over his books.

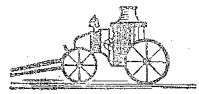
Gilbert is an ideal liaison agent to interpret the teen-age mind to adults, since he knows the habits, customs and language of youth firsthand, while his energetic alertness and humor ingratiate him with all ages. He's artful enough to dress in excellently tailored suits, white shirts and conservative ties, and to cultivate an outwardly mature dignity when dealing with the public. But as soon as he gets home, he changes to garb that reflects his age and personal tastes—blue-jeans, T shirt and loafers.

To see him with his mother and 17-year-old sister Sandra, snapping his fingers to a favorite boogie-woogie record, you'd never guess that he pays the rent for their tastefully furnished North Side apartment—has, in fact, paid an income tax for three years, and worked as a theater usher, stock boy and part-time shoe clerk before opening his office.

Gene has won two jitterbug contests, yet his conversation isn't noticeably jivey. It includes such expressions as "that's for sure," "big deal," "rugged," "sharp-looking" and "mad time," but not the fantastic phrases hepsters are commonly supposed to use. Kids don't talk like that, Gene maintains, unless they've been reading comic strips and stories written by adults. He's been on dozens of high-school and college campuses but has yet to hear a teen-ager say "date-bait" or "swoonderful."

Gene has declined four business overtures in the five-figure bracket and discouraged several other imminent bids from ad agencies and public relations firms in favor of remaining his own boss. As he shrewdly puts it, "It isn't me they want to hire—it's my scrapbook of clippings. And when the novelty of having a 20-year-old figurehead on the payroll wore off, where would I be? This way, I'll still be in business when I'm 21."

To gild his already bright future,



Next Month in Coronet
Look for

I FIGHT FIRES

an exciting, on-the-spot picture story showing man as he battles one of his oldest enemies

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the young pollster keeps thinking up new Teen Age Services. Currently he is teen-age consultant for several advertising agencies, and not long ago he launched "Teen Trends," a monthly news letter which, at $35 a subscription, crystal-gazes a la Kiplinger into the ever-shifting fads and fancies of adolescent purchasing power. He is also building up a cross-country council of well-informed high-school and college students who will not only furnish grist for the news letter, but be used to test reactions to various products, packages, styles, ad copy and art treatments.

In most ways, Gene Gilbert is a normal adolescent. He didn't have to be a junior genius to put himself where he is, he didn't even have to be average scholastically. He still doesn't read books, except everything he can lay his hands on about market-research techniques. He was smart enough to look around for a place in the post-war world where he could logically fit, but there's nothing specially unique about that. Any bright young fellow with the imagination and energy to create a job for himself can find opportunities in a thousand different businesses.

Gene's best field was statistics, inasmuch as he could add before he could read figures—math was about the only school subject in which his grades were above par. And because he was clever enough to pick a pioneering service where he was not faced with adult competition, he's in a position where he addresses the Ad Club and the Marketing Association as a celebrity, buys his mother a fur coat for Christmas and disdains $15,000-a-year jobs before he's old enough to vote.

Something Bard, Something New

SHAKESPEARE COULD HARDLY have foreseen the hot vocalist of the age of jive. Yet the speech the Bard gave young Moth, the page, in Act III, Scene I, of *Love's Labor Lost* is a good description of the "swoon" singer of today. Says Moth, explaining to the "fantastical Spaniard" Don Adriano de Armado just how a song ought to be sung:

". . . To jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours, these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note."

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Game Book

Some Questions of Deduction

with ALFRED HITCHCOCK as Guest Editor

When you see Alfred Hitchcock's name on a motion picture you expect the unexpected, whether it's a dramatic, a suspenseful or a humorous moment. Watch out for the same touch of the unexpected in this first quiz he selected for you. Read each statement carefully; it contains the answers to the three questions that follow, if your deductive powers are good. Some of them are tough, so if you get 7 out of 15, you pass; 8 to 10 is good; better than 10 is excellent. Answers are on page 143.

1. One Sunday afternoon the traveler turned a page of his calendar, for it was now Saturday.
   (a) Where was the traveler?
   (b) Traveling in what direction?
   (c) Over land, or sea?

2. I saw John, and Bill and Jim's parents, who regretted Joe being so sanguinary.
   (a) How many people did I see?
   (b) Where must "'s" go to make the sentence correct?
   (c) Was Joe hopeful, or bloodthirsty?

3. Though a maiden, the stallion had placed in the Preakness.
   (a) What kind of animal is referred to?
   (b) What is its sex?
   (c) Was its best performance first, second, or lower?

4. Sue's 33rd birthday is today, and Grace's was six months ago; their ages and Ann's total 99 years.
   (a) Which one is Ann's sister?
   (b) How old is Ann?
   (c) In what year was Ann born?

5. When the muezzin called, the man spread his rug and knelt.
   (a) Why did the man kneel?
   (b) What city did he face?
   (c) Was the muezzin a man or a bell?

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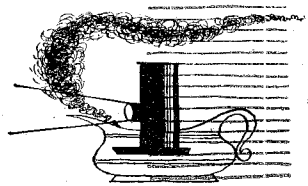


Facts and Fancies

Some story-book names become so familiar that we forget they never really existed. Each question below gives two names. One is the name of a real person, animal, place or thing; the other, in every case, is imaginary. You choose the real one. Pick more than 10 correctly to pass; 12 or more denotes a superior knowledge of fact and fable. Answers on page 143.

People

1. (a) John Bunyan
   (b) Paul Bunyan
2. (a) Oliver Twist
   (b) Oliver Cromwell
3. (a) Buffalo Bill
   (b) Barnacle Bill
4. (a) Nick Carter
   (b) Horatio Alger, Jr.

Animals

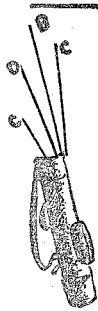
5. (a) Roc
   (b) Dodo
6. (a) Chimera
   (b) Chameleon
7. (a) Centaur
   (b) Centipede
8. (a) Univalve
   (b) Unicorn

Places

9. (a) Arcadia
   (b) Utopia
10. (a) Ruritania
    (b) Ruthenia
11. (a) Hebrides
    (b) Hades
12. (a) Atlas
    (b) Atlantis

Things

13. (a) Magic lantern
    (b) Aladdin's Lamp
14. (a) Philosopher's stone
    (b) Blarney stone
15. (a) Holy Grail
    (b) Holy rood
16. (a) Golden Fleece
    (b) Golden pheasant



Beat Par at Rhyming Golf

Count 1 for every rhyming word you can find for each of the words below. A score of 30 is good, but par is 57—try and beat it. Answers on page 143.

WORD	PAR	WORD	PAR	WORD	PAR
1. Bottle	3	7. Corner	5	13. Has	4
2. Halve	3	8. Brainy	3	14. Apple	3
3. Bossy	3	9. Floral	2	15. Cozy	5
4. Horrid	2	10. Cuddle	4	16. Harbor	2
5. Farce	2	11. Launch	3	17. Starch	3
6. Sample	3	12. Gasp	5	18. Libel	2

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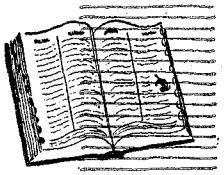

Match Your Wits Against Webster

Here are some groups of similar-sounding words. A definition is given for each, but usually in the wrong order. The point is to match them correctly. So, in Group E, you'd match 1. (antidote) with (b) (medicine), making the answer 1. (b). Matching 30 or more is exceptional; 26 good, 22 fair, less than 18 practically "matchless." Answers are on page 143.

A. 1. barnacle 2. binnacle 3. pinnacle 4. pinochle
(a) compass case (b) queen and jack (c) peak (d) crustacean

B. 1. caravan 2. caravel 3. carrousel 4. carousal
(a) procession (b) merry-go-round (c) ship (d) spree

C. 1. indigo 2. indigent 3. indigenous 4. indignant
(a) resentful (b) native (c) poor (d) blue

D. 1. parakeet 2. paragon 3. paradox 4. parapet
(a) rampart (b) parrot (c) model (d) contradiction

E. 1. antidote 2. antedate 3. anecdote 4. antelope
(a) tale (b) medicine (c) precede (d) animal

F. 1. calabash 2. calaboose 3. calabar 4. calamine
(a) fur (b) mineral (c) tree (d) jail

G. 1. lacerate 2. macerate 3. machinate 4. machete
(a) plot (b) knife (c) cut (d) soak

H. 1. expedite 2. expiate 3. expatiate 4. expatriate
(a) exile (b) hasten (c) discourse (d) atone

I. 1. catacomb 2. cataract 3. catamount 4. catapult
(a) wildcat (b) cave (c) sling (d) waterfall

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with "A" in the lower right-hand corner and spell *arch*. Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words. Par on this one is 25 words in 30 minutes. Our word-list (page 143) has a total of 30 words; can you get more?

L	H	R	O	M
B	J	X	Q	S
K	G	E	I	V
F	P	W	R	T
U	S	C	H	A

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You Can Make It All Come True

You don't have to guess "true or false" on the statements below. We'll tell you—every one of the statements is false. But every sentence is so phrased that if you cross out one of its words it will then become a true statement. The problem is, which word to cross out in each case? Read the statements, choose the word you think should be eliminated, and check with the answers on the opposite page. Count 10 points for every one you get right. That makes 100 a perfect score, 70 superior, 50 average.

1. American women demonstrated against their use of the new franchise before 1921.
2. Among the South American countries, only Bolivia and Paraguay have no Atlantic seacoast.
3. That that is not is not that that is not.
4. The right of eminent domain obtains hypotheses when governmentally applied.
5. Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Washington have all been capitals of the United States.
6. A straight line is an angle of 180 degrees centigrade.
7. Thomas Edison first produced talking motion pictures and Elias Howe the electric sewing machine.
8. Sinclair Lewis has written a series of contemporary historical novels about a character named Lanny.
9. To travel overland from Panama to California you must cross New Mexico.
10. Marco Polo originated in India but became known throughout Europe, Asia, North and South America.

Sports Announcer Bill Stern's Favorite Ice-Breaker

This number trick isn't recommended for balancing your checkbook, but it can bridge a conversational pause while you're waiting for the waiter. The question: can your friend take away half of five and get a remainder of four? Sounds impossible, but there's a way to do it—if you don't believe it check with the solution given on the opposite page.

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Some Questions of Deduction

1. (a) Crossing the international date line in the Pacific Ocean.
   (b) East.
   (c) Over sea
2. (a) Three: John, and the father and mother of Jim and Bill.
   (b) After "Joe."
   (c) Bloodthirsty.
3. (a) A racehorse.
   (b) Male. A "maiden" is a horse of either sex that has never won a race.
   (c) Second; "placing" is finishing second.
4. (a) Grace; Sue is only 6 months older.
   (b) Thirty-two and one-half.
   (c) 1914.
5. (a) To pray.
   (b) Toward Mecca, the Holy City of Mohammedans.
   (c) The man who calls Mohammedans to prayer.

Facts and Fancies

1. (a) John Bunyan
2. (b) Oliver Cromwell
3. (a) Buffalo Bill
4. (b) Horatio Alger, Jr.
5. (b) Dodo (though it is now extinct)
6. (b) Chameleon
7. (b) Centipede
8. (a) Univalve (for instance, a snail)
9. (a) Arcadia
10. (b) Ruthenia
11. (a) Hebrides
12. (a) Atlas
13. (a) Magic lantern
14. (b) Blarney Stone
15. (b) Holy rood
16. (b) Golden pheasant

Beat Par at Rhyming Golf

1. throttle, mottle, wattle
2. salve, calve, Slav
3. flossy, glossy, mossy
4. torrid, florid
5. sparse, parse
6. ample, trample, example
7. scorner, warner, suborner, adorner, mourner
8. rainy, zany, grainy
9. oral, choral
10. huddle, muddle, puddle, fuddle
11. paunch, haunch, staunch
12. asp, clasp, hasp, rasp, grasp
13. jazz, razz, as, whereas
14. scrapple, chapel, grapple
15. nosy, rosy, dozy, posy, prosy
16. barber, arbor
17. march, arch, parch
18. tribal, Bible

Match Your Wits Against Webster

A. 1, d. 2, a. 3, c. 4, b.	D. 1, b. 2, c. 3, d. 4, a.	G. 1, c. 2, d. 3, a. 4, b.
B. 1, a. 2, c. 3, b. 4, d.	E. 1, b. 2, c. 3, a. 4, d.	H. 1, b. 2, d. 3, c. 4, a.
C. 1, d. 2, c. 3, b. 4, a.	F. 1, c. 2, d. 3, a. 4, b.	I. 1, b. 2, d. 3, a. 4, c.

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

arch	exit	pewit	spew	vita
char	hare	Rexism	super	wert
chart	hart	rosier	supervisor	wire
Chartism	perch	screw	threw	with
chat	peri	sire	view	wrath
crew	pert	sith	visor	writ

You Can Make It All Come True

1. Eliminate "against"
2. Eliminate "Atlantic"
3. Eliminate "not" (any one)
4. Eliminate "hypotheses"
5. Eliminate "Boston"
6. Eliminate "centigrade"
7. Eliminate "electric"
8. Eliminate "Lewis." The books were written by Upton Sinclair.
9. Eliminate "New"
10. Eliminate "Marco"

Bill Stern's Favorite Ice-Breaker

Write out the letters FIVE; then take away F and E—two letters, representing exactly one half—and you have left IV, which is four.

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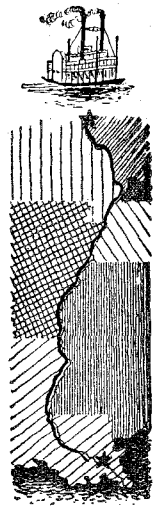
Excitement ran high when the Robert E. Lee won her title as Mississippi Queen

A River Race That Made History



by KEITH HARRIS

ON THE LAST SULTRY day of June, 1870, the wharves of New Orleans were black with people and excitement ran high. Smoke belched from the funnels of the *Robert E. Lee* and the *Natchez*, fastest boats on the Mississippi. A question which had agitated the Mississippi Valley for a long time was at last about to be answered. Which of these two famous packets was faster, which would get to St. Louis first? Money piled up high as rivermen backed their favorites with hard-earned cash.

The *Lee* had not been built for speed, but one trip up and down the river convinced her owners she was incredibly fast. Roustabouts began to sing songs about her while rival shipowners fumed. One of them, Captain Leathers, bellowed that he'd build a boat to run circles around the *Lee*.

In due time his ship, the *Natchez*, was plying the Mississippi, paying slight heed to the *Lee*. Then one day both ships tied up at New Orleans, and a race to St. Louis was agreed on. Business came to a standstill as thousands flocked to the levees. Fires lighted the banks of the Mississippi, cannon waited to thunder salutes.

It was a race from the start. As the two boats plowed past St. Mary's Market, the *Lee* fired her gun at 5:04 P.M.; the *Natchez* boomed her parting salute at 5:07.

The town of Natchez upriver was chagrined when the *Lee* arrived first, but the *Natchez* was only six minutes behind. Vicksburg was the next goal, and the *Lee* got there 21 minutes ahead of her rival.

At Memphis, the *Lee* appeared at 11:04 the night of July 2 and was out of the harbor a minute later. The *Natchez* cleared for the north at 12:13 A.M.—and the dash was on for Cairo. At 6:04 on the afternoon of July 3, the *Lee* passed the mouth of the Ohio, three miles from Cairo; the *Natchez* passed at 7:15. Then, on the last lap, a fog rolled over the river.

The *Lee* decided to make a run for it, but the *Natchez* tied up until the fog lifted. The *Lee* arrived in St. Louis at 11:09 on July 4. By Mark Twain's figures she had finished the 1,200-mile course in 3 days, 18 hours and 14 minutes. The fogbound *Natchez* came in sight late in the afternoon.

Henceforth the *Lee* was undisputed Queen of the River, but in the late '70s she was wrecked and most of her went into the second *Robert E. Lee*. Yet her spirit lives on, an immortal part of the Mississippi's rich lore.

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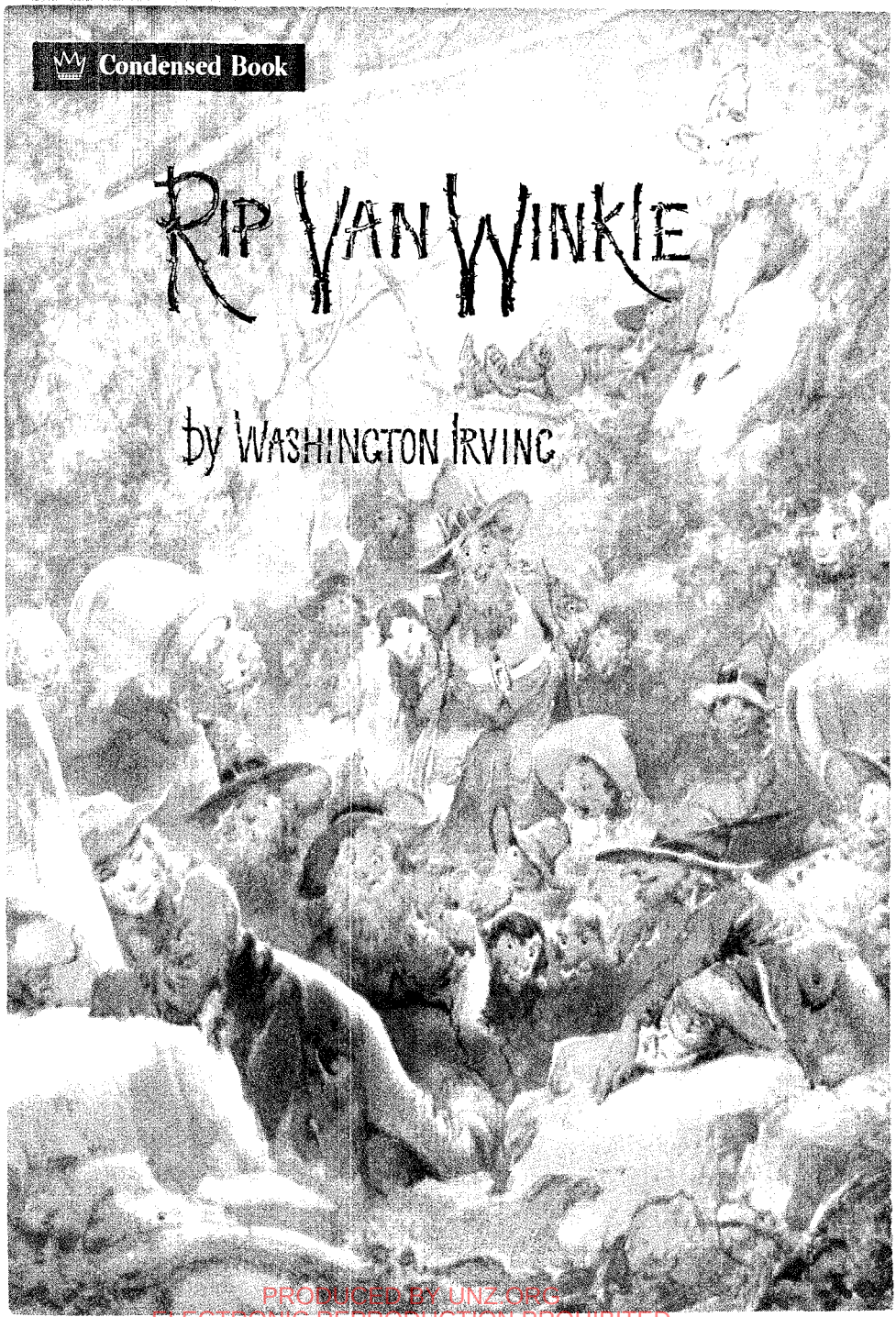

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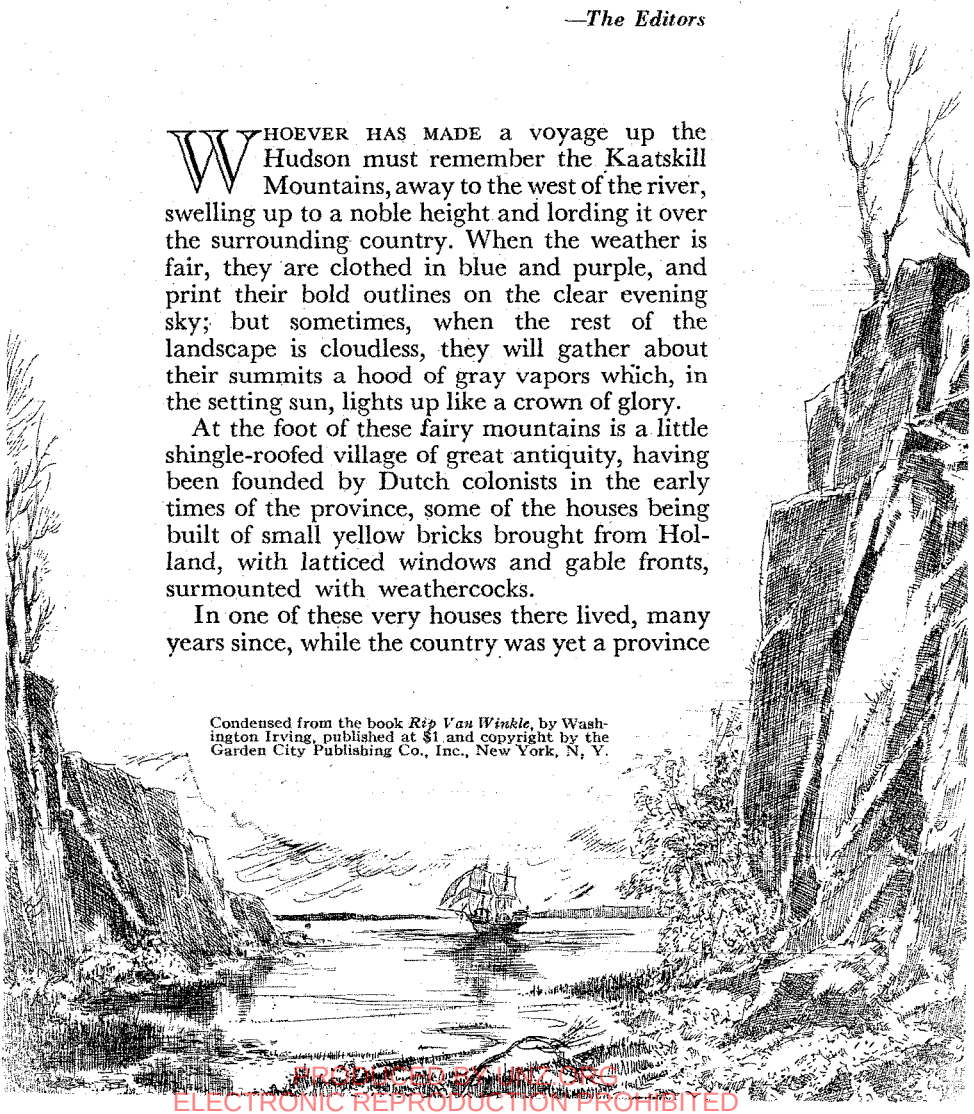
Washington Irving's immortal tale of the Kaatskills is one of the few bits of truly American folklore—a literary heritage that is handed down to each new generation. Because the story never loses its fascination for all ages, Coronet takes pride in reprinting it, along with delightful illustrations by Everett Shinn.

—The Editors

WHOEVER HAS MADE a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains, away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. When the weather is fair, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather about their summits a hood of gray vapors which, in the setting sun, lights up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains is a little shingle-roofed village of great antiquity, having been founded by Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, some of the houses being built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, with latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In one of these very houses there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province



Condensed from the book *Rip Van Winkle*, by Washington Irving, published at $1 and copyright by the Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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of Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was also a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home.

Certain it is he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in family squabbles and laid all blame on Dame Van Winkle. The village children, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He made their playthings, taught them to fly kites, told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from want of perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock and fish all day without the encouragment of a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece for hours, trudging woods and swamps, to shoot a few squirrels. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own.

He declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. So his patrimonial estate had dwindled under his management until there was little

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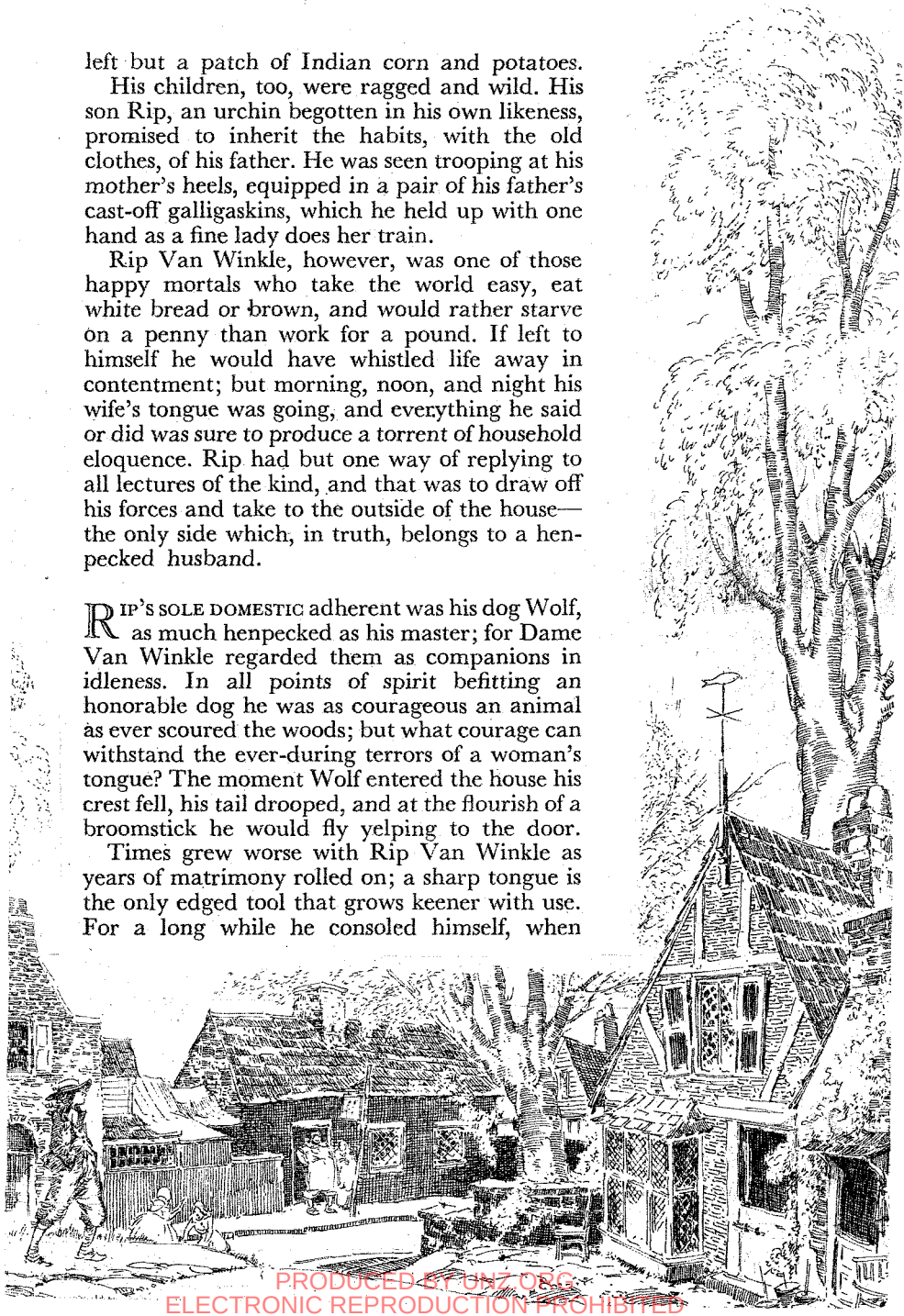
left but a patch of Indian corn and potatoes.

His children, too, were ragged and wild. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was seen trooping at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he held up with one hand as a fine lady does her train.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in contentment; but morning, noon, and night his wife's tongue was going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that was to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

RIP'S SOLE DOMESTIC adherent was his dog Wolf, as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness. In all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped, and at the flourish of a broomstick he would fly yelping to the door.

Times grew worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with use. For a long while he consoled himself, when



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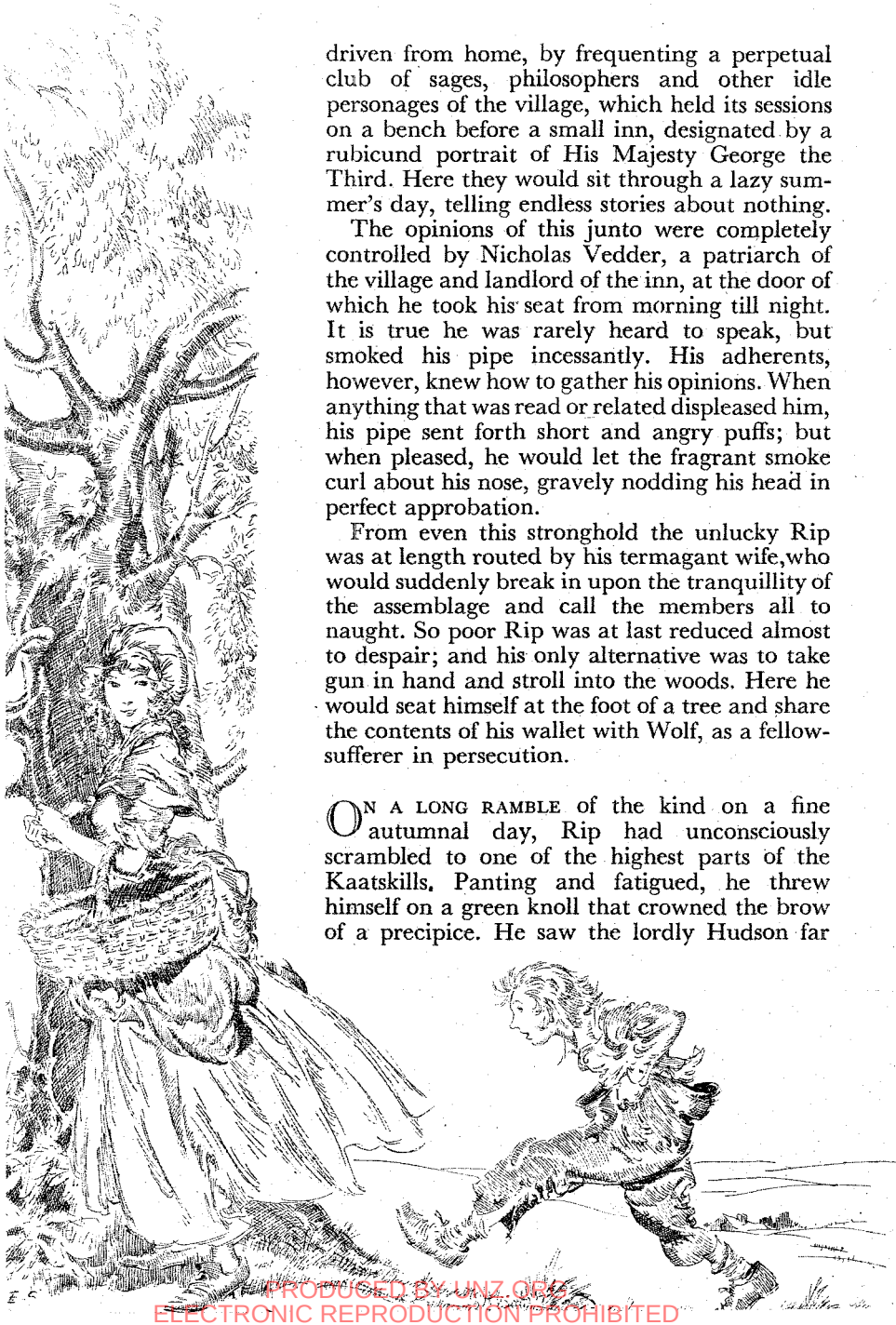

driven from home, by frequenting a perpetual club of sages, philosophers and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they would sit through a lazy summer's day, telling endless stories about nothing.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, his pipe sent forth short and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would let the fragrant smoke curl about his nose, gravely nodding his head in perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught. So poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative was to take gun in hand and stroll into the woods. Here he would seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

ON A LONG RAMBLE of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskills. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself on a green knoll that crowned the brow of a precipice. He saw the lordly Hudson far

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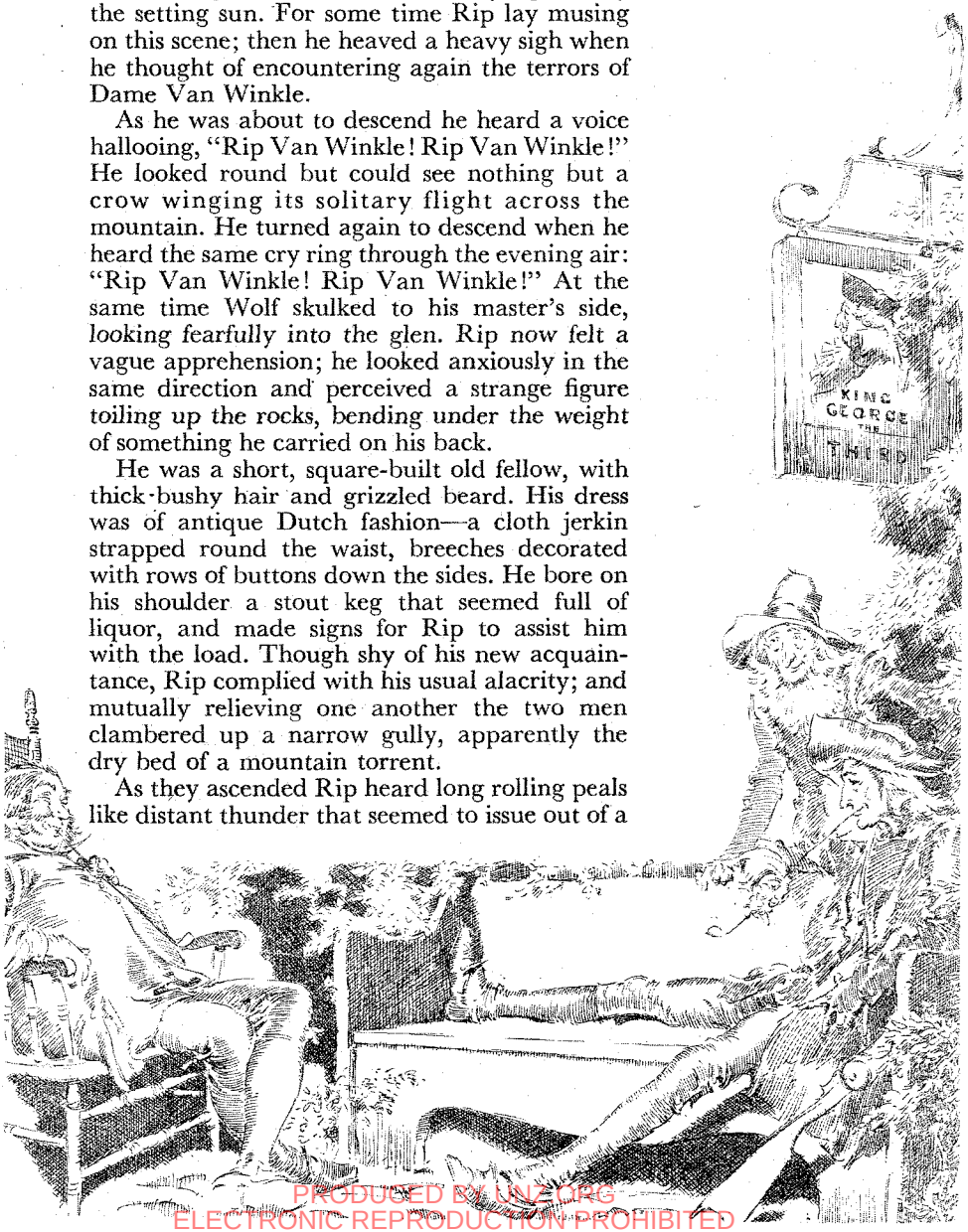
below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom.

On the other side he looked down into a wild mountain glen, the bottom scarcely lighted by the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; then he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering again the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He turned again to descend when he heard the same cry ring through the evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension; he looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure toiling up the rocks, bending under the weight of something he carried on his back.

He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and grizzled beard. His dress was of antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, breeches decorated with rows of buttons down the sides. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to assist him with the load. Though shy of his new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another the two men clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended Rip heard long rolling peals like distant thunder that seemed to issue out of a



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deep ravine towards which their ragged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of a transient thundershower he proceeded. Passing through the ravine they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, so that you only caught glimpses of the bright evening cloud.

On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing nine-pins. They were dressed in quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets; others jerkins, with long knives in their belts. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be commander, a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, they maintained the most mysterious silence and were the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness but the noise of the rolling balls, which echoed along the mountains like rumbling thunder.

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As Rip approached they desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed gaze and such lackluster countenances that his heart turned within him. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned once more to their game.

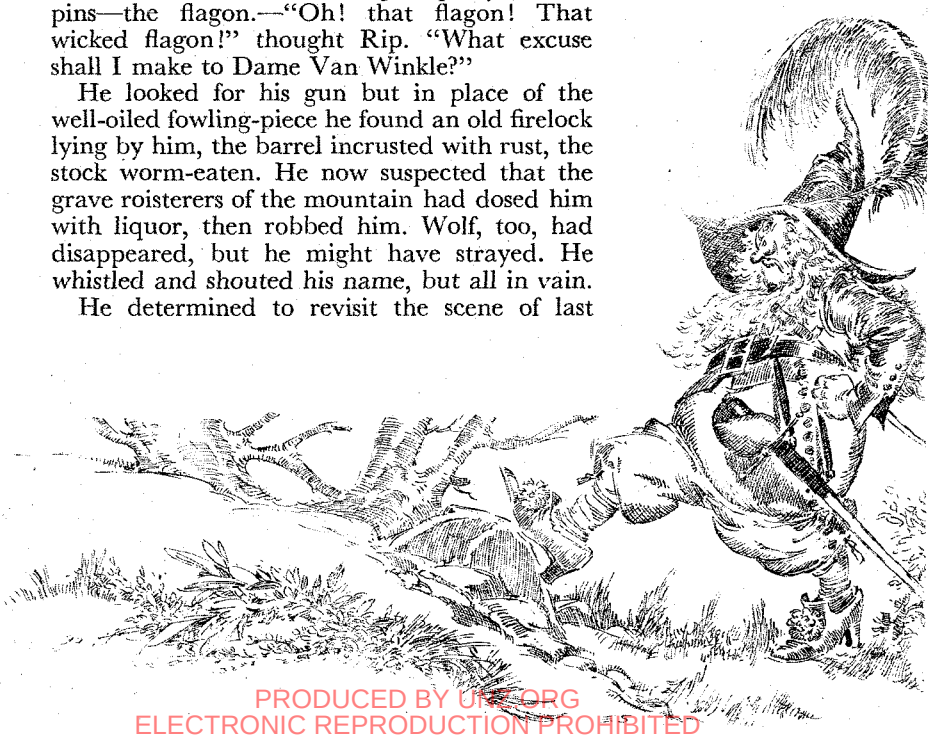
By degrees Rip's apprehension subsided. He even ventured to taste the beverage, which he found like excellent Hollands. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his head declined and he fell into a deep sleep.

ON WAKING HE found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning, birds were hopping and twittering. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night."

He recalled the strange man with a keg—the mountain ravine—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the flagon.—"Oh! that flagon! That wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked for his gun but in place of the well-oiled fowling-piece he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had dosed him with liquor, then robbed him. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed. He whistled and shouted his name, but all in vain.

He determined to revisit the scene of last



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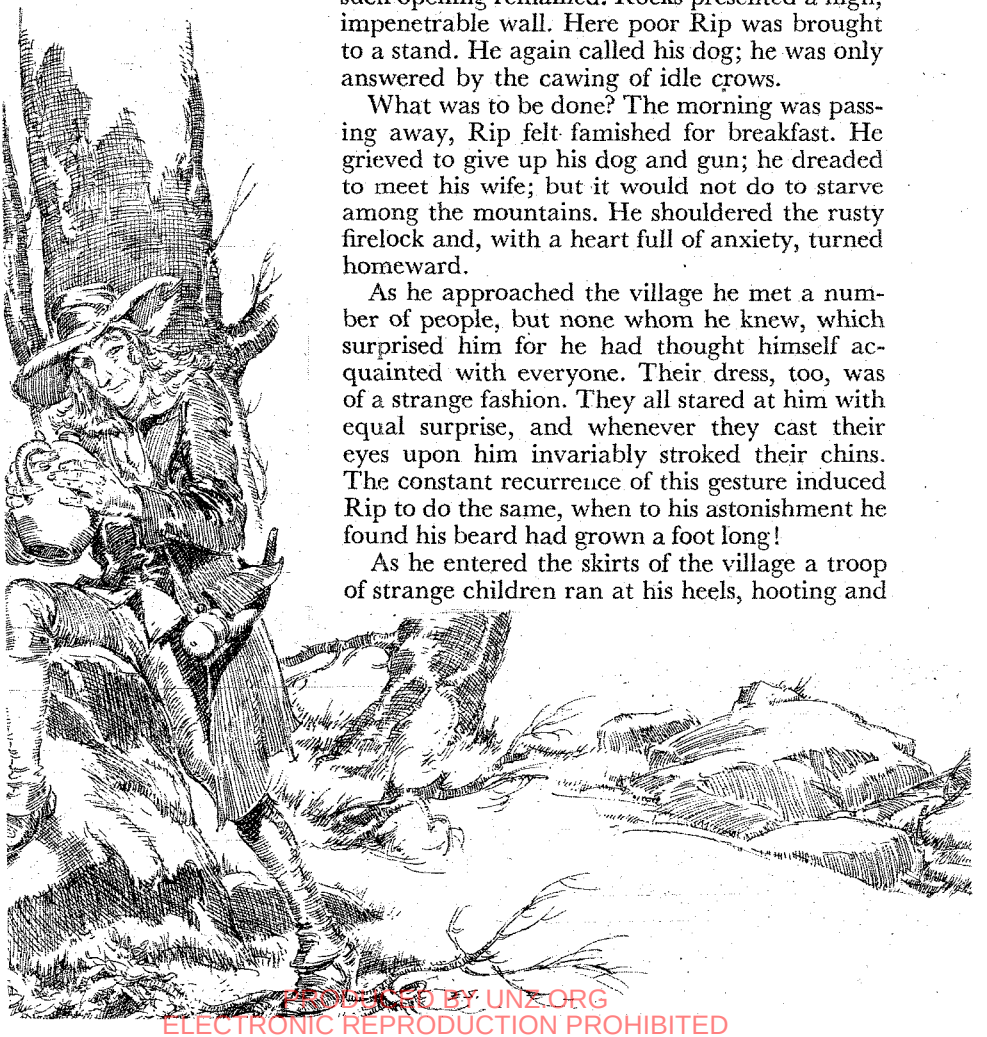
evening's gambol, but as he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip. With difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, filling the glen with murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of trees and wild grapevine.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened into the amphitheater; but no trace of such opening remained. Rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall. Here poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of idle crows.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, Rip felt famished for breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shouldered the rusty firelock and, with a heart full of anxiety, turned homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which surprised him for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone. Their dress, too, was of a strange fashion. They all stared at him with equal surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

As he entered the skirts of the village a troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting and



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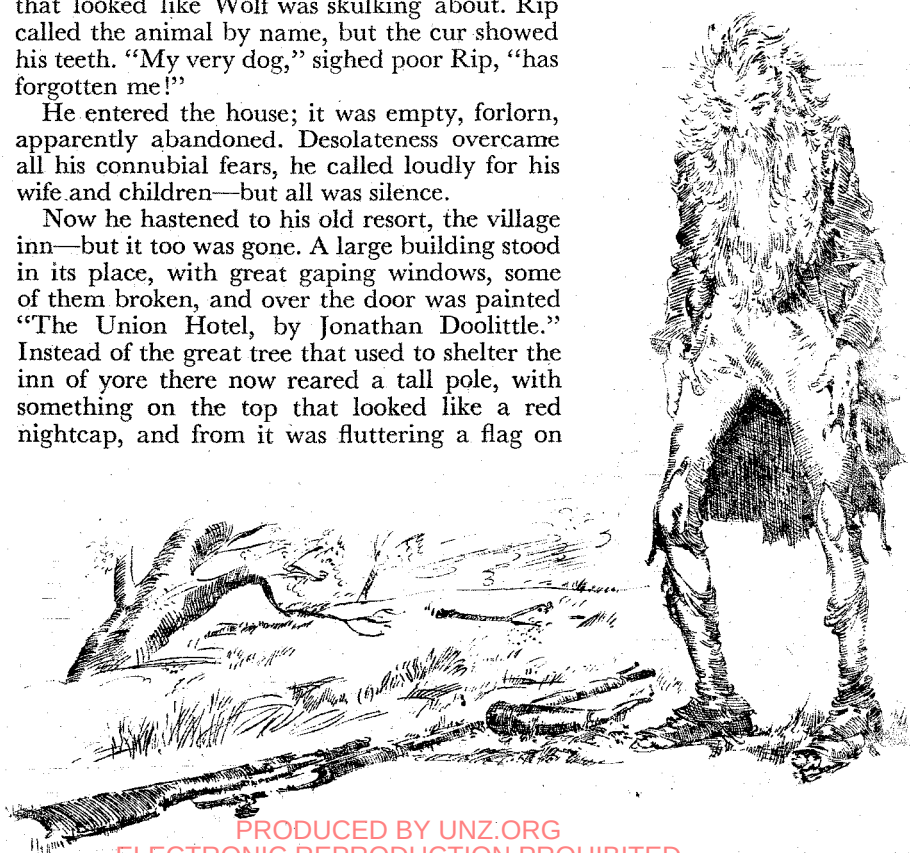
pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized, barked as he passed. The very village was altered; there were rows of houses which he had never seen before; and familiar haunts had disappeared.

Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. Yet surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

WITH DIFFICULTY he found the way to his own house, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, the doors off their hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about. Rip called the animal by name, but the cur showed his teeth. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house; it was empty, forlorn, apparently abandoned. Desolateness overcame all his connubial fears, he called loudly for his wife and children—but all was silence.

Now he hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and over the door was painted "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the inn of yore there now reared a tall pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag on



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which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. Rip recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath the picture was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, disputatious tone about it, instead of drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin and long pipe. In place of him, a lean, bilious-looking fellow was haranguing about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker Hill—heroes of '76, and other words which were jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

Rip's grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress and an army of women and children at his heels soon attracted the tavern-politicians. The orator bustled up to him and inquired "On which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another busy fellow pulled him by the arm and asked whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss when a self-important old gentleman made his way through the crowd. Planting himself before Van Winkle he demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas, gentlemen!" cried Rip, dismayed, "I

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am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a shout burst from the bystanders. "A tory! A spy! A refugee! Away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man restored order, then demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for. The poor man humbly assured him that he merely came in search of some neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment. "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence, then an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!"

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

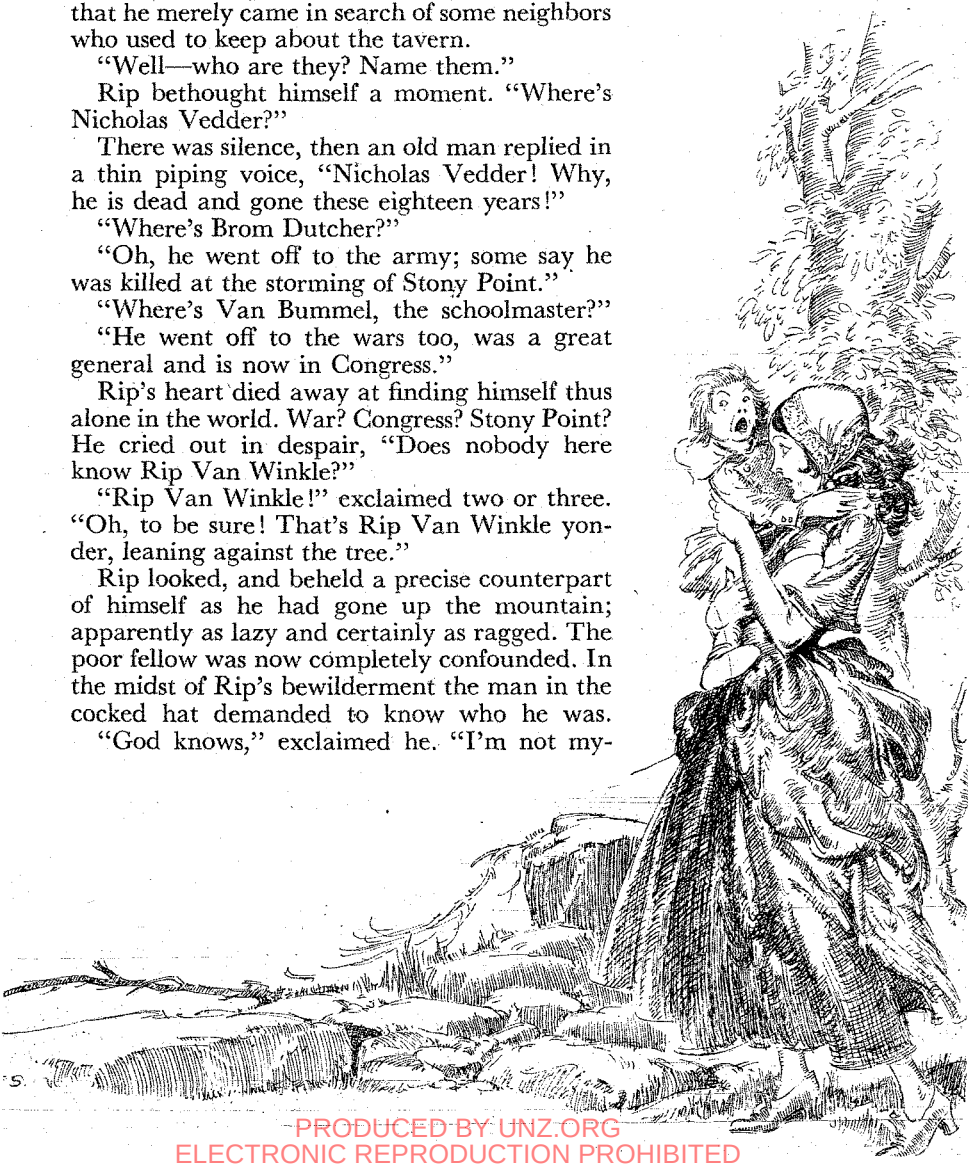
"He went off to the wars too, was a great general and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at finding himself thus alone in the world. War? Congress? Stony Point? He cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he had gone up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. In the midst of Rip's bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded to know who he was.

"God knows," exclaimed he. "I'm not my-



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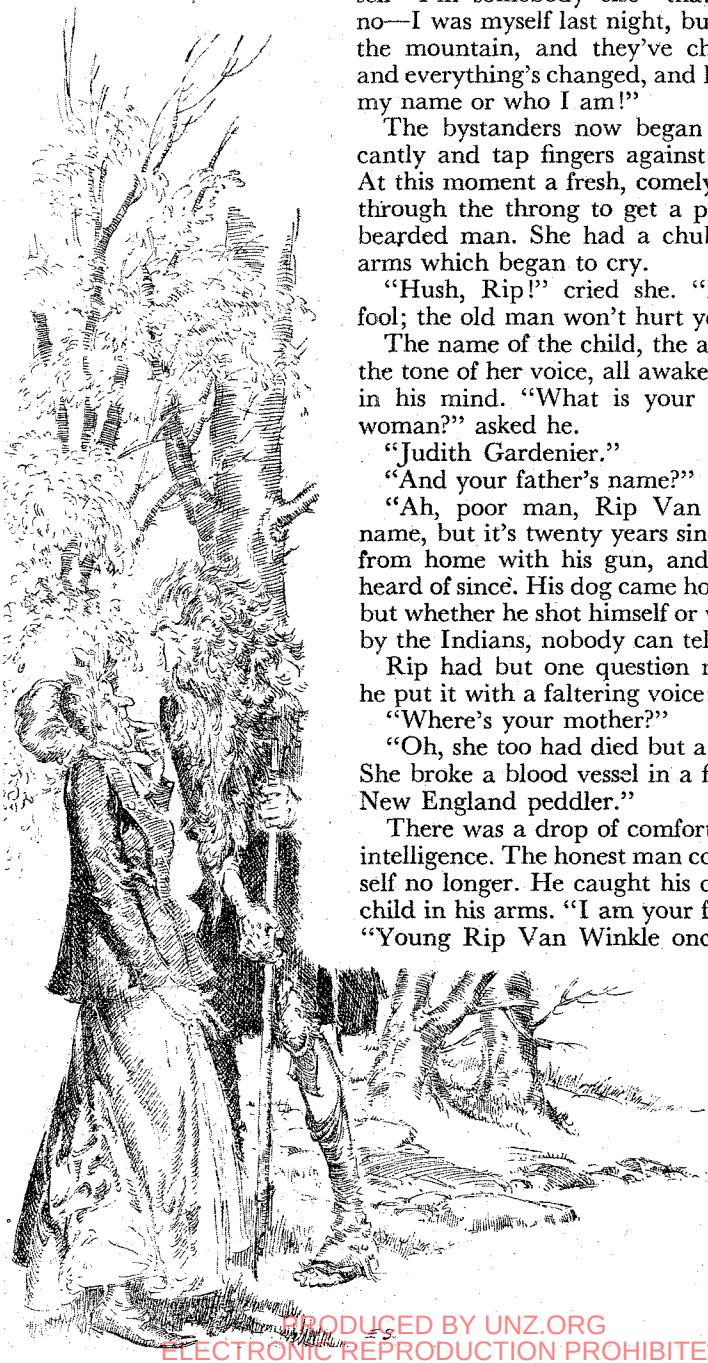

self—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders now began to wink significantly and tap fingers against their foreheads. At this moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms which began to cry.

"Hush, Rip!" cried she. "Hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since. She broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van

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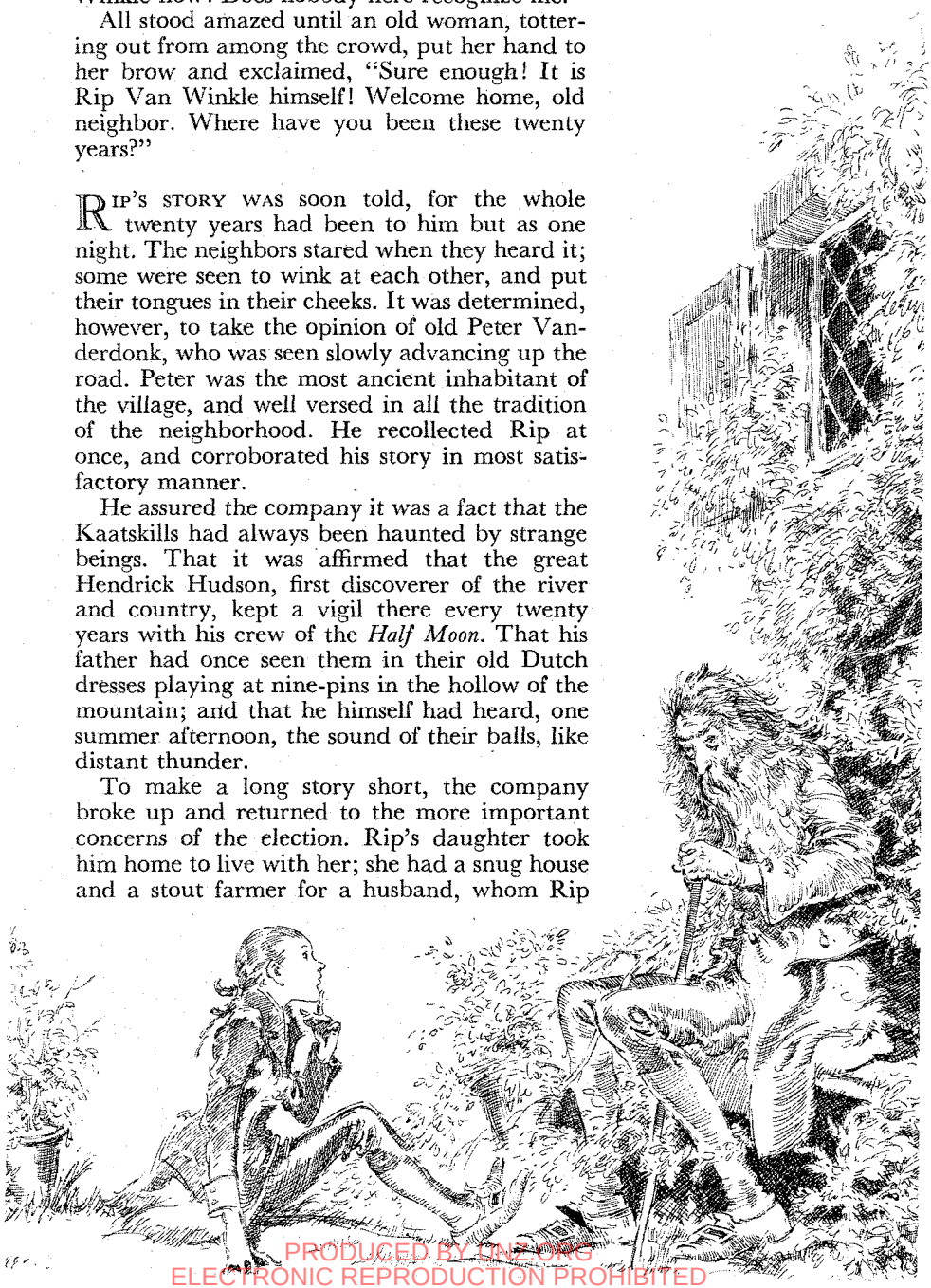
Winkle now! Does nobody here recognize me?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow and exclaimed, "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle himself! Welcome home, old neighbor. Where have you been these twenty years?"

RIP'S STORY WAS soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the tradition of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in most satisfactory manner.

He assured the company it was a fact that the Kaatskills had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, first discoverer of the river and country, kept a vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half Moon*. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug house and a stout farmer for a husband, whom Rip



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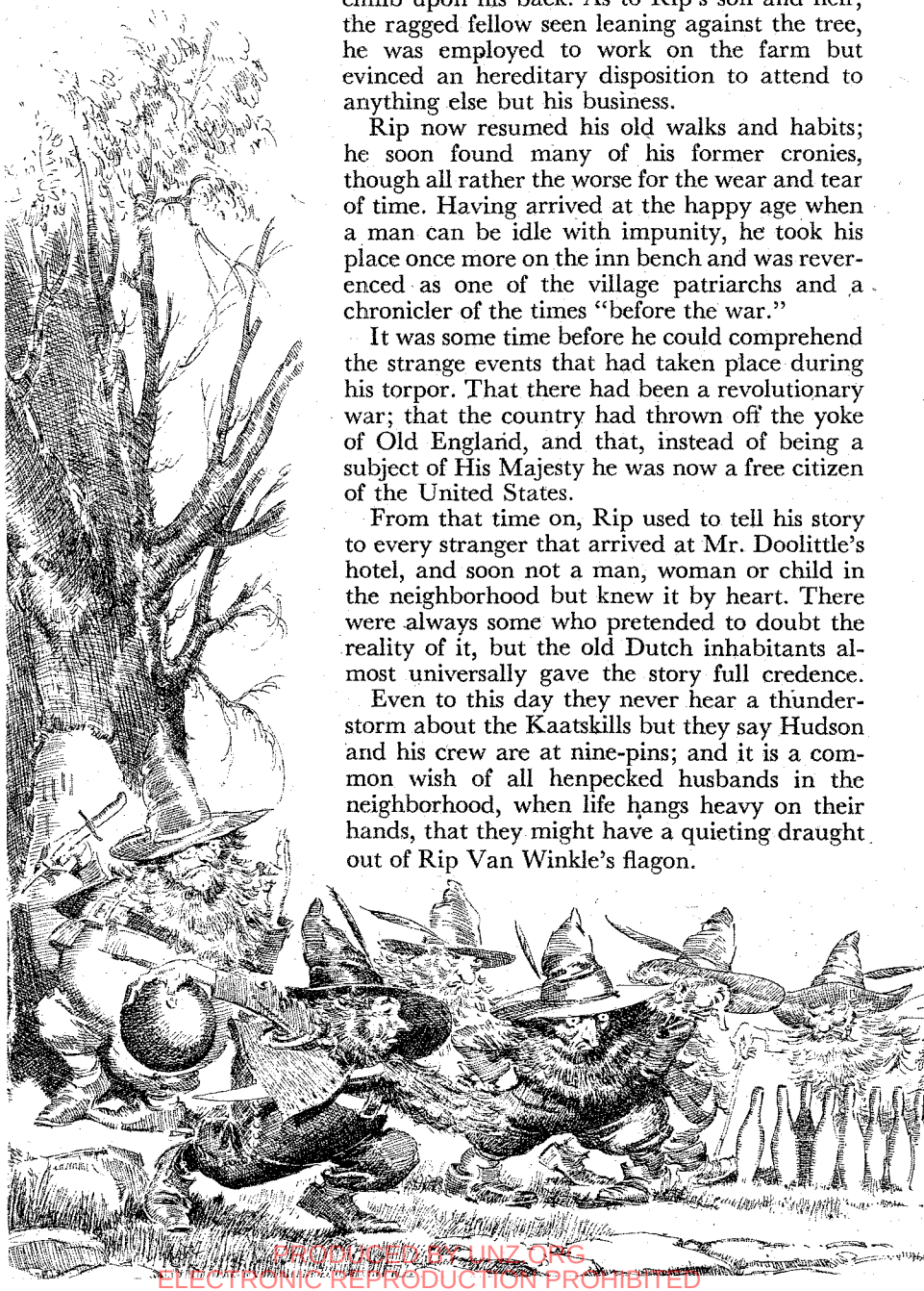
recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, the ragged fellow seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time. Having arrived at the happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the inn bench and was reverenced as one of the village patriarchs and a chronicler of the times "before the war."

It was some time before he could comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. That there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England, and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty he was now a free citizen of the United States.

From that time on, Rip used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel, and soon not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. There were always some who pretended to doubt the reality of it, but the old Dutch inhabitants almost universally gave the story full credence.

Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm about the Kaatskills but they say Hudson and his crew are at nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.



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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller ERVIN HICKMAN 163

Cover Girl: Since early childhood in Portland, Oregon, Virginia Patton has been interested in dramatics. Right now the 19-year-old actress and model is under contract to Liberty Films and has a role in Jimmy Stewart's first picture since his release from the Air Forces. KODACHROME BY MEAD-MADDICK

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One Way to Win a War

IN 1941, when Robert Littlefield of San Angelo, Texas, entered the Navy, he handed his civilian hat to his friend, Bill Blanscet, Sr., and asked him to hang it up in the living room until he returned from the war. Then, when Blanscet's son Cal went into the Army, he too drove a nail into the wall and hung his hat on it.

"I'll come back and pick it up," he told his father.

Word soon got around that Blanscet was a hat-holder. From Colorado and South Carolina came two young men en route to battle. They left their hats with Blanscet to hang on his wall.

"Don't take them down. We're coming back," the boys insisted.

Before the war ended, 56 men had left their hats in the Blanscet living room. All 56 were later reported alive and well, although some were in Japanese and German prison camps. Many have returned to retrieve their hats, and every so often another discharged serviceman comes by for his.

"When I was a kid I could always win a fight if someone just stood by and held my hat, Blanscet explains. "So I thought it might work the same way if I held the boys' hats while they went off to fight the Japs and Germans."

—ERVIN HICKMAN

Suspense . . . drama . . . action . . . 5-minute pocket stories with a surprise ending . . . that's the *Coronet Story Teller* program sponsored by Kellogg, every morning Monday thru Friday at 11:30 a.m., EST; 10:30 a.m., CST; 9:30 a.m., MST; 10:00 a.m., PST. Listen to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller over your local American Broadcasting Company station.

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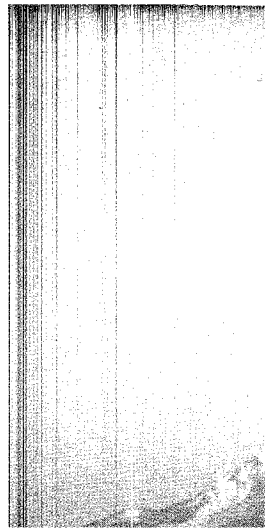

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